Breadcrumbs 2022

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/
© Michael J. Holshouser 2022
World Rights Reserved

Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

Table of Contents

Preface … 6

Leftovers … 14

Soundbites … 162

Breadcrumbs … 289

Michael's Rabbit Hole … 338

Imagination

Will It Really Matter?

The Mind Is, the Mind Is Not

How Can You Ever Describe It?

What is Genesis?

Only Vanity Believes

So It Goes

Only as Real as You Imagine Them

What Difference?

How Can You Look, and Not See?

Regarding Intelligence

The Gift of Eternal Life

Yesterday & Tomorrow

Ultimate Reality

Before All Beginnings, After All Ends

Existence is Enough

Water Does Not

Just Another

The Garden of Dualistic Notion

Ever the Same You

What is Hope?

What Happened

Blobs Everywhere

What is Left?

The Same You

Only as Real as You Imagine It

Who Really Knows? Who Really Cares?

What Will Your Death Be Like?

Real Friendship

Nothing More to Be

You Are the Awareness

Regarding Free Will

What Choice?

The Envy of Fellow Earthlings

The Moment is Now

As Intangible as Intangible Can Be

Worms Do Not Care

Waiting for Jesus

What Matter?

How Domesticated Are You?

So, You're in Love With a Blob, EH?

What Point?

When More is Never Enough

The Same Answer

What Point?

When More is Never Enough

First and Last

Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!

The Same Mystery in All

Infinity: Everything and Nothing

Without the Mind-Body

The Horror! The Horror!

Work on Imagining

All Blobs the Same

The Mystery Is All

What Would Your Frame of Reference Be?

What Is the Universe of a Bee?

Where Is Your Face?

How Can You Prove Anything?

Will That Be the Last Time?

A Short List of Modern Entitlements

You

Of Rises and Falls

You Are the Ephemeral

What Will History Call It?

The Matrix of Imagination

You, Alone, Are

The No-Mind of Eternal Life

The Labyrinth of Imagination

Same Ineffable Elephant

The Mystery Few Glean

Automatons All

The Unifying Awareness is You

The Witness to All

The Campfires of Imagination

Imagination's Crown

The Aliens of Imagination

Just This Moment

How Unlikely You Will Ever Read This

The Human Pyramid Scheme

The Ever-Morphing Nature of Language

The Subjectivity of All Translation

Stumbling Along Disparate Trails

The Warped Mirrors of Translation

Of Sounds Given Concept

Of Similarities and Differences

The Same Voice

The Relative Light of the Relative Mind

Required: A Wide-Ranging Frame of Reference

The Grand Theater

Stay Tuned … 384

Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2022. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationimaginationandmoreimagination.pdf

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mysterymysteryandmoremystery.pdf

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/patternspatternsandmorepatterns.pdf

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/reincarnationreincarnationandmorereincarnation.pdf

Science, Science & More Science
https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sciencescienceandmorescience.pdf

Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/titlestitlesandmoretitles.pdf

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

* * * *

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

* * * *

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or You, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

* * * *

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity, Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh.
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

* * * *

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

* * * *

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

* * * *

It is your dream; do with it what You will.
Do with it what time and circumstance allow.
Do with it what the quantum matrix ordains.

* * * *

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

* * * *

The human paradigm is complex enough that many assume it is infused with free will.
But in the up-close-and-personal, individuals are but roiling algorithms.
Automatons, each playing out their daily Sisyphean toil,
As set by the cosmos, and all that is prior.

* * * *

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

* * * *

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

* * * *

Reflections such as these cannot but remain marginalized by the masses,
Because imagination will not allow itself, cannot allow itself,
To be purged, or even brought to heel, from the annals of this garden world,
But through complete annihilation, to which end, it every moment drives closer to probability.

* * * *

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

* * * *

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.

Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.
Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

* * * *

The past has only so much influence, so much control, over any given present.
Historians may or may not divine what is relevant to the future in their storytelling efforts.
History has proven many times that any given time will decipher its own take,
Based on the unfolding machinations the current world has in play.
And eventually, all will decline and fall into oblivion,
The abyss, where nothing ever happens.

* * * *

It is all about procreation, as far as them chromosomes are concerned.
It does not matter who-what-where-when-why-how,
As long as it happens before You die.
Darwin rules.

* * * *

To not breed, is to full-stop the natural selection, the streaming genetic lineage, that got You here.
To breed, is to cast a future, that will face all the agonies and ecstasies life has to offer.
The question really is, would You want to come back into this world again?
And if not, why would You do it to another tabula rasa innocent,
That we each-and-every-one, once-upon-a-time, for a relatively brief time, were?

* * * *

One cannot help but feel sorry for women who work so hard to become men,
And never quite figure out, that they can never do, never be,
What men so easily, so naturally, do and are.
It is the genomic sequencing that underpins the entire human paradigm.
We all have the same software, the same programming, hundreds of thousands of years in the making.
To deny that, is to succumb to a dystopian nightmare, that no one was designed to play well.
Unless they are a psychopath, a sociopath, or just naturally endure whatever comes.
And no, we are not talking about the airy-fairy men who imagine whatever.
It is ever a Darwinian dreamtime, and natural selection will sort it.

* * * *

You are the electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix,
Come to life, come to consciousness, come to imagination.

* * * *

True science does no harm.
We would not understand as much,
We would not have all the luxuries and toys,
But at least we might still be wandering in the garden.
Assuming, of course, we ceased breeding so much, so absurdly.
But is it possible for any cancer to stop before it kills its host and benefactor?
In the race for survival, who do You think is going win?
Hint: The garden always wins.

* * * *

The end of time would require the end of storytelling,
And the only way that can happen, will ever happen,
Is the extinction of every genus given over to such.

* * * *

No one is going to wake up in an entirely different life; no one ever has, no one ever will.
You are as set in your unique biological container of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
As every other life form that has wandered the face of this,
Or any other dust ball, across all creation.

* * * *

Existence in a nutshell:
In any life, no matter how simple, no matter how complex, there are an endless stream of decisions,
That lead to consequences that require new decisions, and on and on, choice after choice.

Every variety of agony, every variety of ecstasy, until finally, departure.
And what continues on, but the unborn-undying awareness;
Never even once, the time. imagination imagines.
Now is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not You.

* * * *

Stories are easy to hear or read, and to remember and share.
They teach lessons about given cultures, and offer insights into human nature.
They may leave listeners, perhaps happier, perhaps more hopeful, perhaps more united, perhaps wiser.
No matter the time, no matter the geography, they are the foundation of the human paradigm.
Used rightly, they can create great futures; wrongly, they can disparage and destroy.

* * * *

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.

You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing You.

* * * *

Religions are for those afraid of death.
Who want their one and only life, to go on and on forever.
Just another facet of greed.

* * * *

You are creator of your cosmos, your world, your moment:
How can You ever be separate from the all-things-in-You?

* * * *

Discern the wisdom of insecurity,
The wisdom of vulnerability,
The wisdom of innocence,
The wisdom of virtue.
The wisdom of compassion.

* * * *

What a painful thing it can be,
For that sentience, your awareness has been, by nature-nurture, conditioned,
To experience the body's pain and suffering,
As a tree, its rings.

* * * *

You have absolutely no control over how others see You,
Other than to tolerate, or obliterate, all those differences.

* * * *

The real Jesus, assuming he really existed, died some 2000 spins around the sun ago.
Who knows how many millions, even billions, of imaginary ones, have existed since?

* * * *

The endless pretenses of vanity,
Do not make You more, do not make You greater, do not make You anything,
Other than in your wee little imaginary mind.

* * * *

Peel away all that clothing, all that hair, all that greasepaint, all that polish, all that jewelry.
Slice away the five sensory organs: the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
And You will be just another blob; just another crunchy-chewy-gooey creature.
No different than any other life form this spinning globe has ever spun.
All the egocentric pretenses that humankind harbors, are but absurd theater.

* * * *

You can never appease the many ghosts in your head.
In their universe, You are whatever they think You are,
And there is absolutely nothing You can do about it.

* * * *

We are reaping what we have in ignorance sewn, and dragging our magical garden down with us.
The wave is about to collapse into a chaotic tumult, beyond all control, beyond all hope.
Where we are, where You are, in that decline, in that fall, is at best, speculation.
And what to do, where to be, to survive, is unknowable ground for all.

* * * *

Awareness permeates all things, all illusions.
Any given universe is but a manifestation of quantum design,
In which the awareness, the infinite vastness of eternity, is witness to all, in all.

* * * *

Tyrannies are rarely displaced by anything but alternate trials and tribulation,
And egalitarian exceptions, likely only bubble into being for the briefest of whiles.

* * * *

How can You prove now; why should You have to?
How can You prove time; why should You have to?
How can You prove space; why should You have to?
How can You prove infinity; why should You have to?
How can You prove quantum; why should You have to?
How can You prove anything; why should You have to?
How can You prove everything; why should You have to?
How can You prove awareness; why should You have to?
How can You prove eternity; why should You have to?
How can You prove naught; why should You have to?
How can You prove You; why should You have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

* * * *

How seriously to take this dreamtime, how seriously to take your Self, is every moment a choice.
Whether to be an involved participant, or a joyful buddha, is all doable, in the illusion's quantum buffet.

* * * *

Do not doubt, do not crave, do not fear, do not dread.

Do not give in to the compulsions of passion.
Abide in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Imagining You are anything but the very right-here, very right-now awareness,
Is the Black Snake of ego, slithering through the mind, You imagine your own.

* * * *

Imagine the billions of journeys around our little star, it took for You to be here reading this.
And let us not even try to speculate, how this mystery even reached this moment.
Just breathe in, breathe out, the mystery, You, this very instant, are,
And allow the destined chips fall, where they will, in the great so it goes.

* * * *

What is it but another metaphor
– Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is all but impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

* * * *

We have all played our touchy-feely-nature-nurture parts well; Best Actor Awards to all.
Everybody, applaud the infinite awareness peering out into their illusory universe.
Celebrate the one and only thespian, equally playing each and every role.

* * * *

Prey are predatory in their own way, and predators, prey, as well.
After all, it is an indelible, indivisible, quantum theater extraordinaire.
And there has never been even one creature that has survived,
For more than an iota of time's illusory continuum.
By one means or another, all evaporate,
Back into the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

You must be strong enough, tough enough, skillful enough, adaptive enough,
To survive, to endure, to flourish, upon the stage, into which You have been cast.

* * * *

Are seers the delusional ones for spouting all this? Or You, for not seeing it?
Or perhaps all, forever engaging in this fantastical dreamtime absurdity, at all?

* * * *

Whistle, while You daily push that boulder up the hill,
If You can find the right song, the right tune, the right chord,
The right harmony, the right tone, the right melody,
To make all the absurdity worthwhile.

* * * *

Sickness, injury, dying, are just other altered states of consciousness.
Less enjoyable than the voluntary subscriptions, but no less momentary.

* * * *

Becoming a conscious observer –
Witness, spectator, onlooker, bystander, eyewitness, watcher –
Makes for a road-less-travelled dream.

* * * *

Women think men are cute until they become men.
And how many men would very much prefer
The child she was, until she first bled.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is this mysterious awareness?
Where is this ephemeral nowness, this timeless right-here-right-now?
Is it in the frontal lobe? Is it in the top of the head? Is it in the entire brain?
How can any ever hope to capture it with any eloquent conclusion?
All any can do is be still enough, to discern it is all they are.

* * * *

And what will that look like, smell like, taste like, sound like, feel like,
In ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, or more years?

* * * *

Within the human paradigm, there are many predators, many prey.
All are equally fashioned through the nature-nurture genomic sequencing,
That it took to reach their allotted time in their Mother's garden womb.

* * * *

Is your dream motivated or indifferent? Driven or lackadaisical? Energetic or apathetic?
All fates find the same grave; will yours strike a note in history?
Or be resigned to an unmarked grave?

* * * *

Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Ad infinitum.

* * * *

To imbibe the clear elixir of eternal life, timeless life, momentary life, disengage the mind from time;
From all the memories of existence – even from the recollection of a moment ago –

As often as the ever-present attention can wrestle itself free,
From the insistent grip of imagination,
The creator of all that is time-bound and illusory.

* * * *

What a different world it would be if we two-leggeds,
Would just learn to keep our noses on their own faces.

* * * *

Challenging, if not all but impossible, to be entirely free of imagination,
For it is the engine of illusion, to which all humans are genetically inclined.

* * * *

Imagination, and all its memories, knowledge, history, metaphors … and drama,
Has a tendency to crash the party without notice, as often as inattention allows.

* * * *

Unless You just climbed out of a cattle car, and are in line for a shower,
Or are having trouble breathing, because there's a boot on your throat,
Or are in an ICU Unit, hooked up to machines, making funny noises,
Or are standing on a teetering block, with a noose around the neck,
Things are probably more okie-dokie than You may like to believe.

* * * *

Forms project an illusionary duality, that the indivisible quantum matrix in no way confirms.
Yet, even in realizing all this, You must still daily wander through the dreamscape.
Only in death, figuratively or literally, can the sensory mind-body,
Give itself over to the essence of the ever-present.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is awareness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is awareness, not?

* * * *

It is an arduous flight to allow vanity wings.
There is no knowing what hardships will sally forth.
Far more serene to impart to others no unwarranted reflection,
For imagination is but an illusory player in this dream of space and time.
Wandering through life alone, relatively anonymous, has its trials and tribulations,
But the long-and-winding road less traveled, pathless less traveled,
Does not, in any way, necessitate a dream-bound audience.
You are as inwardly free as You allow your Self to be.

* * * *

Separated only in imagination's Shakespearian touchy-feely, space-time theater,
The crunchy-chewy-gooey vehicle will sooner or later fall victim to the Reaper's fell scythe.
But You, the awareness, You, the moment, You, the instantaneous, You, the ever-present right-here now;
You will ever remain, unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffaceable, interminable, timelessly infinite.

Some call it existential, nihilistic, but it is the reality in which all dreams come to fruition.
What You believe does not at all matter; mystery is what You are, it is what all are.
Dreamtime is a quantum matrix, in which the mystery, through imagination,
Equally plays all forms, all parts, in all the theaters across the abyss.

* * * *

The elephant in the room, standing right there, how can You not see it?
Neither wall nor spear nor snake nor tree nor fan nor rope, nor any other metaphor;
It stands alone for all to see, what there is to see, what there is to unsee,
Within and without all manifestation prior to imagination.

* * * *

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness of all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

* * * *

If You are concerned only with the ultimate truth, who said it, who did it –
What mask, what costume, what culture, what language, what geography, what time –
Is immaterial, irrelevant, inconsequential, of no importance, whatsoever.

* * * *

The less You cling to any given moment,
The less the dream will distract You from your eternal due;
The absoluteness You truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world.
Become the awareness You are,
As often as attention allows.

* * * *

It is the post-traumatic stress of the given life, that inflames the mind-body,
To chemically electrocute its biology, into the genetic ocean of nature-nurture passions.
To endure the play rationally, with equanimity, is the challenge for all who wander the middle path.

* * * *

There is only the imaginary appearance of separate souls.
Awareness is the indivisible timelessness permeating all.

* * * *

Sun and moon, planets orbiting all about,
And the vast ocean of galaxies, even unseen beyond,
Have no preferences, compel no choices.
They shine equally for all.

* * * *

What will history call it?
The Great Alignment
The Great Reckoning
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!

Time machines for sale!
Get ‘em while they’re hot!

* * * *

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when You are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That You are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

* * * *

It is but an illusory, secular dream, to which only the chosen few –
Those inexorably drawn to the indivisible abyss –
Will truly, fully, ever awaken.

* * * *

Everything has been brought to You by imagination,
Keeper of the key to the time-bound illusion-delusion.

* * * *

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.

You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
If You are thinking it, You are not being it.

* * * *

Violent behavior is largely learned, though breeding plays a factor.
Chances are, very few children are prone to the violent thoughts and behaviors,
That they may in abundance exhibit as adults, in the whirl of whatever world they participate.

* * * *

Any who discern their true nature are not followers.
How can any, fully discern the truth within,
And not be absolute, unto thy Self?

* * * *

How can space-time have any ultimate reality,
When it is founded upon the gravities, the chemistries, the temperatures,
The interactions, the dances, the vagaries, of suns and planets and moons, and all the dust about them.
Clocks, watches, calendars, are but temporal gauges of the relativity of illusion.

* * * *

What is this craving of our kind for meaning and purpose?
Why is it that existence, that the next breath, is not gift enough?

* * * *

Solving problems, creating solutions, is the keystone of the human paradigm.
Every other organism adapts to its world as nature-nurture prescribes in its allotted niche.
Humankind: the toolmakers, the craftsmen, the artists, the scholars, the kings, the servants, the slaves,
Fashion their manifest worlds, as imagination, through genetic lottery, dictates,
And quantum, through every illusionary device, allows,

* * * *

There truly is no point to existence, but the omnipresent moment,
In which the timeless awareness, perceives a sensory universe,
So touchy-freely-three-dimensional real, that minds are easily bent,
Into, with nary a doubt, playing whatever part, nature-nurture has deigned.
Only rare lifeforces are called to doubt the kaleidoscoping dream unfolding about them;
Such that their courses are reset, and the true game afoot.
A matrix thing, to be sure.

* * * *

All the sentient forms that have ever witnessed your existence
Have very different, very unique, very solitary versions,
And You, but one, of the who-knows-how-many, witnessing them.
And all, spun into the one and only faceless You, within-without all creation.

* * * *

You each and every moment decide, whether or not,
To engage in the temporal, or the eternal;
In the tangible, or the ethereal.

* * * *

No creation,
No sensory-born playground,
No amount of imagination in any possible dimension,
As touchy-feely-whatever real, as it may seem,
Can ever be more than a passing dream.

* * * *

Once that little, imaginary, conditioned, inner voice, gets its tongue, it is ever a challenge to shut it up.
There is no end, but death, to the ways and means, imagination can ecstasy-and-agony its imaginary self.
And awareness, ever-present, ever-still, ever witnessing, the nature-nurture mind-body illusion-delusion.

* * * *

If You are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.
Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.
Kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

If You are anything less than the rationality of pure awareness,
Then your imaginary cosmos has You in its clutches, yet again.

* * * *

Death is inevitable,
Perhaps even mid-sentence and exceedingly embarrassing,

Were You around to care.

* * * *

If You were God, do You really think You would design every particle of your creation?
No, You would probably fashion your Self into dice, and throw yourself out into the abyss.
Let creation, every moment, spin itself; let creation sally forth, however nature-nurture deigns.
How much more interesting to play every part of whatever is in store.
And irony and paradox, ever at the helm.

* * * *

Others have always capitalized on vanity's never wanting to exit center stage.
Or at least, to not be forgotten, overlooked, misplaced.
Forever, if such a time is possible.

* * * *

Still your mind.
Eternity is that stillness.
It is that simple.

* * * *

Conscience is what the given nature-nurture frame of reference allows.
Conscience is what the given nature-nurture frame of reference can bear.

* * * *

Mystery is its name.
Wonder is its game.
Stillness is its frame.

* * * *

Blame lead apes for the state of the world, if You like,
The path of chaos and destruction the human paradigm has taken,
Really falls upon the shoulders of the toolmakers, the architects, the builders,
Whose minds only rarely pause to reflect upon the wayward course,
They have inflicted upon the natural world's web of life.
The spin of greed and vanity have but one fate.

* * * *

Every moment, a decision.
Every moment, a slice of process.
Every moment, the kaleidoscoping now.
Eternity will not be undone.

* * * *

Language is the mechanism that imagination uses in ways and means beyond counting,
To bind the awareness in every contortion that frames of reference manage to contrive.

* * * *

Loss, regret, guilt, sorrow, grief, distress, defeat, concern, despair,

Agony, doubt, disbelief, qualms, dread, misfortune, mistrust, misery, fear,
Are among the endless ways and means the suffering of consciousness manifests.
A rolodex of tormenting memories, of recollections, that imagination ever regurgitates,
When there are a dearth of real and pressing problems for the problem-solver mind to solve.
Conscious breathing holds the mind aloof from unnecessary drama and intrigue.
Living, as if You never born, as if You will never die, is s rare feat.

* * * *

The one-percenters have, since the jungles of long ago, set the tone and tempo,
To which all the puppets below dance, however might-makes-right dictates and allows.
Any well-rewarded, ranking position, is determined by whatever they and the many minions value,
Which statistically boils down to avarice and power and vanity; to a pile of gold,
And whatever entitlements are at hand in the given time and place.
It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

How much of too little does it take, to be too much?
And how is enough, only never enough for so many?

* * * *

You are not a super hero nor a super sleuth nor a super spy nor a super anything.
You are not even a crunchy-chewy-gooey globule bound by the airs of vanity and greed.
You are the awareness – untainted, unburdened, unswayed – by the idolatries of consciousness.
Do not succumb to the illusion-delusion, that the imaginary mind-body every moment imagines anew.

* * * *

Unless You are called by vanity and greed, to make a crowd-pleasing show of yourself,
It is relatively easy, unproblematic, to remain somewhat anonymous in this dream.
To live it out, as simply and profoundly, as walking the razor's edge allows.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for your imaginary little self –
For the mind, for the body, for the other, for the world, for the cosmos,
For all the pain and suffering that biology and imagination have inflicted upon You again and again,
For the illusion-delusion dream of time, You hold so dear, feel so important –
Try not to go there.

* * * *

You must still the mind – rid it of the vagaries of imagination – to engage the moment absolutely.
You must be the awareness You truly are, to not be hypnotized by the whimsies of illusion's delusions.

* * * *

There many ways cards can be dealt,
By the powers-that-be and their minions,
To align the masses to their point and purpose.
Every variety of carrot and stick is ever on any given table.
The victors, the puppeteers, the masters of the game,
Neither know, nor care, that You ever existed,

As anything more than grist for their mills.
A harsh truth, but the truth, nonetheless.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative; that is for the dream.
You are playing the part that all the vanities will remember, until they do not.
All dreamtime histories are replete, unto their entireties, with forgotten everything, sooner or later.
Imagination is but a flickering candle in the quantum wind.
Its reality is highly suspect.

* * * *

All any can do, to live out the dream presented,
Is to play the persona, however nature-nurture and imagination allow.
Rest assured, every other will have their version of You,
To cast humility upon your self-flattery.

* * * *

Nature-nurture conditioning inevitably fashions all life forms into self-perpetuating automatons.
Even the most astute, even the most resolute, are bound to their fate,
Which may well be why You are reading this.

* * * *

This is the role, character, protagonist, You have, through the wind of nature-nurture,
And its tango with imagination, fashioned, and quantum-impromptu played.
To be the awareness, You indelibly are, is life's greatest challenge.
Sisyphus looks up, sighs, and begins the daily ascent.
Will he whistle while he shoulders the boulder, is the question.

* * * *

It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will always be a mystery.
Why resolve it? Why personalize it? Why dread it? Why measure it? Why worship it? Why dogmatize it?
Why pretend it is something that can be named, can be grasped, can be altered, can be saved?
Why play make-believe games, pretending to know what can never be known?
It is but dreamtime illusion, You are but dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

It is the quantum's kaleidoscoping that generates the illusory dream of space and time.
It is the quantum movement through awareness, as clouds through a sky,
That simultaneously creates and preserves and destroys.
The challenge is to, in every moment possible,
Resume the absoluteness, the You, that is the unborn-undying mystery.
You are not the illusory dreamtime; You are not the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

Even if You are in their fangs, or beneath their guillotine blade falling,
Why should You fear or dread or care at all, what any other will say or do?
Why should there be anything but the pure awareness, the witness, witnessing.
What will be, will be, and it will be endured, until death steps into the last moment.

* * * *

Always a good habit, a good discipline, to not be too impulsive, to not be too reactive,
For those whose preference it is to avoid the agonies and ecstasies of unnecessary drama.

* * * *

If You are enticed into passion in any of its countless playgrounds,
Into any of its countless electromagnetic-chemical swirls,
Then You would do well to get back to the moment.

* * * *

The road to absurdity is potholed with every variety of idyllic ideal.
The streets are not paved with gold in any real world, before or hence.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative, your own projection, your own propaganda, your own myth.
That is for the dream to play out, however it will, through all the perceptions about You.
"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

And what point, and what purpose, can there possibly be,
To that little piece of trivia rolling around in that noggin?

* * * *

Imagination, in all its vanity and avarice, will never consent, will never allow, You,
To be the pure, unadulterated awareness; to be as tranquil as a still pond.
As the Sirens did Ulysses, it will ever beckon the inattentive.
Using any hook, any crook, it will draw You back,
To the shoals of its imaginary creation.
Death, figuratively or literally, is the final solution.

* * * *

It might have been this, it might have been that.
When all there are is variables, when constants are few and far between.
How can there be any certainty?

* * * *

Dominos are falling across the board, and likely will for the rest of time.
Our species has passed through the apex of what the human paradigm had to offer.
The only question, the only curiosity, is how long it will manage to stave off the fated die-off.
Darwinism has always been the way of this spinning garden mystery.
And were it not for tool-making endowments beyond all pales,
Malthus would have long ago been deemed a prophet.

* * * *

Why does the space-time continuum seem to pass so much more quickly as we age?
Perhaps because the gradual loss of innocence, the gradual domestication of mind and body,
Have left us always describing and labeling and explaining and clarifying and justifying and defending

And measuring and counting and gauging and evaluating and ranking and appraising and judging,
And the moment, the awareness, through which imagination streams, is but rarely discerned.

* * * *

You have wandered your world, your cosmos, your illusion, your delusion, so many ways, so many times.
Do You ever pause to observe it anew? Do You ever perceive this one and only timeless moment?
Do You ever see all the colors and shapes and textures and whimsies of light and shadow?
Do You ever taste the flavors, hear the sounds, smell the scents, feel the sensations?
Or are You so ensnared, so confined, by desire and fear and dread, by all your millstones,
That your innocence, your presence, is forever lost to imagination's plays of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Take moments now and again in all the busy-ness, to reflect on the illusory mystery that it is,
And perhaps give your Self over, at least occasionally, to that evasive quality of mind called detachment.
Very challenging for any two-legged, because the dream seems so every moment very real.
And we are all so absorbed, so engaged, so attached, to our given dreamtimes.
There are no masters, only beginners, always beginning anew.

* * * *

Quality breathing is an awareness enabler.
So much bother boils down to oxygen deprivation.
Returning to the ever-present is the challenge, the razor's edge.
Not an easy calling to become a conscious witness to the mystery we all are.
To have taken the ruby-slipper red pill launches a destiny none could ever have anticipated.
The blue pill would perhaps have made it all so much easier, in so many ways.
But alas, there is no going back; alas, there is no rewind button.
All life is born to live out whatever fate the seed calls.
All any can do, is do it as well as possible.
Breathe it in, breathe it out.
Be here now.
You.

* * * *

Why does it matter so, why does it matter at all,
Who-what-where-why-when-how, others witness You?
Why are You, why is our kind, so mesmerized by our vanity?
Is it possible to wander unconditionally in the midst of all the fanfare?
Is it possible to wander in an utterly detached, disinterested, uninvolved, state?
How far would our species have come, could our species have come, were we all alone?
Despite the very apparent, very mysterious, very ineffable, fact, that we are, all, unutterably alone.
This momentary awareness, this now, and its absoluteness, its indivisibility, its solitude,
Is very much the same, within each and every one, throughout all creation.
All the other, is but a quantum illusion, a quantum delusion,
In minds given over to imagination's whims.

* * * *

The scars, the stresses, in mind and body, are inflicted by all the other.
By the universe that the senses and imagination have created.

By the dream that has bound the awareness You are.

* * * *

You are an electromagnetic, biological phenomenon; a beast, a savage,
Domesticated to serve whatever tradition, natural selection has spawned You.
Is it possible to reverse engineer the conditioned mind-body You imagine You are,
To such a degree, as to become the infant, the innocence, the tabula rasa,
You were before the dreamtime took You by the scruff of the neck?
It is a question that compels focused, undivided attention.
A laser, burning away the dross of imagination,
Until only the awareness remains.

* * * *

Is that stomach, the mind-body's fuel tank, really empty?
Or is that just the mind-tongue playing refrigerator games?

* * * *

The difference between software apps, is akin to that between friends and acquaintances.
Keep them straight, keep them well-ordered, keep them clear, and You will be better served.

* * * *

Fear of disapproval or banishment or torture or death, notwithstanding,
Why should it matter even one smidgeon what any other thinks of You?

* * * *

For the up and coming, saturated in every conceivable technology,
Intelligence, wit, cunning, ingenuity, shrewdness, talent, skill, adeptness,
Are going to be far less the issue, than entitlement and work ethic and slothfulness.
Believing one deserves it all, without having to trudge through the sludge,
Has more than likely never been a successful survival strategy.
Darwin and Malthus are shaking their dusty heads.

* * * *

Accelerating exponential is well underway.
Everything is going to get uglier and uglier and uglier.
In every possible way, more and more quickly.
Like a fire in a theater with no exits.

* * * *

Whether aristocratic or plebeian, whether high up the food chain, or down on the lower rungs,
An intelligent, inquisitive, disciplined, pragmatic, agnostic, energetic, courageous, attentive mind,
Are among the secular attributes required to go far and wide and deep in this mysterious mystery.

* * * *

The challenge with the scar tissue from all the wounds,
You have in mind and body garnered in your many adventures,
Is to not let them scald and fester and stiffen, what innocence remains.

* * * *

Can the currents of quantum ever cease?
Can the universe ever collapse back into nothing?
Are questions philosopher-mystic-seers might contemplate,
And perhaps a collection of scientific and engineering sorts, as well.

* * * *

What is the sourness of dread, but unpleasant chemistry.
Circuitry gone awry, in the ever-churning, oft-errant mind.

* * * *

Hallucinogens have no doubt played a significant role in the eternal quest, in all times, in all geographies.
To see the mystery clearly, one is not required to use the bounty the garden has used to entice us forward,
But they are useful tools, that can be used in conjunction, with whatever wandering opens the inner eye.

* * * *

How much less ignorant of the mystery are You, really,
Than the moment You came out of the womb?
Many more words and symbols, yes,
But really no less ignorant.

* * * *

The grand strands of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) that have created You,
Are only concerned that You generate as many offspring as possible, by any means.
Whether or not any given strand carries on, is always subject to natural selection downstream.
Ethics has never been an issue, in the one and only immortal quest, truly in play.
The constructs of imagination, of illusion-delusion, notwithstanding.

* * * *

How can any ever-streaming moment be auspicious or trivial or boring,
Or any other illusionary-delusionary notion, born of the imaginary mind?

* * * *

You are what You this moment are; that sentient awareness, that sentient awakeness.
Nothing before, nor hence, matters, but to imagination, and all its time-bound trickery.

* * * *

Instinct was the baseline before imagination magnified it to heights and breadths beyond reckoning.
To be unaware of how it has shaped human history, is to submit to a power that embraces extinction.

* * * *

Sooner or later, life will take You by the scruff of the neck,
And bash You proper, in whatever way your nature-nurture dream has in store.
And it will not be a once and only time, guaranteed.
Try not to take it personal.

* * * *

All creation is the same quantum mystery.

All sentience is the same awareness.
All sentience is the same You.

* * * *

No matter how crunchy, how chewy, how gooey,
What can You expect from a blob of protoplasm, really?

* * * *

From the ultimate standpoint, from the eye of the mystery's standpoint,
What makes your biological array any greater or lesser than any other's?
Only vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity separates it little self from the source of all.

* * * *

Space and time are less about being a measurable continuum,
Than they are, an immeasurable, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum medium.
An ineffable creation, enabled by a neurological set, evolved in a biological cauldron,
From which imagination plays out never-ending Shakespearian theater of nature-nurture design.

* * * *

Has there ever been any other species,
Born of this garden world, born of this quantum mystery,
That has imagined, has pretended, with such great effort, to be so many things,
That it is not, that it has never been, that it will never be?

* * * *

Be wary You do not become so absorbed in your imaginary self,
That You assume everybody else should be, too.
Notoriety is a dubious quest,
And groupies cultivate many dramas.

* * * *

In the aging process, the weight of memory can cause a ceaseless tug-of-war,
Between imagination and awareness, between the dreamtime and the moment.

* * * *

Waking up to another day of illusory possibilities,
Another day of illusory compliance,
Another day of illusory philosophical observation,
Another day of roaming about the illusory rabbit hole of imagination,
For which You have whatever illusory enthusiasm, your ethereal spirit naturally summons.

* * * *

Winnie-the-Pooh
Tigger
Kanga
Eeyore
Piglet
Roo

Which caricature might You be today?

* * * *

Getting older is about compensating for the loss of youthful energy and capacity.
For the loss of nature-nurture entitlements, that gradually or quickly fade,
Through sickness and injury, and general wear and tear upon both mind and body.
Until the mortal frame inevitably reaches whatever dissolution the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

If there were somehow several hundred clones of You as an infant, randomly scattered all about the world,
In every variety of culture, every variety of language, every variety of socio-economic orientation,
And those replicas, totally unaware of each other, were brought together at some point,
What would the muster be like? What would be the reaction of all involved?
How similar would they be? How different would they be?
How well, or how badly, would they get along?
And how quickly might they pull out the steely knives?

* * * *

Awareness abides, untouched, whatever form and function is at play.
It is ever the same timeless witness, ever the same intelligence,
Ever the same multi-dimensional backdrop, to all creation.

* * * *

Space and time can come to an end,
And eternal awareness, regain the helm,
If You manage to disregard the sensory input,
And allow the mind to be very still.

* * * *

Delve as deeply as one might, the mystery ever remains a mystery.
Ultimately, no one really has any choice, but to do whatever needs doing:
Breathe in, breathe out, hunt, gather, eat, pee, poop, breed, ponder, sleep, repeat.
Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all imagine and believe.

* * * *

Prior to all creation,
Prior to all forms,
Prior to all functions,
Prior all plays of consciousness,
You are.

* * * *

We are all blobs, some gifted by natural selection with veneers that entice us to forget,
The reservoir of crunchy-chewy-gooey, sloshing and gurgling beneath a coating of dead cells,
Otherwise known as skin and hair and nails, buttressed by the five sensory accoutrements.

* * * *

Stories, narratives, chronicles, sagas, memoirs, accounts, tales, fairytales, legends, myths,
Are the primary ways and means that imagination perpetually, unabashedly utilizes,
To commandeer the purity of awareness, ever still in its immaculate moment.

* * * *

So, what is it You think You are looking for? What is it You think You might find, will find?
Unless You are no longer a seeker, unless You have already figured out the irony-paradox absurdity,
Any answer, any guess, any speculation, means You already have some sort of assumption,
And that means You may not be as serious as You would have yourself believe.

* * * *

To beat any habit, to change any habit, to minimize any habit,
It must be scrutinized with a disciplined, momentary exactness.

* * * *

No matter how much You learn, no matter how much You study, discover, analyze, realize;
No matter how known, how affluent, how powerful, how influential, You might become;
You are very much quantum-equal from the elemental, indivisible, matrix perspective.
All the vanity, all the pride, to which humanity inclines, is as empty as empty ever is.

* * * *

Alice
The White Rabbit
The Mouse
The Dodo
The Lory
The Eaglet
The Duck
Pat
Bill the Lizard
Puppy
The Caterpillar
The Duchess
The Cheshire Cat
The Hatter
The March Hare
The Dormouse
The Queen of Hearts
The King of Hearts
The Knave of Hearts
The Gryphon
The Mock Turtle
Which caricature might You be today?

* * * *

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.

Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

* * * *

What is the universe of any life form?
What is the universe of a bee?
What is the universe of a hawk?
What is the universe of a sparrow?
What is the universe of a cockroach?
What is the universe of a tiger?
What is the universe of a virus?
What is the universe of a frog?
What is the universe of a dandelion?
What is the universe of a crow?
What is the universe of a shark?
What is the universe of an elephant?
What is the universe of a bat?
What is the universe of an ant?
What is the universe of a butterfly?
What is the universe of a whale?
What is the universe of a deer?
What is the universe of a microbe?
What is the universe of a snake?
What is the universe of a spider?
What is the universe of a plant?
What is the universe of a moth?
What is the universe of a lobster?
What is the universe of a bear?
What is the universe of a seagull?
What is the universe of a minnow?
What is the universe of a clam?
What is the universe of a dolphin?
What is the universe of a tree?
What is the universe of a snail?
What is the universe of a seal?
What is the universe of a buffalo?
What is the universe of a cow?
What is the universe of a chicken?
What is the universe of a pig?
What is the universe of a salmon?
What is the universe of a badger?
What is the universe of an octopus?
What is the universe of a kangaroo?
What is the universe of a panda?
What is the universe of a gnat?

What is the universe of a pike?
What is the universe of a rat?
What is the universe of a worm?
What is the universe of a guppy?
What is the universe of a owl?
What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?
What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.
Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

* * * *

Will that be the last time You think that?
Will that be the last time You say that?
Will that be the last time You do that?
Will that be the last time You see that?
Will that be the last time You hear that?
Will that be the last time You taste that?
Will that be the last time You smell that?
Will that be the last time You feel that?
Will that be the last time You read that?
Will that be the last time You write that?
Will that be the last time You discern that?
Will that be the last time You wonder that?
Will that be the last time You manipulate that?
Will that be the last time You calculate that?
Will that be the last time You draw that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You sculpt that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You dance that?
Will that be the last time You play that?
Will that be the last time You covet that?
Will that be the last time You like that?
Will that be the last time You love that?
Will that be the last time You hate that?
Will that be the last time You travel there?
Will that be the last time You walk there?

Will that be the last time You run there?
Will that be the last time You sit there?
Will that be the last time You eat that?
Will that be the last time You cook that?
Will that be the last time You trade that?
Will that be the last time You print that?
Will that be the last time You yell that?
Will that be the last time You whisper that?
Will that be the last time You create that?
Will that be the last time You preserve that?
Will that be the last time You destroy that?
Will that be the last time You anything that?

* * * *

A Short List of Modern Entitlements
(Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services
Police services

Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hosptials
Ambulances
Medications
Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations
Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes
Building materials

Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics
Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables
Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

* * * *

Every mind has a story, every group mind, a chronicle.
Some myths even campfire their way down the mirage of dreamtime,
Until they, too, are forever forgotten, forever adrift, in the moment they were given.
Dreamtime is like that: loyal to all, loyal to none.
Go away, Kid, ya bother me.

* * * *

The awareness that You are, is right-here-right-now.
In what other quantum dimension, in what other imaginary dream,
Would it be any different? Could it be any different? Should it be any different?

* * * *

The body's chemical responses to the world and all its many threats, real and imagined,
Will drag the mind-body back into the emotional depths anytime it is allowed.
Detachment is not easy, even for the most indomitable philosopher.

* * * *

With the advent of the tribal mindset as a key factor in the rise of the human species,
Civilization has made us all subject to the will of others to one degree or another.
Even the greatest tyrants are subordinate to those who grant them their throne.

* * * *

If You do not much care for your recording,
See how difficult it is to change it,
Much less erase it.

* * * *

You must leave all doubt behind, to be your truest Self.
If You wish to be The One of the mystery, it is not enough to act like the one.
You must be The One, and there can be no doubt, because doubt causes chaos and one's own demise.

* * * *

Nothing any mind-body has ever, or will ever, devise,
Takes it any closer, than the moment You now reside.

* * * *

The one-percenters of ancient times might well forfeit their worlds,
For the entitlements we, in these modern times, have at our fingertips.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter if You have one guru, or many?
That would be the same lie, as a man being content, with just one woman,
Or a woman being content with just one flower from a meadow brimming with flowers.
There are many teachers, many women, many meadows,
And many choices in all.

* * * *

The problem-solving monkey-mind has evolved through natural selection since life's beginning.
In its unassailable patterning, in its ceaseless hunter-gatherer quest for problems to solve,
It can, in some drama-laden lives, be prone to creating them out of little or nothing.
Oftentimes, of a perpetual nature; oftentimes, leap-frogging between many.
To employ the given mind as the as-needed tool nature intended, requires an attentive wit.
An intelligence, to which, as history has again and again shown, more than a few, have little or no access.

* * * *

The senses are always drawing You out to play,
In this imaginary world, in this dream of space and time.
To disregard them is the big challenge, for all who would linger,
In the ever-present awareness, this one and only moment,
That all really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Issuing a death sentence, is either about either being hungry,
Or no longer wanting someone or something in your world.

* * * *

Lists are a most excellent way to keep all variety of things-to-do from rolling around in ye-old noggin.
You will get to 'em when You get to 'em; get to 'em when You have time and inclination.
And will not have to bother trying to remember, nor worry about forgetting.
A very pragmatic, natural-born-organizer sort of thing to do.
Takes a little discipline, but that is very much a survival tool, as well.

* * * *

If mind-body chemistry is awry, there are many ways to alter it.
Explore what aligns the spirit with the container,

And hold fast, as necessity bids.

* * * *

Sages, seers, prophets, oracles, and other individuals of the doubting sort,
Are radicals, anarchists, insurgents, mutineers, revolutionaries,
In the reclamation of awareness to its rightful throne.

* * * *

Dread is a problem-maker, a worry-maker, a sorrow-maker.
To dissolve its weight, and all the tribulations it spins,
Requires an exceedingly clear and present mind.

* * * *

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

* * * *

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The algorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!

The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!
The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!

The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

* * * *

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that You think You know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the virtue, the integrity, You truly are.

* * * *

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

* * * *

Work on remembering who You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering what You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering where You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering when You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering why You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering how You really are, and are not.

* * * *

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

* * * *

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever You please,
The same mystery is in all.

* * * *

Infinity is not a concept, nor is it a number, nor is it a symbol, nor it is anything else.
It is not something the mind-body can ever in any way grasp.
It is the mystery; it can only be,
And You must surrender everything to discern it.

* * * *

We are blobs; we are all the progeny of blobs.
Our primordial antecedents were merely gooey, slimy.
But natural selection, lots of time, and no lack, no end, of horror,
Made us crunchy and chewy, as well; definitely, something to be vain about,
And ceaselessly, without qualm, make as much ado about nothing, as imagination allows.

* * * *

Why all the demons? Why do You allow them into your mind?
Why do You allow them to haunt You? Why do You allow them to torture You?
Are You waiting for some deity, some mortal deputy, to save You?
Cast them out, put them behind You, be free of time.
You are Self, You are bound by nothing.

* * * *

Deal with your post-traumatic stress as a sensation, a vibration,
Rather than all the thoughts and feelings, that imagination ever ignites upon.
The challenge is to, at least every now and again, detach from the mind-body dreamtime.
Still the mind, be the awareness, be the moment, free of all the agonies and ecstasies, existence exacts.
It may or may not be easy, to discern and be, this most simple beingness;
Attachment is a magnet, that holds all in its orbit.
But it never hurts to practice.

* * * *

No matter how many lectures You attend,
No matter how many books and articles You read,
No matter how many movies and documentaries You see,
No matter how many thinkers You talk with in the here and there,

You are still, every moment, very much on your own.
The ineffable mystery, exploring its Self.

* * * *

What human beings have done for power and fame and fortune and revenge,
Throughout all its history, in every geography, is terrifying beyond all reckoning.
And the future every-moment streaming, very much the same, if not more so.

* * * *

How to dissolve the binds of post-traumatic stress,
That permeate any given mind-body like rings in a tree,
Requires a meditative attentiveness, challenging to maintain.
We are all captive in our biological cauldrons, prisoners of destiny,
Coded with whatever history has been written in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

It is, and is not, as You imagine it to be.
The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are,
From the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

All those voices yammering away in your head, day-in-day-out.
How do You shut them off, how do You become what You truly are,
But by earnestly wrestling the wheel from their imaginary grip.

* * * *

Even if there are dimensions beyond all constraints, beyond all conceivable bounds,
It is still the same ineffable, indivisible mystery, at the core of all.
And all are, surely, no less illusory than this one.
I mean, yawn and double-yawn.

* * * *

Find that space, that clarity, that innocence,
Before all the demons moved in, and usurped the awareness,
And bound it in imagination, the space-time that is but quantum sleight of hand.

* * * *

This is the first and last moment, this moment will ever be.
Do it full, do it complete, do it well; give it your full attention.

* * * *

The life You live will endure many changes between birth and death.
A long view is not a bad thing, if You wish to live a long and healthy existence.
It is challenging for youthful exuberance to apply moderation,
But it will be much-appreciated by You later,
As You are pondering your time,
Hopefully well-lived.

* * * *

Clinging to all those memories, whatever they may be,
Where does that get You, where does that get anyone, really?
But the same dust-to-dust, as every other creature small to large.

* * * *

Always interesting to watch what more than a few will sell their souls for,
And suffer the hypocrisy in bars, confessionals, and psychiatric couches.

* * * *

This is the first and last breath, breathe it.
This is the first and last sight, see it.
This is the first and last sound, hear it.
This is the first and last taste, taste it.
This is the first and last smell, smell it.
This is the first and last touch, touch it
This is the first and last breath, breathe it.

* * * *

Just wait, as patiently, as calmly, as possible,
And the best solution will often make itself apparent.
Assuming, of course, a perceptive, rational mind.

* * * *

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

* * * *

What You see right-here-right-now,
Will never be what You see right-here-right-now, a moment hence.
Change is the constant construct.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery, the same awareness, the same eye,
Swathed in a mortal container, with which we all identify,
And sustain, in whatever way nature-nurture has in dreamtime ordained.
It is part, a fate, a destiny, a dream, an illusion, we must all together, all alone, endure.

* * * *

Some may truly believe they can rhetorically, pretentiously, irreverently, debate the sciences,
But they cannot debate the quantum physics upon which true science is founded,
Upon which the indivisible nature is codified in every particle,
Across all whatever this mystery is, and is not.

The true law is not man-made, and those who violate true law –
Or their progeny, their tribe, their world, their cosmos – will suffer the consequences.

* * * *

A dream created by quantum through awareness.
Is the quantum cosmos created by the quantum mind?
Or is the quantum mind fashioned by the quantum cosmos?
Or do they simultaneously metamorphose together?
Only the mystery knows, and it is not telling.
And awareness, serene witness to it all.

* * * *

Through the tribalism, the groupthink, that runs through our bones, the tool-makers, and their merry band,
Have inexorably, gracelessly – with unutterable lack of foresight – steered this Eden toward extinction.
We have in every way, twisted, tortured, destroyed, this garden that birthed our rendering of cancer.
And whether, or not, she survives her creation, the human species is already too extinct to know.

* * * *

Do not blame awareness for the maelstrom of imagination.
It is consciousness alone that is the upwelling of all that is absurdity,
In this theater-in-the-round, playing out on an obscure side-stage of nothingness.
Like the sky, awareness is immaculate, unblemished, blameless, for any storms passing through.
If there is anything to be blamed, if there is a fall guy in this tale, it is surely inattention.

* * * *

Odds are that imagination will always be lurking about,
Waiting for any opening to distract You from the eternal moment,
From the timeless awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Until those occasional moments, in which full attention kicks in,
And the real You awakens in the moment You ever are.

* * * *

It is not the eyes, nor the ears, nor the tongue, nor the nose, nor the flesh,
That differentiate the sights, the sounds, the tastes, the smells, the sensations.
Without mind, there would be no world, no cosmos, by which to be daily enticed.

* * * *

Science has had quite a long slog wandering the helter-skelter of absurdity,
Of ignorance and superstition and tradition, bound together in imaginary minds.

* * * *

Any rule of law, no matter how codified, is an arbitrary thing.
Justice is always based on scales made of might-makes-right.

* * * *

Another talking head, doing the circuit, trying to make a buck, promoting yet another book.
How is it anyone even begins to believe this madhouse can be somehow be made sane?
The Titanic, even be one degree turned; the fate of Easter Island somehow averted.

Consciousness is well on its way to the abyss; its brief window, rapidly closing.

* * * *

Meiosis, the mutation, the springboard, to this indivisible, indelible, ineffable, timeless moment.
Natural selection, the spontaneous artist, using the electromagnetic spectrum and quantum mechanics,
As its pallet, its brush, its paints, its facades, all playing out, right-here-right-now, within and without You.

* * * *

Pain and suffering can foster an anger, that can foster a cruelty,
That can seek distraction by fostering pain and suffering in others.
It is a harsh cycle that only chain-breaking reflection can avert.
Even the most hardened psychopath can change the choices.

* * * *

Stick around in this dreamtime for as long as it works for You,
And then depart as quickly, as quietly, as painlessly, as mind and mood and circumstances allow.
Or stick around and suffer the likely bitter end, only too happy to play out.

* * * *

Odds are, a few deep breaths,
Will be a great aid in solving most problems,
And perhaps, prevent a few, as well.

* * * *

It does not really matter how You die, to anyone but You,
And your say in the matter, is, every moment,
Running shorter on time.

* * * *

It is but an imaginary quantum space-time-dream-time that has enticed You,
Conditioned You, trained You, bound You, into really and truly believing, it real and true.
It is totally on You, to awaken to the true reality, the true You, the awareness beneath all surfaces.

* * * *

Regrets are a sorrow no mind easily dispels.
It is a very challenging thing to forgive oneself,
For all the pain that vanity again and again endures.

* * * *

How many generations did it take since life's first etching,
To finally reach the genomic sequence, You now inhabit?

* * * *

Focus as closely as You can, on each and every breath.
See how long before imagination cuts in,
And the dance again begins?

* * * *

No moment can be undone, what is done is done, no point looking back.
If You are pleased with what happened, do it again; many times, if possible.
If You are not satisfied with an outcome, do not, if at all possible, do it again,
It works that way, so long as given moments allow more harmless choices.
However, if a moment forces a harsh hand, then do whatever is required,
And meander on, serenely, without the shadows of guilt and remorse.

* * * *

The most interesting uninteresting thing You have ever seen.
The most uninteresting interesting thing You have ever seen.

* * * *

What a curious thing, to spend so much of one's life, being educated,
Being made so cognizant of so many goings-on in the human paradigm,
As well as all the other astounding permutations, this mystery has spawned.
And to have so little say in any of it, so little potency to really modify anything.
What did all that schooling do, really, but pull together a merry band of spectators –
Rubbernecks, bystanders, oglers, gawkers, talking heads, peeping Toms –
Clucking away, like chickens, in bars, coffee shops, wherever,
And always the foxes in charge, collecting their due.

* * * *

Never easy to fall behind, nor do something incorrectly, nor be left behind for no good reason,
On anything deemed important to yourself, or another, or the world at large.
The disharmony of feeling overwhelmed can be suffocating,
And wander into many an unpleasant moment.
Detachment only lends itself so well.
Discipline is required to stay ahead of the wave.

* * * *

Getting anything off the 2Duz List, using the ABC time-management method,
Is always a good thing, a cleansing thing, a full-breath thing, broaching on contentment.
Though leaving alone the more enjoyable C's, until A's and B's are resolved, is not always easy.

* * * *

About many varieties of knowledge,
You can be as extremely inept and foolish as anyone.
Keep an eye out for that Oz who knows everything, and remembers it, too.

* * * *

There is no forever without now; there is no forever but now.
There is no less than now; there is no more than now.
There is no prior to now, there is no after now.
There is nothing but now, forever now-ing along.

* * * *

Why would karma ever be inflicted upon a dream?

Why would a dreamer ever be punished, ever be rewarded,
For dreaming a dream, about which he or she or it, had no choice?
It is avaricious predators who create and use imaginary deities against You.
Depending on circumstances, You may, or may not, be free, to put them behind You.
It is not fun being shunned and/or tortured and/or executed for being a sceptic (a.k.a., heretic).
Might makes right, and histories across the board, have times beyond counting,
Proven far less than egalitarian, towards those who question.

* * * *

Seriously, what does a blob have to be vain about?
And of the quest for power, fame, fortune,
Surely You ha-ha jest, my friend.

* * * *

Plenty of creatures on this planet get along plenty fine without ever seeing a human being,
And plenty of human beings, get along plenty fine without ever seeing You.
We are not as important to the cosmos as we would like to think,
And You, to but a relative few, for but a brief while.
Vanity is nothing more than poof.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on five senses and a central processing unit.
Any given world, any given universe, is created by how well each sense works.
How well, how acutely, eyes see, ears hear, nose smells, tongue tastes, flesh feels.
You are playing out the die roll set in motion at the instant of genesis.
When or how or why it all happened, is entirely irrelevant.
Here we are, right here, right now, this very moment,
Incessantly quibbling over absurdities beyond measure.

* * * *

Yup, your distant cousin, the worm, has the same alimentary canal design.
As do an unknowable number of other critters, across all the ages, across all the times.
Anatomy is, indeed, fate … and choice … but a perpetual debate, regarding degrees of absurdity.

* * * *

Atlas tripping on his globe, Sisyphus toiling with his boulder.
See if You can set that vanity down, at least once and a while.

* * * *

Kill millions, or have trouble swatting a fly, the same oblivion awaits all.
Threats of damnation or karmic consequence or whatever,
Is meaningless to any who do not care.
Religion is a joke.

* * * *

To all the true-believers, who spend their existence entangled in any given religion,
Would discovering it was all a lie, all a charade, all make-believe, all entirely meaningless,
Make You wonder what You coulda-shoulda-woulda done with all the time You wasted?

* * * *

Why do women scream in the face of any mortal danger?
So that some erstwhile fool will offer himself,
While she indifferently slips away.
Very Darwinian.

* * * *

It does not in any way matter, how You reached this awareness of awareness.
It does not matter what You thought; it does not matter what You did, or did not do.
You are the only one who judges, the only one who counts, the only one who imagines,
And all your imaginary judgments, all your imaginary accountings,
Are as meaningless, as meaningless can be.

* * * *

Look out into the starry-starry night, and imagine it being administered by any of the imaginary deities,
That humankind has, across all times, across all geographies, through every vanity and cupidity, devised.

* * * *

In the heterosexual scenario, at the other end of that lovely mouth –
Working its way up and down, and down and up, on the engorged masculinity–
Is a pliable anus, available for thirds, if the current femme fatale is open to such escapades.
And, as the alimentary canal is the same for all, the anus is relevant for any other combinations, as well.
Blobs, doing what blobs do, genetically-honed and choicelessly-chosen,
In their arena of narcissistic hedonism.

* * * *

No point changing what cannot be changed,
Journeying that which cannot be journeyed,
Preserving that which cannot be preserved.
Criticizing that which cannot be criticized.
Revealing that which cannot be revealed,
Traveling that which cannot be traveled.
Advising that which cannot be advised.
Creating that which cannot be created,
Pushing that which cannot be pushed,
Chasing that which cannot be caught,
Pulling that which cannot be pulled,
Loving that which cannot be loved,
Hating that which cannot be hated,
Mending that which cannot be torn,
Seeking that which cannot be found,
Solving that which cannot be solved,
Sharing that which cannot be shared,
Beginning that which cannot be begun,
Finishing that which cannot be finished,
Destroying that which cannot be destroyed.

* * * *

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

* * * *

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

* * * *

We all are the same mystery, the same inscrutable unknowable, the same quantum magic-fairy-dust.
We are all absolute equals, in all shapes and sizes and functions in this web of life.
We are all the Dreamer dreaming; how can You not be part of it?

* * * *

When it comes to this inscrutable mystery,
Can anything ever be proven, ever be encapsulated by consciousness?
Of course not, that is why this may well be the most ineffable mystery, the mystery has ever concocted.
That is why all conjectures, all speculations, all assumptions, all assertions,
Can never be anything more than idle hearsay.

* * * *

Your most faithful, lifelong love affair, should be with your every breath.
… breathe in … breathe out … breathe in … breathe out … breathe in … breathe out …

Never take it for granted, for it will soon be gone, in the never-more sense.

* * * *

The young are flagrantly innocent, naively simple, blissfully radiant, until they are not.
Until they are touched harshly by this dreamtime, into which they have been involuntarily cast.
Touched harshly by any of the so many ways the human paradigm has through imagination engineered.
And then they join in with the collective, churning mass, and become the adult now reading this.
The adult who vaguely recalls, and longs, for that innocence, that simplicity, that radiance,
And will perhaps rummage deeply enough, freely enough, to resume the tabula rasa.
The You, the Self, that is, and has always been, right-here-right-now present.

* * * *

Ignore the sensory theater; be the awareness You are, the stillness You are, the moment You are.
There is only right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment.
All befores, all afters, are nothing more than imaginary delusions,
Concocted by quantum minds bound to illusion.

* * * *

In the quest for truth, You are judge, jury, executioner,
And new empirical discovery, the only means to freedom.

* * * *

Yes, even though it is very astute, very exacting, very prolific,
And more spot-on accurate, than imagination has heretofore managed,
Even science, in all its illusion-bound glory, is ultimately just more babble-on.

* * * *

If You cannot read these thoughts, without growing weary,
Or having some sort of fight or flight response,
Then they are likely not for You.
At least not at this point in your dreamtime.

* * * *

You are the indelible awareness; You are the ineffable mystery.
If You do not discern it for your Self, it is entirely on You.
No one else can discover it for You, no one else can do it for You.
No one else can more than point out ironies and paradoxes and absurdities.
But more than a few will be happy to manipulate and appropriate whatever You allow.

* * * *

The life of a tree, very present, very vulnerable.
The life of You, likely helter-skelter and guarded.

* * * *

Everything that has happened since creation, however this mystery came about,
Whether spontaneously through natural selection, or intentionally as ordained by some deity or deities,
Has made it possible for You to be sitting there, pondering these thoughts,
In the right-here-right-now in which You dwell.

What matter, how?

* * * *

True believers are always in the hunt for followers
– acolytes, devotees, disciples, adherents, admirers, enthusiasts –
To join their groupthink, and more than likely relinquish a tithing, large or small.
To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

Death is the mercy of the mystery to its Self, that it not be forever trapped,
In all the illusions, in all the delusions, in all the ironies and paradoxes,
In all the absurdities of awareness, falsely believing itself to be You.

* * * *

All that knowledge, all that trivia, all that irony, all that paradox,
No matter how profound, no matter how trifling,
Is made-up from all get-goes.
Make-believe tends to be like that.

* * * *

It is wit and curiosity, with a rational helping of doubt, that has escorted You to this moment.
It took a great deal of heavy lifting, a great deal of serendipitous wandering,
And most importantly, a bloodhound's nose for mendacity.
So, here You are, still sniffing away.

* * * *

All the deities ever concocted by the human mind, across the board,
Are petty and small, in comparison with what the mystery truly is, and is not.
It requires a mind free of bounds, to discern that which cannot be grasped or tamed.

* * * *

If You are of the student-of-the-mind persuasion,
You will be doing a great deal of homework.
The test, of course, is the life You live;
Every moment, a scoreless score.

* * * *

Surveying from a surly distance, the human species,
Is really nothing more than a way-too-large throng of whacked-out blobs,
Doing what whacko blobs do, in their unfaltering, capacity for, and draw to, psychotic burlesque.
The arrogance of our kind's insatiable narcissism, and the other whore, hedonism,
Has been an arduously tedious, painful, relentless march to suicide.
Alas, that we never took Darwin and Malthus seriously.

* * * *

Science must eventually fall on its sword,
Because it can only explore the kaleidoscoping quantum illusion.
The mystery, that which pervades all, that which is prior and beyond, is the realm of philosophy.

And even philosophers, must eventually still their loquacious intellects,
If they discern the wit and will to abandon all absurdity,
And melt into the timeless awareness.

* * * *

How domesticated are You.
How domesticated are You?
How domesticated are You!
How domesticated are You!?
How domesticated are You?!

* * * *

You managed, this morning, to wake up, and head out into the given day,
Just as entangled in the inescapable net of accelerating exponential,
As when You rested your world-weary noggin against the headstone last night.
Amazing what we are witnessing as this garden world becomes more and more undone.

* * * *

How alone You are, depends how deeply You have probed.
How deeply You have explored whatever fields You wandered.

* * * *

After over two thousand years, have we not learned, not to count on Jesus, or God, for that matter.
What horrors would some minds have to endure, for conviction to be undone, by the seed of doubt.

* * * *

Your best bet is to spend more time walking, sitting,
And other hammock-time activities of the meditative sort.

* * * *

Who are You in there?
What are You in there?
Where are You in there?
When are You in there?
Why are You in there?
How are You in there?
Is not the truest answer,
The same for one and all?

* * * *

How can someone not feel at least token compassion for the less fortunate,
As they nonchalantly crush them into unsweetened jelly beneath the tank tracks.

* * * *

This work is unconditionally free.
No obligation, monetary or otherwise.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

Life is harsh with a good genetic set, much less a bad one.
How is it that so many human beings do not discern, do not care,
That their genomic sequencing is damaged, corrupted, unfit to procreate?
What a selfishly callous thing to issue forth pure innocence,
With pain and suffering already imbedded.

* * * *

If You can scrutinize anything, question anything, wander anywhere, that imagination allows,
You are well-equipped, well on the way, to being eye-wide-open witness,
To anything the mystery brings to your stage.

* * * *

Wrapping one's wee little brainstem
Around a three (or four) dimensional, kaleidoscoping matrix,
Is not for the weak of wit.

* * * *

Here You are, now.
What matter, who?
What matter, what?
What matter, when?
What matter, where?
What matter, why?
What matter, how?
Here You are, now.

* * * *

A good nap settles many dispositions of the lesser kind.
It may be long, it may be short, it may be naught but an instant,
But it is a toe into the abyss, a min-death, in which the mind-body renews,
Until the next pillow comes into sleepy-time view.

* * * *

If You are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era,
Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange,
You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

* * * *

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

* * * *

That urge to always leap ahead, to strain at the bit, is a conditioned one.
One that is prescribed by the time-bound culture into which the seed is cast.
A mind in the present, has no need to be anywhere, but the right-here-right-now.

* * * *

It is the ineffable quantum mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.
The imagined You, is but a delusional dream of awareness, of Self, attached to a corporal figurine.
Of Self, deluded by, attached to, imagination, and its ever-kaleidoscoping legion of illusions.
Of Self, deluded by a dream concocted by a mind and five senses, feelers into the quantum matrix,
Playing out the destiny that the quantum mystery set in motion in a space-time that never really existed.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.
Is there really anything left to take seriously? Is there anything but illusion?
Absurdity reigns; why are we not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Why would any deity, with any salt at all,
Create a cosmos, merely to judge its participants laudable or not?
If there were to be such a deity, why would any of the participants submit to such absurdity?
Surely, they would cast him into his own purgatory to teach a lesson.
Check the mirror; maybe they already have.

* * * *

Democracy is something of an experiment – a hypothesis, an inquiry, an audition – in history's playbook.
A means of managing civilization; a modus operandi, in no way natural to the human paradigm.
If representative democracy is to succeed, if power is to attain some degree of balance,
All parties must walk away from any given table at least partially dissatisfied.
Everyone must explore a way to achieve some sort of compromise,
In which all parties can be at least somewhat satisfied.
Any by-the-people-for-the-people-of-the-people governance,
Requires an autonomous perception, to which relatively few are disposed.
Requires a sagacity steeped in resolute determination to ward off the despotic inclination.

* * * *

You finally got the joke.
Why are You not rolling in the aisles?
Embrace the absurdity.

* * * *

The imagination that grips You, is the aspect that desires and fears and dreads.
The awareness, the moment, the real You, was never born, can never die.
What is there to want? What is there to fear? What is there to dread?
What is there to think or do? What is there to create or destroy?
What can any rational sage do, but yield to the absurdity.

* * * *

Embrace each and every breath that attention allows.

It is closer to the moment than You can imagine.
And You never know when it will be your last.

* * * *

Imagination has had a good time,
But it needs to get a reign on itself it is to survive much longer,
In the forever it has contrived.

* * * *

Pride-filled arrogance is what has fueled the human paradigm.
What price are we all paying for our dearth of humility today?
What price are You paying for your dearth of humility today?

* * * *

What a sigh of relief it would no doubt be, for all nature,
To at last be free of our cancerous malignancy.
Alas, that all the domesticated creatures,
Will have to up their ante to survive
The neo-Darwinian reboot.
So it goes, ad infinitum.
The cats will likely get by,
But good luck to the rat dogs.

* * * *

And just think, all those minds, dumb-downed by an educational system in decline,
Becoming the next generation of teachers, and they the next, and they the next, ad infinitum.
The one-percenters do not much care for the slaves to be too bright anymore.
Automatons do not question, nor do they cause vexation.
They consume-consume-consume all things,
For their point and purpose,
Is but to serve the insatiable bottom line.

* * * *

What future is left will never know a world without plastic in the waves,
Giardia in the streams, peanuts in the beans, and poison in everything.

* * * *

Is a memory of something that happened a few moments ago,
Really any more or less tangible, than one that was perceived decades ago?
They are just random perceptions, from a long and winding line of random perceptions,
Yesterdays that are but vague dreams, vague dreams that only delusion believes, ever really happened.

* * * *

Waiting for Schopenhauer.
Waiting for Wittgenstein.
Waiting for Lao Tzu.
Waiting for Buddha.
Waiting for Comte.

Waiting for Bacon.
Waiting for Heraclitus.
Waiting for Kafka.
Waiting for Hume.
Waiting for Ikkyū.
Waiting for Rousseau.
Waiting for Russell.
Waiting for Hobbes.
Waiting for Machiavelli.
Waiting for Foucault.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Kierkegaard.
Waiting for Krishna.
Waiting for Mill.
Waiting for de Beauvoir.
Waiting for Hess.
Waiting for Aquinas.
Waiting for Carneades.
Waiting for Diogenes.
Waiting for Smith.
Waiting for Confucius.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for James.
Waiting for Parmenides.
Waiting for Pascal.
Waiting for Chomsky.
Waiting for Thales.
Waiting for Sina.
Waiting for Patanjali.
Waiting for Watts.
Waiting for Ram Dass.
Waiting for Osho.
Waiting for Derrida.
Waiting for Marx.
Waiting for Vonnegut.
Waiting for Wollstonecraft.
Waiting for Descartes.
Waiting for Sartre.
Waiting for Muhammad.
Waiting for Locke.
Waiting for Emerson.
Waiting for Nietzsche.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for Dewey.
Waiting for Zoroaster.
Waiting for Whitman.
Waiting for Kant.
Waiting for Shankara.

Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Epicurus.
Waiting for Ashtavakra.
Waiting for Aurelius.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Jesus.
Waiting for Yogananda.
Waiting for Aristotle.
Waiting for Camus.
Waiting for Voltaire.
Waiting for Spinoza.
Waiting for Thoreau.
Waiting for Hegel.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Heidegger.
Waiting for Krishnamurti.
Might be best not to hold your breath.

* * * *

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.
Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever You will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

By the time You recognize anything – a sight, a sound, a smell, a taste, a sensation – it is long gone,
And your frame of reference is interpreting the perceptions recorded along the mind's neuron trails.
What we call existence, is really nothing more, than a constant rehash of yesterday's song and dance.

* * * *

My awareness is your awareness, your awareness is my awareness,
Is his awareness, is her awareness, is our awareness, is their awareness, is its awareness.
It is the same awareness in all living beings across any and all dimensions.
And through awareness, imagination gambols in every mind.
Ultimately, we are all just talking to our Self.

* * * *

Liberate the mind, emancipate the ego, open the clenched fist.
Let go all the things upon which it incessantly dwells.
Let go the boulder, no need to be Sisyphus.
Let go the world, no need to be Atlas.
Bound or free, You every moment choose.

* * * *

Liberation requires earnest attention.
Imagination is always lurking in the wings, ready to pounce,
With its long and winding baggage train brimming with every conceivable bewilderment.

* * * *

Humility is what is left when pride and arrogance,
When self-absorption, somehow quietly depart the building.
True humility, true unpretentiousness, does not even recognize itself.

* * * *

Second hands, minute hands, hour hands,
Go round and round and round, portraying analogue time real.
But where is the 'moment' hand, and what can any digital clock ever even pretend?

* * * *

What does life teach You but that all alliances are dubious inventions,
Subject to quick, often unpleasant, sometimes even mortal endings.

* * * *

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment You are.
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The moment You are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to all.

* * * *

It is the mind's curiosity to see what will happen next and next and next,
That draws You away from your Self, again and again and again, ever again.

* * * *

Hard to imagine, despite all statistical assertions to the contrary,
That across the entire universe, there could be a more absurd species.

* * * *

Awareness cannot be seen.
Awareness cannot be heard.
Awareness cannot be tasted.

Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible
As intangible can be.

* * * *

Idealistic notion.
Romantic notion.
Pragmatic notion.
All have their time.

* * * *

Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
The Seven Deadly Sins, consume us all, in every way,
Every moment we can squeeze them in,
Every moment this mystery deigns space and time.

* * * *

What is somewhat interesting about predicting asteroids colliding into our mothership,
Is all the nimble calculations that number-crunchers manage to come up with,
To predict something that surely cannot really be more than statistically prophesied.
Who can seriously claim what megaliths might be aimed at this world from the far-far-aways?

* * * *

Illusion and imagination spin all about this awareness, this ‘youness’ You are.
Endure it, abide it, perform it, stay centered in the unutterable stillness,
The indelible awareness that is without beginning, without end.

* * * *

Some bodies appear beautiful, some over-all-beltlines ugly.
But all are blobs, with varying degrees of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
Sure to satisfy any organism with an appetite for such things.

* * * *

Die wealthy, die poor.
Die powerful, die weak.
Die known, die unknown.
Die brave, die coward.
Die loved, die hated.
Die happy, die sad.
Worms do not care.

* * * *

Being motionless in the given moment, surrendering to the ever-present awareness,
Is not – effortless as it is – a simple task for any busy-busy mind.
Nor is it all that easy for serene minds, either.

* * * *

Fortune is who pays You.
Fame is who remembers You.
Power is who follows You.
All three, a wily brew.
Fire tends to burn.
Tread carefully.

* * * *

Who does not have a struggle, a fight, a mein kampf, within and without?
The only question is how each chooses to play it out upon their dreamtime.

* * * *

I observe You, You observe me, each of us peering out.
Only in reflections do we discern our masks and costumes,
Because we are both the same awareness, the same faceless Self,
Eternally gazing out upon all other imaginary parts.
And they, eternally gazing back at You.
You are the indelible mystery, and it is You.

* * * *

How simple, how easy, how uncomplicated it is,
To accept as truth, whatever You are told,
To do, whatever You are told to do.
Doubting the group, departing the group,
Is solitary feat for which only rare few are suited.

* * * *

Are You hero or villain, sage or fool, in your grand epic?
'All of the above' is an acceptable answer to this question.

* * * *

On the other side of that wall of flesh You so long to caress,
Is a gurgling, churning goulash, of crunchy and chewy and gooey.
Genetic hypnosis denies You the horror of seeing what is really going on.
What if instead, You were doing all the same imaginings to some other creature?
What if it was all merely about the machinations of biology and chemistry and physics,
Experiencing every variation that the wind of imagination can possibly imagine.
What difference, really, between fondling her sweet spot, or a sheep's?

* * * *

So, that is who.
So, that is what.
So, that is where.
So, that is when.
So, that is why.
So, that is how.

* * * *

Identifying with the sensations, taking them all personal,
Generally, makes for a good heap of pain and suffering.

* * * *

Too many straws in the milkshake make for Darwinian outcomes.
Every gold rush peters out to the glut of prospectors and their despair.

* * * *

What if You could profoundly articulate and understand, every human language ever spoken, ever written.
That You were intimate with the histories from which they, in partnership with nature, evolved.
What an astounding thing it would have been, to have witnessed all creation, all genesis,
From beginning to end, from germination to fruition, from cradle to grave,
And what if that 'what if' included all life forms, from small to great,
All the other organisms this Darwinian garden has in space and time devised.
You would have to be some sort of all-encompassing deity, to achieve such awareness.
And surely that divine omniscience, can never more than imagine its way onto any mortal stage.
And though we all are all of this eternal awareness, we are but pawns in its mystery theater extraordinaire.

* * * *

There is no need to care one way or another, about anything or anyone.
The conditioning, the indoctrination, the domestication, is a powerful dynamic,
But You can be free of it, if You choose to abide in the awareness prior to imagination.
It is not easy, but an attentive, well-sharpened blade of discrimination, can cut through the veil.
Despite all claims to the contrary, there is no divinity requiring You to suffer all the mindless absurdities.
This is naught but an illusionary-delusionary dream, so be as free, be as mindful, as You are able.

* * * *

You need not get all weird and out-in-left-field in this quest into the Self You truly are.
There is every sort of esoteric, magical, clownish groupthink, all around You.
All of them seeking acolytes with the potential to be true-believers.
And though they may be tantalizing for a few moments,
They are but distraction from the true course.
Learn from them, as You will,
But surrender the rudder at your peril.

* * * *

Is there really, truly, anything that You have ever witnessed,
That cannot be explained through lucid, rational, scientific thinking?
A serious question, that does not align, in any way, with the underlying reality,
That this whole dreamtime mystery theater, is as irrational and absurd and astounding,
And ineffable, beyond any speculation, that any illusionary-delusionary mind, has ever babbled.

* * * *

Conspiracy theories are like candy,
For the everybody-is-s-out-to-get-me crowd.
Well, sure, some are, but not everybody.

* * * *

A life of meditation and contemplations and relatively good intention,
Does not necessarily make for an easier, nor a more pleasurable one.

* * * *

The obesity epidemic of these-our-times is a looming disaster that rivals climate change and nuclear war.
What in some god's name, will all these overflowing blobs, look like by the conclusion of their lives?
What heights will pain and suffering reach, for they, their families, their friends, their communities?
The many challenges, the many trials and tribulations, will blaze new trails in this Darwinian theater.

* * * *

How many ways and means there are, to put it all into words,
And numbers and notes and symbols of every variety and hue, too.

* * * *

Some things cannot be won, some things cannot be endured.
Always be at the ready, to let go, to cut your losses, to retreat as far as necessary.
In the oft-times harsher-than-harsh reality of this dreamtime madhouse,
Nothing should-could-would, ever be taken off the table.

* * * *

You have to be at least a little off the mark, at least a little demented,
To spend so much of your existence seeking this, for all it ends up mattering.
Just imagine how many things You could be doing in this magical mystery madhouse.
Got it all right here, folks, something for everyone, got it all right here.
Step right up, folks! Step right up! This ain't Kansas, Toto.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

You only need to please your ineffable Self, really.
Whether or not others esteem your character to be of interest,
Really only matters to the insatiable vagaries of vanity.

* * * *

The end to curiosity about the world, the cosmos, in which You ply your imagination, is required,
If You wish to timelessly linger in the serene pool of awareness, absolute, without peer.
For the temptations to return again and again, ever again, are beyond many.
It takes some serious resolve, to do without the daily cappuccino.

* * * *

You really believe more than a random few even notice You?
And so what, really, if even billions know of You,
And the history books laud your name.
Do You even know your Self?

* * * *

Try not to get too upset that true-believers will never give up their child-ish things.

Do not hold your breath that the human species is going to ‘wake up’ just because You want it to.
Besides which, what exactly are You believing-hoping-praying, our kind might become?
And what would it really take to get to that magical-mystery place in the sun?

* * * *

In the Polish ghetto of World War II, would You have stayed, fought, died;
Or passively shuffled into the cattle car, to barbed wire and the gas chamber?

* * * *

At the absolute level, hurting another, is actually rippling throughout your one and only true Self.
A reflection which puts something of a spin, a twist, on the Golden Rule:
Do unto others as You wish them to do unto You.

* * * *

Why would You really believe You are more exceptional than anyone or anything else?
Try imagining them, try playing their role, their world, their universe,
And try it with any other living creature, as well.
How can You not be humbled,
By this incredible mystery You are, all are.

* * * *

If it is true, it will be true, for all dreams, all times, all geographies.
That is the guarantee this indelible quantum mystery ever guarantees.

* * * *

Explore being completely indifferent to your universe, and all its parts and pieces.
Not easy at all for the intellectual weaving and emotional wiring,
To entirely dissipate into clear awareness.

* * * *

Your mind-body is quite a bit more intricate,
Quite a bit more attached to the dreamtiming of consciousness,
Than when life first took root, however, a few billion spins around the sun ago.
A little more crunchy, a little more chewy, but no less gooey, to all the creatures that would consume it.
Essentially the same goopy-slushy organism, though much more self-absorbed in the packaging.
Even the strongest, the smartest, the most beautiful, are but collections of protoplasm,
Ever deluded they are greater than they are, ever have been, will ever be.

* * * *

That ‘thing’ You so value, is going to be broken,
Scratched, damaged, scuffed, sullied, tarnished, lost, smashed,
Fragmented, shattered, cracked, stolen, damaged, ruined, destroyed, crushed,
Fractured, ruptured, split, wrecked, trashed, annihilated,
Razed, devasted, demolished.

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, quantum is as quantum does.

* * * *

Male and female, Mars and Venus, the way it is,
In this uncivil civilization we have become.
How well did it work way back when?
Back when it first evolved into a partnership,
That together survived the garden of claw and fang.
Obviously well enough to reach this contentious point in time.

* * * *

The expanding cosmos of human knowledge is the first and foremost zero-sum game.
What will happen to it all, when the human species eventually goes who-knows-when-how extinct?
Is there some vast, eternal vault, wherein can be found a manilla folder, with a single page,
On which are, in faded print, typed beginning and end dates for a planet called Gaia?
So much for the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity show being even noteworthy.
Maybe go ask all the Petri dish universes what they were about,
To voilà-realize that all existence anywhere, anytime,
Is really nothing more than a fleeting stain.

* * * *

If wealth, power, fame, security, were not at all a draw for You,
What is the one thing You really want to do, for no reward but the doing?
Is there anything that would call to You, on a daily basis,
For whatever remains of your existence?

* * * *

What mathkabob came up with that that set of zeros?
Is there no limit, no end, to the theoretical contortions,
That so many busy-busy minds are eagerly willing to go?
Seriously, how many zeros, left or right of the decimal point,
Have any real meaning, any real application, in any real world?
How many more inventions, how many more gadgets,
Must we keep creating to fill our absurd lives?

* * * *

At what point did human beings become embarrassed about their bodies,
And begin hiding behind clothes and jewelry and makeup and tattoos and such?
Was it a man, or was it a woman?
Take a guess.

* * * *

It takes earnest, vigilant attention, to interrupt, to suspend consciousness.
To give your Self back to the moment, back to the timeless awareness.
To cease the background chatter always at the ready to drone away.

* * * *

A harsh existence creates a tension that innocence never knows.
Observe deeply within, to the source of consciousness itself,
To discern the blameless innocence that is your true nature.

* * * *

Egocentric
Ethnocentric
Phallocentric
Androcentric
Anthropocentric
Chronocentric
Heliocentric
Theocentric
Geocentric
Solarcentric
Cosmoscentric
All orbiting the me, the myself, and the I.
A flesh-wrapped blob believing itself to be whatever its imagination imagines.

* * * *

Forget your imaginary self,
Forget your imaginary world,
Forget your imaginary universe,
Forget everything You think You know.
Become the ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, intangible, indivisible, lasting, unutterable,
Irrational, unborn, undying, inexpressible, overwhelming, indefinable, expansive, immortal,
Unspeakable, deep, beyond words, ineradicable, permanent, enduring, intrinsic,
Engrained, deep-rooted, deep-seated, impenetrable, timeless, eternal,
Awareness,
You truly are.

* * * *

Zeros to the right, zeros to the left,
How far from any given decimal point,
Does measuring illusion ever really matter?

* * * *

How can You even begin to believe this momentary awareness is anything but the mystery itself?
Equally permeating all dreams, all worlds, all universes, across all times, across all spaces.
There is nothing that is not connected, except in imaginary notion, imaginary delusion.

* * * *

And why would it be in any way at all important, why would it be in any way at all significant,
To be known, to be remembered, to be revered, by two-leggeds You will never meet?
Neither now, nor hundreds nor thousands of orbits round our star hence.
Anonymity is the very solitary actuality for all things eternal.

* * * *

Are You really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories– eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?
Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,

Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

All that fear, all that dread, all that sorrow, all that anger, all that tension, all that pain, all that suffering,
Is the post-traumatic stress, that, like tree rings, mark all the forces that have driven You to this moment.
All the agonies and ecstasies that have shaped your seed into the Shakespearian role You imagine You are.
Just because You play it, just because You see that mask in the reflection, does not mean have to believe it.

* * * *

If You want to believe the mind-body more than an imaginary blob,
Who is anyone to argue with the absurdities of delusion?
We will all be feeding daisies soon enough.

* * * *

If existence has meaning and purpose,
Then surely at the top of the list, is to wake up,
To the awareness prior to consciousness, that You truly are.
The distractions are many; narcissism and hedonism are in their sway.
Few have the interest or wit to suspend the algorithm of the given nature-nurture.
For most, to even once, doubt all things, to even once, peer behind the veil,
Is so beyond the realm of possibility, that only fools brood over it.
And even if every human being, was somehow to awaken,
You would still be pure, unadulterated awareness,
Peering out upon the mystery, totally alone.

* * * *

Consciousness, coupled with instinct, is insatiable, unless You are so lucky,
As to be temperate, or at least moderate, in your narcissistic-hedonistic mix.

* * * *

It took some serious trials and tribulations, paradoxes and ironies,
To reach this moment, in the illusion-delusion of imagination's reign.

* * * *

Nationalism is the face of tribalism in the uncivil civilized world.
What attachment we have to the geography into which we are cast.
Into whatever groupthink that geography has spawned and shaped.

* * * *

Existence does not require meaning and purpose; it is the meaning and purpose.
The quest for more-more-more draws all into the insatiable rabbit hole of imagination.

But if pretending, if make-believe, is the lie, the delusion, that keeps You slogging, so be it.
Truth will still be here if any inkling of doubt is ever enough to be drawn back into its awareness.

* * * *

What an absurd squander to spend one's whole life,
Venerating and petitioning and fearing an imaginary idol.
So many strolls in nature, the one and only true church, missed.

* * * *

Can any following ever not create some sort of unnecessary mischief?
Best to retain this variety of eternal questing in the solitary confines of your mind,
And if You do pass it on, try to be sure to chance into the recipient only as serendipity allows.

* * * *

See if You can observe the impromptu scene playing before You,
Without believing it, without any attachment to it, whatsoever.

* * * *

Despite all the blinding differences in all minds, across all times, across all geographies,
Despite all the walls and spears and snakes and trees and fans and ropes,
How can the entire elephant, how can the entire mystery,
Not be the same through and through?
How can any philosophy not embrace the entirety?

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

What is there to fear, to dread, really, in this sensory-mind dream born of space-time imagination?
What other creature has so definitively invented such havoc as humankind,
With its inclination for every imaginable storyline.
All played out in an imaginary world,
To which awareness, is every moment, its own witness.

* * * *

Once the author does his part.
It is up to readers to find and absorb it.
In whatever way the given nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Death means no more body,
No more harbor, no more container, no more vehicle,
So where is all that baggage going to go,
In the nowness of awareness?

* * * *

Could it be that this entire creation was undertaken
That You might have yet another opportunity to awaken?
Not likely, but who can be sure of anything, really?

* * * *

Religion is really nothing more than a narcissistic-hedonistic genus of Self-masturbation.
If You are going to venerate anything, venerate whatever is left of nature.
She is the Eden that made all this, this dreamtime, possible.
How difficult would it have been for our species,
To have fostered, to have embraced, a guardianship role,
Rather than twisting and destroying it to a degree yet to be finalized.

* * * *

In any competitive undertaking – war, business, personal, biological –
Strategies and tactics are in a perpetual state of flux, a perpetual state of instability,
And right choices made one day, may be turned on their head, the next.
There is no clarity in the fog of war, no matter the resolve.

* * * *

You see only see what You perceive.
You see only see what You know.
You see only see what You believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.
Patterns born of the mystery prior to all.

* * * *

Would You save everyone, even if You could?
And what of all the other creations born of mystery?
Would You save all those, too? And in what stage of bloom?
And what of all the things? The rocks? The grains of sand and dust?
Surely, the indelible moment in which all transpire,
Is all the saving they require.

* * * *

Does time march? Does time dance?
Does time do anything at all?
Is time anything at all?
And what then, of space?

* * * *

How many mountains You have climbed,
How many rivers You have crossed, how many things You have done,
How many sunrises and sunsets You have witnessed,
To reach this moment of awareness.

* * * *

What north and south and east and west,
Would there possibly be, but for the dancing of the stars?
But for the angle and spin of the orb, around and around the hearth of the sun.
How You are here to witness whatever dream You have been cast,
Is the theater of mind, the playhouse of imagination,
In which wise and foolish alike dwell.

* * * *

A twitch in any given right-here-right-now moment,
Can forever change, for good or ill, any given existence.
And any given fate is likely flush with more than a few.

* * * *

Like sitting on a porch in a rocking chair,
Whittling on a stick with as sharp a blade,
As your nature-nurture mind-body allows.

* * * *

To be born master of anything, to be born heir to anything, would seem very dulling.
The garnering process, from whatever beginning, to whatever end, is all.
To have been drawn into this life, this nature-nurture mystery,
Why not live it as if it were the stuff of legend?
Even if You are a grocery clerk.

* * * *

What would any ancient thinker write,
What would any old-school philosopher write,
With keyboard, rather than stylus or pen, clay or paper.

* * * *

Is your existence, your fate, some deity's plan?
Or is it all merely spontaneous, impromptu, quantum theater,
You, center stage in the one-and-only performance?
Listen for the applause in the graveyard.

* * * *

The alternative to staying trim and fit,
Is having to look in a mirror to see your junk,
Sometimes only with the aid of a hand to raise the flab.

* * * *

If You are pride-filled, if You are vain, perform it well.
If You are not pride-filled, relish the humility.
Be grateful for the obscurity if affords.

* * * *

When You were a child, You spoke as a child,
You understood as a child, You thought as a child.

But when You became a man, You put away childish things.
And swathed yourself in religion and other adult imaginings, instead.

* * * *

Imagination cannot more than hope to hide from awareness,
But awareness can evade imagination, as inattention allows.

* * * *

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Science's Big Bang Theory is about as meaningful for the layperson,
As any creation mythology is, from any tradition, from any time, from any geography.
All those who claim to know what this unfathomable mystery is about, are all only pretenders pretending.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and will forever remain a mystery,
In any and all forever-mores, that will ever be, forever more-ing.

* * * *

Once You discern all life forms as nothing more than blobs,
With seemingly every imaginable feature, every imaginable attribute,
It is a bit easier to weave and wind through any given moment a tad more detached.

* * * *

It is all illusion, it is all imaginary, and every variety of delusion carries many a mind to far distant shores.
All the measurements, all the observations, all the calculations, all the designs,
Are ultimately really nothing more than trivial pursuit.
All minds churn and churn,
And some minds crave more than sports and soap operas.
Ergo, science, mathematics, engineering, architecture, economics, philosophy, ad infinitum.

* * * *

Given the mind and body for it,
Anyone could probably live ten thousand years or more,
But the process, and the inevitable conclusion, would just be enduring the same tedious routine,
So why put it off?

* * * *

How could your sentience, your awareness,
Possibly be, in any way different, in any way disconnected,

From any other life form's sentience, from any other life form's awareness?
The mystery is all-inclusive: omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent.
Duality is nothing more than an imaginary concept,
Stillborn, preserved in mind only.

* * * *

Every moment awaits the arrival of your presence, your awareness, in the space-time construct.
The quantum matrix to which your imaginary, temporal existence, is habitually bound.
Free will looking forward, every moment, morphs into fate looking back.

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the moment.
Does the universe exist, without You as witness?
Did it create You, that You could create it,
In whatever way imagination might?
And death, in due course, erasing everything.

* * * *

Why has humankind created so many deities,
So many paradises, so many purgatories, of every variety and ilk?
Because the ever-churning imagination, required meaning and purpose, rhyme and reason,
To explain the inexplicable, to battle the futility, to lessen the fear of oblivion,
That followed them like shadows, in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You really believe You have free will?
Could You be free of your time?
Could You be free of your space?
Could You be free of your genetics?
Could You be free of your body?
Could You be free of your face?
Could You be free of your eyes?
Could You be free of your ears?
Could You be free of your nose?
Could You be free of your tongue?
Could You be free of your touch?
Could You be free of your language?
Could You be free of your ethnicity?
Could You be free of your gender?
Could You be free of your status?
Could You be free of your knowledge?
Could You be free of your memories?
Could You be free of your beliefs?
Could You be free of your wealth?
Could You be free of your religion?
Could You be free of your politics?
Could You be free of your feelings?
Could You be free of your emotions?

Could You be free of your prejudices?
Could You be free of your reflections?
Could You be free of your insights?
Could You be free of your appetites?
Could You be free of your family?
Could You be free of your friends?
Could You be free of your acquaintances?
Could You be free of your adversaries?
Could You be free of your heritage?
Could You be free of your tribe?
Could You be free of your work?
Could You be free of your habits?
Could You be free of your foods?
Could You be free of your liquids?
Could You be free of your pleasures?
Could You be free of your pains?
Could You be free of your sexuality?
Could You be free of your things?
Could You be free of your hobbies?
Could You be free of your loves?
Could You be free of your likes?
Could You be free of your hates?
Could You be free of your reactions?
Could You be free of your banter?
Could You be free of your algorithm?
Could You be free of your world?
Could You be free of your cosmos?
Could You be free of your moment?
Could You be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But You are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if You can.

* * * *

Why would an elephant envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a tree envy You?
Why would an ant envy You?
Why would a bear envy You?
Why would a mouse envy You?
Why would a sparrow envy You?
Why would an eagle envy You?
Why would a jellyfish envy You?

Why would a tiger envy You?
Why would a dolphin envy You?
Why would a salmon envy You?
Why would a cockroach envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a monkey envy You?
Why would a deer envy You?
Why would a crab envy You?
Why would a badger envy You?
Why would a rose envy You?
Why would a weed envy You?
Why would a salamander envy You?
Why would a snake envy You?
Why would an alligator envy You?
Why would a microbe envy You?
Why would a butterfly envy You?
All life forms are masters of their given worlds.
Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

* * * *

We are all our own blend of narcissism and hedonism, our own blend of arrogance and humility.
There is no right way, there is no wrong way, there is ultimately only your way.
And as illusionary-delusionary as it may seem to be to others,
It is what it is, and there is no changing it.
You are stuck in a body with its version of You.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘you’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness timelessly witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings,
In which the indelible, unfathomable mystery, harbors.

* * * *

So many believing their window of history, their slice of geography, their groups of like-minded –
Their family, their tribe, their country, their school, their city, their church, their world – so important.
There is absolutely no reason to hope, even for a moment, that the human species will ever get over itself.
It would require a transformation, a revolution of consciousness, absurd to all but the most astute.

* * * *

How many people who have crossed your path even remember You,
Much less think about You more than just occasionally,
As a vague and quickly-passing thought?
Even your mother-dearest has other things to do.

And there You are, always living for what they might be thinking.
The patterning of the human psyche that was crafted in the treetops of long ago,
Tethers our species as surely now, as it has through all the migration across this whirling dust ball.

* * * *

It is not the awareness that does anything, that remembers anything.
Consciousness is the engineer of all mischief.
The eternal is immaculate.

* * * *

Mastery of any skill is in the artistry of doing whatever it is,
Ever the beginner, so many times that it appears flawless,

* * * *

The end of curiosity hearkens of the end of imaginary collusions.
Or perhaps at least hearkens to some diminishment, of imaginary collusions.
Or at least hearkens to waking up from the siesta, every once-in-a-while, now-and-again,
To the reality that it is all nothing more than an inexplicable, ineffable, rather absurd, quantum reverie.

* * * *

Another religion, another sect, another cult, another school, another system, another technique.
So much effort, so much discussion, so much argument, so much conflict.
All for the same moment, ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Oops, You did not look back,
And now it is lost and gone forever,
Drifting into the fading memory section.

* * * *

How pathetic will You allow your time to become, just to live as long as possible?
To abandon the saddle You have ridden the majority of your existence,
Just to survive a few measly days longer in a hospital bed,
In a brightly lit room, orbited by technology,
With tubes in all your orifices,
Barely conscious of anything or anyone,
Why in any god's name, would You endure such an end?

* * * *

Of course, You may well see ghosts and aliens and vampires and zombies,
Or any other mythological creature, if You want to badly enough.
Even Jesus is lurking out in the wings for the gullible.

* * * *

We must all play the consequences, the upshots, the penalties, of our given nature-nurture.
No one can save anyone, no one ever has saved anyone, no one ever will save anyone.
These sensory-laced blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey, in which awareness is witness,
Are as indivisibly-inexplicably-indelibly-ineffably disposable, as all quantum-made are.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Imagining we are so much more than narcissistic, hedonistic, bags of vanity.

* * * *

If there is to be considered a duality,
The demarcation is between awareness and consciousness,
Which is not a true duality. because consciousness is to awareness, as clouds are to sky.
Duality is a concept, not a reality.

* * * *

So …
Someone looks different,
Someone behaves differently,
Someone participates differently,
Someone has different views on things.
Someone has different ways of doing things.
Someone has different ways of articulating things.
And You feel the need to kill him?
Seriously?

* * * *

Eden is still right here, right now; the human species just stopped seeing it.
And those who do still freely wander its beingness, are ignored or destroyed.

* * * *

The Darwinian forces, the natural selection,
That shapes the successful adaption of any given species,
Often play a significant basis for its inevitable inability to adapt, as well.
An inelastic pattern does not make for a long-term chain of succession at the genomic level.

* * * *

Birth: the first illusion.
Life: the middle illusion.
Death: the final illusion.

* * * *

There are eight-ish billion two-legged on this whirling sphere of congealed dust circling its small star.
To reach this moment of accelerating exponential, required about 117 billion ancestors.
Read a variety of dystopian books, watch a variety of dystopian movies,
If You want to garner a variety of possible futures,
That You and your progeny will hopefully not have to endure.

* * * *

If You are looking for a deity, awareness is it, awareness is You.
No dogma, no priesthood, no groupthink, no edifice, no charge.

* * * *

Savor the moment.
Do not be driven by imagination,
Into its dreamy time-bound-space-bound illusion.
Its monotonous, banal, narcissistic-hedonistic theater of the absurd,
That ceaselessly, zealously, rushes on and on and on, to the next to the next to the next.
To hold fast requires earnest diligence.

* * * *

Believe and hope and pray as You might, that there is more, alas, no.
You are a one-time sensory-mind dream, a Shakespearian player,
Wandering a touchy-feely, multi-dimensional, quantum holodeck.
An imaginary matrix of the original nature, flawless from all get-goes.

* * * *

In those occasional gauntlet-of-death moments,
You can only wonder if the shadow of oblivion will strike,
Or just lightly, swiftly, brush by, and whisper, morosely, 'Another time'.

* * * *

Your spin in the genetic lottery may make You lucky,
But it does not make You special, it does not make You superior,
It does not make You higher or lower, stronger or weaker,
In the eternal eye of the spaceless-timeless moment.
Try to avoid getting all narcissistic about it.

* * * *

Science becomes as meaningless as any superstitious, mythological narrative,
Once You look for your Self, and discern the imaginary context of all perspectives.

* * * *

History is nothing more than imaginary notion,
A pattern, a habit, to which the human paradigm, the human genome,
In some long ago, some unheralded moment, succumbed.

* * * *

You will harvest from these and other thoughts, other insights,
Whatever it is, You are most ready to learn, most ready to discern.
You may want to pass by another time or so down the winding trail.
To see what else might be gleaned, what else might be fathomed,
As the frame of reference gradually flowers more expansively.

* * * *

Why should You ever allow your Self to be yoked in any way?
Why feel the need to submit to any imaginary fiction?
Why give in to any absurdity born of vanity?
Why not just 'be' the awareness, You truly are?

* * * *

Some fellow earthlings may have some sense of self,
But none have ever come close to impacting this garden orb,
As the over one-hundred billion humans who have crisscrossed its face,
Countess ways, countless times, since its migration out of the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

May as well get it over with,
Unless You feel inclined, for whatever reason,
To a dismal, likely painful endgame, to an illusional-delusional narrative,
That has the same ending as any blade of grass.

* * * *

It is not the fruit of knowledge, but the fruit of imagination,
That was plucked in that mythological garden in the so long ago.

* * * *

If there is a deity on high, he/she/it certainly designed a cluster-fuck fait accompli.
If there is not a deity on high, we together certainly designed a cluster-fuck fait accompli.
Either way, same fait accompli.

* * * *

Dualistic notion makes absolutely no sense, whatsoever, in the rational truth scales.
For there to be a deity on high – bearded, lolling about the sky – is more than a little preposterous.
It was likely a calculated con on the sheeples to get their coin and free labor and daughters,
For whatever greedy, self-serving ends-and-means, steered the powers-that-were.
Call it cynical, call it skeptical, call it pessimistic, but do not call it untrue.

* * * *

Everything – culture, language, history, status, gender – is imprinted long before it becomes absorbed.
To believe You are anything more than a quantum algorithm humming away your little part,
In this grand theatrical production, that encompasses all creation, best think again.
In your next decision, see if You can come up with an unexpected move,
Without thinking at about it.

And if You managed something, how unpredictable was it, really?

* * * *

Every decision You make, large or small, left or right, good or bad,
Carries You down the long and winding Yellow Brick River
To whatever destiny awaits your inevitable appearance.
Each moment is equal, each moment is absolute,
Each moment is done as soon as it begins.
When death does eventually arrive,
When all those memoires are erased,
It will all be as if nothing ever happened.

* * * *

This moment is as new, a new, as any new, can ever be.
Vague perceptions, concoctions of mind, machinations of imagination,
Are but shadows cast only for as long as the given dreamer ascertains them real and true.
Death has proven to be the most convenient way to wipe the slate clean.

* * * *

Superstition is like any placebo; sometimes it magically works.
As to dice and coins and cards if You flip them often,
And with minimal or no discrimination.

* * * *

Any given screen is much more interesting than the mundane world, around and about.
What the inventors hath through time wrought, is a furnace of imagination ablaze,
Gradually, steering whole world upon a tack, only imagination could divine.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a memory.
Nothing more than imagination, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Your deeply, resolutely, believing You know something,
Does not alter it, in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

Prejudice is what happens when someone stops seeing things as they are.
When the veil of discrimination, how things ought to be, becomes the go-to.

* * * *

Sometimes You win, sometimes You lose.
It is generally best to play both outcomes the same.
Aloofness and indifference, make for clear, rational thinking,
And clear, rational heads, have much better odds of abiding any given day.
Emotion clouds minds with shadows of misery and weakness.

* * * *

To call anything yours, journeys into the never-never land of absurdity,
Being that You have never really existed as more than an imaginary construct,
That this kaleidoscoping dreamtime is really nothing more than quantum fairy dust.
Death is nothing more than an imaginary cosmos coming to a full and assuredly final, halt.

* * * *

If You think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.
As mundane and lackluster as the mind it is given.

* * * *

If You want to see how beyond-absurd your fellow two-leggeds can be,
Ask them about the rabbit hole they have burrowed to store all their beliefs.

* * * *

Why would You ever even begin to imagine, human beings, really any different than wolves and sheep?
Consciousness only parlays the same predator-prey relationship into much more elaborate permutations.
You are instinctively acting out the one and only lead-character, to which your nature-nurture is ordained.

* * * *

So much of this unrequired suffering would be eased,
If You coulda-shoulda-woulda more mindful breathing.

* * * *

When it comes to one man or woman being the one and only,
You might well be loyal and true, but do not deny the looking.

* * * *

Chances are no one is watching,
Because You really are not much of a threat to anyone but yourself.
And frankly, not all that interesting, either,
Despite all the selfies.

* * * *

That young, firm, immortal body, is already a skeleton,
Prone in a crypt, ashes in an urn, or rotting in a landfill.

* * * *

Those that live by the sword, will die wherever the sword leads them.
More peaceful, mindful choices, are available for those,
Not eager to bloody themselves, or others.
If the powers that hold the sword, allow it, that is.

* * * *

Every living creature is imprinted by the environment surrounding it.
The given genome will adapt, will blossom, into whatever niche is provided.
All it need do, is survive long enough to hand-off its genomic sequence to the future.
To believe there is any such thing as free will in this circuitous trek,
Is errant Sophistry, ablaze in all its pointlessness.

* * * *

Stop wishing You were some other place.
Stop wishing You were some other time.
Stop wishing You were some other life.
Here You are … right here, right now.
Awareness … pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

* * * *

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.

You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

* * * *

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not thieve.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.
Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

* * * *

To all true believers: Duality makes no sense, whatsoever.
Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?

The awareness You are, is the mystery itself, witnessing its own creation,
Through the given nature-nurture, spawned long before your parents copulated.
This is a preordained dream; there is no partition, there is no wall, there is no division.
There is only one mystery, there is only one unknown, there is only one truth, and it is … You.
This is surely what Jesus meant, when rumored to have declared, "I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way."
What was not recorded, what was not transcribed, or worse yet, edited out, was, "And so are You."
This all assumes, of course, that Jesus of Bethlehem was not some storyteller's tall tale,
Conceived after spending a few hours with a naive young woman named Mary,
Whose husband, Joseph, had pimped her out to pay for their stable,
Where their baby, Jesus, was serenely asleep in a manger.
That the storyteller, a prankster named Paul,
Realized a 'divine' opportunity,
And spun it into a rather lucrative livelihood,
Which, alas, ended badly when it touched the flame of Rome.
Paul's carny act, however, did survive, and has played every imaginable circus ever since.

* * * *

All human history, since long before the migration, the exodus, from the African jungles,
Has been driven by a very Darwinian might-makes-right, and its certain sidekick, political correctness.
World history is how all these tribal mindsets, these clannish groupthinks, have blended together.
From on-high, it would appear like bacteria spreading every which way across a Petri Dish.
Creating-preserving-destroying, in every corner of this itty-bitty, whirling grain of dust,
Which serenely orbits a small star floating in a relatively unexceptional galaxy,
In a cosmos whose lifespan is considered brief by the deities in charge.

* * * *

It is far easier to stay with what You started, to stay with what You know,
Than it is to adventure into the unknown, into the insecurity of new beginnings.
Of new people, new places, new ways of looking at things, new ways of doing things.
A questing life offers a sea of agonies and ecstasies in the unending universe over the next hill.
It is not for all, but it is for some; it is for those who cannot resist at least a taste, at least the dip of a toe.
But realize that You can never come back to what was left, for the cave of origin can never be the same.
Because You are not the same, and You can never unsee, can never undo, whatever was seen and done.
Sages, seers, oracles, mystics, prophets – are the tribeless tribe, fated to wander alone,
Across all times, across all geographies. across all dimensions.

* * * *

In the annals of the vast unknowable,
The entire human paradigm and all its imaginary theatrics,
Could be summed to being nothing more than a relentless torrent of mental masturbation.
The interminable make-believe of a species assuming its sensory illusion tangible.
Laughably absurd, steeped in the inanity and insanity of irony and paradox.
Unequivocal meaninglessness from any and all imaginary get-goes.

* * * *

The consumption of creation, the conservation of preservation, the annihilation of destruction,
Are insatiable drives, to which all humans incline to varying degrees, in the survival of the species.

* * * *

The nature-nurture conditioning is so powerful, so strong, so imbued,
That to even be aware of it, much less even an iota free of it,
Requires absolute attention, committed witnessing,
A yogic feat to which very few are inclined.

* * * *

You have done your part,
You have said your piece,
You have played your fate,
You have had your fun,
And here,
Is where it got You.

* * * *

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?
Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will You be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will You be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will You be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

* * * *

We are all nothing more than recordings playing our little blob parts so seriously.
Stepping back into the oblivion of awareness, gives it the perspective it deserves.

* * * *

How irrational must someone be to give themselves over rationality.
How rational must someone be to give themselves over to irrationality?

* * * *

How much bigger will those mounds of gold get,
Before there are no counters to count them?
Before there is no world to spend them?

* * * *

Memories are the world You carry,
The universe You hold to be real and true,
The frame of reference to which You feel so entitled.
Atlas shrugged; You can, too.

* * * *

Abiding in pure awareness, without the screen of memory, without the sense of self,
Every moment is the first and last time the conditioned mind,
Will ever read the sensory input that way.
Continuity is illusion coupled with delusion.

* * * *

Challenging to remember to be awake all the time.
Delusion is a loud clarion in every human sojourn.

* * * *

What would Buddha have written,
Had he had access to the dream world of these times?
And would he really gain more notoriety than a footnote, this late in the game?

* * * *

Free will is not possible.
If there is any freedom to be had,
It is in the abeyance of consciousness, the abeyance of will.
It is in the surrender of awareness to its Self.
Free ‘of’ will, so to speak.

* * * *

Old men chasing young skirt, help shape some into the harpies,
Men in their futures will be hard-pressed not to loathe to ever-fluctuating degrees.
No doubt many women are as weary of men, as many men are, of them, and must choose to stay or go.
Why even bother about coupling in the whatever ripe old age You have yet to endure?
Solitude is a precious thing; not something to be squandered lightly.

* * * *

Being a friend to the manifest world and its myriad life forms,
Is a challenge to which vanity and greed are not easily diverted.

* * * *

Your little window of time,
Opens into the next, into the next, into the next,
Into every next there can possibly be.
If the dream were real, that is.

* * * *

Even the most successful, even the most favored, even the most joyous, even the most loving,
Must one day surrender to that called death, to the facelessness of oblivion,
In whatever manner the quantum mystery has deigned.

* * * *

Liberate your Self.
Let go your world, your cosmos.
Discern that sweet spot in the eye of awareness,
That which is unknown, that which is the mystery, that You truly are.

* * * *

Perhaps one of the reasons so many enjoy mental and physical competition,
So enjoy playing the edge of skill and endurance, the honing of the fine edge.
Is that the mind is totally engaged in the moment, as only full attention can.

* * * *

Do You expect, do You demand, a certain taste,
A certain sight, a certain sound, a certain smell, a certain feeling,
Or do You just indiscriminately accept whatever comes, accept whatever is offered,
And maybe be thankful, even grateful, for the gifts that existence offers,
Even if they are not close to that which You might wish.

* * * *

What is time but the indivisible quantum matrix,
Kaleidoscoping multi-dimensionally;
You, its faceless witness.

* * * *

Why anyone chooses to hurt others, manipulate others, deceive others,
Is a question with many answers, all of them conceding to nature-nurture.

* * * *

Every life form is shaped by its environment.
Every life form helps shape its environment.
It is the quantum mystery, the cosmic dance,
That each life form witnesses in its own way.

* * * *

Perhaps all the bacteria in that Petri dish, is carrying on just like us.
Perhaps we are being watched through a microscope by a scientist in some laboratory,
In the next turtle up universe in the turtles-up-turtles-down of more universes than numbers have access.
Unleash your mind upon the near-infinity of possibilities, if You have the wit and inclination.

* * * *

Any assumption can be blinding, divisive, even debilitating,
When circumstances, when life and times, require flexibility.

* * * *

It would be impossible for You to be any other You,
Than what the given nature-nurture has designed.

* * * *

Regarding nuclear holocaust, one can only hope and pray for such an instantaneous demise.
Assuming, of course, You are fortunate enough to be at, or close, to the designated ground zero.
Even more spinetingling than a head-on car collision with a big-rig,
You not being the driver of the big-rig.

* * * *

We exist, or at least some of us exist, in a human-made world of entitlement,
We 'suffer' anytime a given pacifier is somehow snatched away.
Our ancestors would no doubt laugh and sneer at us.
It might be genocide if enough had access to a time machine,

Though it is, of course, more than likely, most would jump in like ducks do water.

* * * *

Pay very close attention to whatever is happening,
And that inner chatter will grow quiet of its own accord.

* * * *

It is the mind, not the finger, that pulls the trigger.
Even the most notorious psychopath can make a choice,
Not to carry out his/her fantasies on some unfortunate innocent.

* * * *

Yes, You will likely forget that, too, no worries.
And if there is a memory, it will never be more than some vague perception.
Certainly not what it was, the one and only live run.

* * * *

Takes a healthy dose of cynicism to laugh and sneer,
At the avalanche bearing down on this erstwhile garden.

* * * *

So many muses, so many foils, have in so many ways,
Unknowingly played a part in creating these writings

* * * *

You are not required to give into fear or anger or sorrow or any other passion.
Any chain can be broken if there is the will to take one's life a different direction.

* * * *

We all have to die sometime.
When it will be, where it will be, how it will be,
Only the self-inflicted can be sure.

* * * *

If You are an eye-catching woman, a shapely blob, with hypnotic eyes, a svelte voice,
And a willingness to do whatever anything implies, and there are men eager to pay high dollar,
The money, is that You would be, in fantasy, or in fact, spreading your sweet thighs to the highest bidder.
The only rather semantic difference, is whether You call it prostitution or marriage.
Friend, let us be honest: male or female, we are all whores.
Narcissism and hedonism, in all their glory,
Are what make the human paradigm tick, tick, tick.

* * * *

If there is even one one-percenter out there trying to save this house of cards,
Then s/he better get on it with a little more hutzpah of the gritty-gumption sort.

* * * *

How shoulda, how coulda, how woulda, anyone ever be like You?

Much simpler just to stay home alone, with as-needed sorties out and about,
Than it is to imprison or kill off everyone who is insufferably different.

* * * *

Masks of make-up and hair and nails, and costumes of cloth decked with jewelry,
Are winners in the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity to which Ecclesiastes was referring.

* * * *

Curious how much influence, from beneficial to detrimental,
So many dead poets – philosophers, mystics, prophets –
Have had on times and places well beyond theirs.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than the hum of quantum programming,
Nothing more than an ever-churning, self-perpetuating algorithm,
Set into undying motion at the inception of all creation,
Guided by the serendipity of natural selection.
You are helpless to change anything.
With or without a master, You are but a puppet.

* * * *

How many really know, really care, what Schopenhauer thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wittgenstein thought?
How many really know, really care, what Lao Tzu thought?
How many really know, really care, what Buddha thought?
How many really know, really care, what Comte thought?
How many really know, really care, what Bacon thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heraclitus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kafka thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hume thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ikkyū thought?
How many really know, really care, what Rousseau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Russell thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hobbes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Machiavelli thought?
How many really know, really care, what Foucault thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kierkegaard thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishna thought?
How many really know, really care, what Mill thought?
How many really know, really care, what de Beauvoir thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hess thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aquinas thought?
How many really know, really care, what Carneades thought?
How many really know, really care, what Diogenes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Smith thought?
How many really know, really care, what Confucius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?

How many really know, really care, what James thought?
How many really know, really care, what Parmenides thought?
How many really know, really care, what Pascal thought?
How many really know, really care, what Chomsky thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thales thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sina thought?
How many really know, really care, what Patanjali thought?
How many really know, really care, what Watts thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ram Dass thought?
How many really know, really care, what Osho thought?
How many really know, really care, what Derrida thought?
How many really know, really care, what Marx thought?
How many really know, really care, what Vonnegut thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wollstonecraft thought?
How many really know, really care, what Descartes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sartre thought?
How many really know, really care, what Muhammad thought?
How many really know, really care, what Locke thought?
How many really know, really care, what Emerson thought?
How many really know, really care, what Nietzsche thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what Dewey thought?
How many really know, really care, what Zoroaster thought?
How many really know, really care, what Whitman thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kant thought?
How many really know, really care, what Shankara thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Epicurus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ashtavakra thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aurelius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Jesus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Yogananda thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aristotle thought?
How many really know, really care, what Camus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Voltaire thought?
How many really know, really care, what Spinoza thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thoreau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hegel thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heidegger thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishnamurti thought?
How many really know, really care, what You think?
Never hurts to get over yourself anytime soon.

* * * *

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?

Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out-Ikkyū Ikkyū?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?
Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
Who can out-Thales Thales?

Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plate Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

* * * *

You can be pretty-darned sure, that for You to be right here, right now, this moment,
Your ancestors, your lineage, from the inception in the quantum soup,
Consumed whatever it could, whatever it had to, to survive long enough to cast a seed,
That through Darwinian selection, spawned the mind-body, the sensory matrix, inhabited solely by You.

* * * *

Discern closely, without any attachment to the mind-body and its theater,
And You will see clearly, that your world, your cosmos, is nothing more than sensation,
Sculpted by imagination into the way it is, for You, all by your alonesome.

* * * *

The busy-busy mind, the curious mind, the time-bound mind, the illusory mind,
Can be easily drawn, easily enticed, down every variety of rabbit hole.
To reside in the eternal awareness requires great detachment
From the temporal world and all its distractions.

* * * *

You are the same You that You have ever been.
You are the same You that You will ever be.
Forms change, but You are ever the same.

* * * *

Awareness, impartial witness to all creation.
Awareness, impartial witness to all preservation.
Awareness, impartial witness to all destruction
Awareness, impartial witness to all oblivion.

* * * *

If You had never seen your face in a mirror,
Or photograph or any other reflection,
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Would You imagine your Self to be?

* * * *

Was Saul of Tarsus truly a Jewish pharisee turned Christian apostle,
Or merely the first grifter in a 2,000-plus-year labyrinth of scam artists,
To contrive a fantastical protagonist named Jesus as a pawn to his own ends?
History is but a mishmash of facts and lies melded into the ends and means in play.

* * * *

Who really cares what You believe?
Who really cares what You feel?
Who really cares what You are?
Really only You, and You, alone.
And that, but for the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

How is it that this world, this cosmos, is not already beyond-all-pales magical,
Without so many glossing it over with every variety of superstition and fantasy?
How is it that a scientific approach has not entirely abolished all fallacious claims,
With a vision so much more expansive, than any parts can but begin to imagine?

* * * *

It is surely far more interesting to experience and consume, at least some of one's wealth,
Than it is always be contemplating bank ledgers, Wall Street ticker tapes, or piles of gold.

* * * *

This moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.
No who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
Nothing to know, nothing to be, nothing to be curious about.
That there is nothing to conceive, is so amazingly slam-dunk obvious.
In fact, it is impossible to conceive, to imagine, anything, within any given moment.
Even if the momentary, unborn-undying awareness, could, somehow, stop long enough to consider it;
Could somehow, make the quantum space-time matrix, stop its kaleidoscoping merry-go-round;
Could somehow hold absolutely still, for even one single poof of an eternal moment;
It would all boil down to: this moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Observe anything keenly enough, and its pattern will become self-evident.

There are no black boxes; only those who lack the keenness,
Or the interest, or the time, to observe acutely.

* * * *

Where is there to go, when You are right here, right now,
No matter who-what-where-when-why-how You may be.

* * * *

You are captain of your ship; it is on You, to steer it well abreast the shoals,
Else the opportunists will happily pick through your treasures in the wreckage.

* * * *

The best strategies, the best tactics, are the ones that win.
Never get into a fight, unless You have what it takes to lose.

* * * *

You can be sure any given gold rush is over,
When the body politic, the oligarchy, the homegrown one-percenters,
a.k.a., the axis of evil: nepotism, cronyism, favoritism.
Decide it is time to bring in the sheriff.

* * * *

All are witness to the same mystery,
Witness to the same indivisible theater of quantum origin,
But how each patterning, each algorithm, plays out its nature-nurture dreamtime,
Is its own incomparable adventure, its own incomparable fate,
From imagination's beginning, to its end.

* * * *

The curious mind is ever drawn out the keep of awareness,
In the insatiable quest for one grail or another,
Not always of the holy sort.

* * * *

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

* * * *

You do not always have to be curious; You do not always have to question, to probe.
You do not have to fill your head with endless, inconsequential trivia.
You do not have to resolve all the world's problems
Every day over a cup of coffee.
Chances are, You, and any fellow patrons You chit-chat with,
Have absolutely, beyond all shades of doubt, no say, in any shoulda-coulda-woulda answer, anyway.

* * * *

How much of your imaginary space-time is spent on every variety of distraction?
Mindless drivel, fallacious conclusions, magical assumptions, romantic yearnings.
How much of your imaginary space-time is spent avoiding the stillness within?

* * * *

Melting ice is rippling across the face of Mother Earth,
And all existence hangs upon the ever-kaleidoscoping new balance.
Piles of gold will mean nothing when there is no world left in which to spend it.

* * * *

So many sights You will never see,
So many sounds You will never hear,
So many scents You will never smell,
So many flavors You will never taste,
So many textures You will never feel,
So many thoughts You will never think,
So many things You will never own.
So many things You will never do.
So many things You will never be.
So it goes.

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean You are not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around You,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its biological-chemical-electrical-quantum glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

What conflict could there have ever been in sentient beings for more than food and turf,
Until imagination usurped the awareness, rose into Planet of the Apes glory,
And grafted self-absorption, identity, into the instinctual algorithm.
And thus, a long and winding, ever-present expedition, to You, reading this,
Somewhere along the path that your nature-nurture is, to its imaginary fate, wandering.

* * * *

Dwelling in the awareness requires a very clear, a very present, attentiveness.
Far easier to drift in the busy-ness of the imaginary realms,
To which most minds are inclined.

* * * *

It all just happened; what did You see?
It all just happened; what did You hear?
It all just happened; what do You taste?
It all just happened; what do You smell?
It all just happened; what do You feel?
It all just happened; what do You know?

* * * *

In the craft, the art, the cunning, of politicians, of rhetoricians, of manipulators, of Machiavellians.
That all humans, through natural selection of the species, possess to some degree,
The important thing, the pragmatic thing, the sensible thing,
Is not whether You heard or understood them,
But that they believe You did.
Keeping the peace keeps it peaceful.
Respect oils the ceaseless machinations of power.
Disregarding the balance is a sure road to mayhem and suffering,
All based upon patterns that our kind evolved since inception in the primordial stew.
Long before space, long before time, long before imagination usurped the genome for its imaginary ends.

* * * *

Diverse as all the speculations – in all times, in all geographies – of how all this creation came to be,
The dice of the original patterning were thrown long before there were any stories to weave,
And have been whirling and twirling their tango down the craps table ever since.
Call it by whatever name has been drilled in, it is ever the mystery of You.
That which is prior to all beginnings, that which is after all ends.
No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what You, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

Imagination is the Original Sin.
Until it usurped awareness, good and evil did not exist,
And their reality is a still an unproven doctrine, one left to philosophers who pontificate on ethics,
And the rest, to those who ceaselessly spin their self-absorbed realities,
Into every imaginable form of self-righteousness.

* * * *

Move anyone up the hierarchy, the pyramid, a few spreadsheets,
And You will quickly find out what kind of dictator they would be.

* * * *

Imagination is the Genie let out of Pandora's Box.
Imagination is the Elephant in the middle of the room.
Imagination is what the Seven Blind Men can never see.

* * * *

Everything You know, everything You trust, everything You consider real and true,
Everything You spent your life accumulating, everything You will likely depart believing,
Is nothing more than whatever your imaginary nature-nurture quantum reverie, has concocted.

* * * *

Challenging not to allow imagination to believe this mystery,
To be more than it is, more than it needs to be, more than it ever can be.
Imagination has an extremely long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

* * * *

Reality is only as real as You imagine it.
Space is only as real as You imagine it.
Time is only as real as You imagine it.
History is only as real as You imagine it.
Science is only as real as You imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as You imagine it.
Music is only as real as You imagine it.
Art is only as real as You imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as You imagine it.
Industry is only as real as You imagine it.
Technology is only as real as You imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as You imagine it.
Existence is only as real as You imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as You imagine it.
Other is only as real as You imagine it.
Nature is only as real as You imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as You imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as You imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as You imagine it.
Everything is only as real as You imagine it.
God is only as real as You imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as You imagine it.
Self is only as real as You imagine it.
You are only as real as You imagine it.

* * * *

What is left, after You stop imagining You are the body?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are the identity?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these memories?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these relationships?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, You ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

* * * *

Differences are only as real as You imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as You imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as You imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as You imagine them.

* * * *

How boggling that the human species,
Despite all the science, despite all the technology,
Still imagines itself in any way separate from the mystery it is.

* * * *

Straight talk is always best.
Something with which politicians and theologians and snake oil salesmen,
Have great difficulty.

* * * *

In the prehistoric times when Darwin ruled,
No creature could assume it would survive any given day.
That is still true, but with seatbelts and air conditioning and insurance.

* * * *

There is no reason why anything has to stay the same.
There is no way anything can stay the same.
Change is the quantum certitude.

* * * *

Whether You say yes, whether You say no,
Whether You go right, whether You go left,
You fate, your destiny, is decidedly assured.
And all equally occupy the same dusty graveyard.
And the worms do not care who You were, or what You did.

* * * *

To lionize the sciences unconditionally,
Is to underplay its partnership with vanity and greed.
At what point does the point of diminishing returns become obvious?
Kind of like demolishing your dwelling, and counting and measuring all the splinters.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
Locked in a corporeal mind-body, locked in the confining nature of any seed's existence.
The human version saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the home ground, You truly are?

* * * *

Look at the population counters, counting away, and You will get a sense,
Of how many dreams are out there, happening right now, and that is just human beings.

All life has equal access to the same simultaneous, timeless awareness.
All existence, You included, is the same mystery.
Allow it to remain a mystery.
Give it no name.
Be it.
Enjoy the quietude.

* * * *

Imagination takes You anywhere You please.
It is the magic carpet ride of this eternal mystery.
Perhaps wearing a bit thin as far as this garden goes.

* * * *

And if there is, perchance, an all-powerful God running it all,
What have you/we revealed to him/her/it in your/our strut upon the stage.
How weary I am after just one lifetime; imagine if You had been forced to witness it all.
Not planning to apply for that position anytime ever.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
In a corporeal mind-body, saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the homestead, You ever really-truly are?

* * * *

No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what You, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

We might have survived a lot longer if we hadn't been so damned clever.
Alas, that wisdom requires so many do-it-until-you-see-through-it experiences.
Which currently leaves us in something of a Gordian-Knot-without-a-sword dilemma.

* * * *

For a healthy, vibrant civilization,
A certain pruning-thinning-grading state of mind is required.
There is no surviving, no enduring, no thriving, a Darwinian jungle world without it.
Unfortunate actions like abortion, sterilization, death sentences, final exits,
Are not irrational, if carried out with compassionate rationality.

* * * *

The most important thing about all the teachers You will meet in this lifetime,
Is whether or not, You, in the ever-present now, hear what they have to offer.

* * * *

What You eat and drink, is what You will poop and pee.
Those colonoscopy pics will tell the tale of your choices.

* * * *

Everything You value, everything You hold near and dear, is an entitlement.
There is no such thing as privilege; no such thing as divine right.
There is no deity gauging your every thought and move,
For some hierarchical placement in the hereafter.
And if there perchance is some supreme being,
There are more than a few who decidedly do not care.

* * * *

No one can ever see, ever do, what they have not learned to see or do.
Large or small, full or empty, the nature-nurture frame of reference is all.

* * * *

If You stop wishing this or that would be different,
Then what it is, becomes a bit more tolerable, becomes a tad more consumable.
Except Nazis in Paris; that is just never going to be right.

* * * *

A world full of documentation in every imaginable medium for the aliens to scrutinize,
When they finally happen upon the third dust ball from its smallish star,
That it still orbits as it did when life existed upon it.

* * * *

After who-knows-how-many thousands of years of inquiry,
In all strata of all cultures, across all times, across all geographies,
The unanswerable questions are still as unanswerable as ever.

* * * *

The sciences, the mathematics, the technologies, and all the other intellectual pursuits,
Have investigated anything and everything to unimaginable heights and depths,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since surpassed.
When will we finally discern the meaninglessness, the absurdity,
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

How did You ever come to believe that You, were this mass of crunchy and chewy and gooey?
This double-double-toil-and-trouble vat of quantum, patterned into life,
That somehow, through countless Darwinian choices,
Came to be but the current chariot,
From which to witness your eternal creation.
Be not too attached to it, for it must go the way of all the rest.

* * * *

What happens when the mind totally unclenches?
When it ceases holding on to anything?
When it surrenders it all?
When it just is.

* * * *

Who and what and where and when and why and how,
Is there any direction in the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, the oblivion;
The ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, spaceless, timeless, ever-present now of awareness?

* * * *

An unmindful breath is imagination's most potent weapon in the usurpation of awareness.
One can only speculate, how much of the human paradigm, is really about oxygen deprivation.
What strange things these endorphins, these chemical reactions, in this magical electromagnetic body,
That has taken all genesis, all creation, gazillions of trips around our wee little star,
To create the one You are in, in this particular space and time.
You are witness to a sensory-inspired theater,
A sensory-inspired matrix,
A sensory-inspired, ineffable mystery.
There need be, there can be, no more explanation.

* * * *

Growing older becomes something of a tick-tick-tick countdown to death.
Moving closer moment by moment, to what, You do know, to what, You cannot know.
All religions, all the middleman, across all times, all geographies, are talking through their hats.
No one knows, no one has ever known, no one will ever know,
Anything but what imagination imagines.

* * * *

Every moment is tabula rasa, tabula rasa is every moment,
Through which consciousness involuntarily scribes it imaginary pretenses,
Except in those rare few capable of stilling the mind enough,
To discern the operating system underlying all.

* * * *

Neither cosmos nor world revolve around You.
It kaleidoscopes within and without the timeless eye of awareness.
As You scan this, gazillions beyond gazillions of moments, have streamed before the senses.
Do not dwell on the in and out of each and every breath of a body bound to illusion.
Focus instead, on it flowing through the mind, that space You truly ever are,
In which the mystery, each and every timeless, indelible moment,
Simultaneously enters and exits, as it does any stream.

* * * *

Be – in mind, in consciousness, in awareness – very still,
And You will discern the mystery You ever are,
This, and every tabula rasa moment,
Since the dawn of creation.

* * * *

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

* * * *

The awareness You are, requires a mind, a vehicle, a theater,
In which to envision its imaginary quantum creation.
To believe You are the vessel, is to miss entirely,
That no vain notion carries water for long.

* * * *

An empty mind is a whole mind, a total mind, a no-mind.
Do not focus the momentary awareness on the in and out of breathing.
Concentrate instead, on stilling the ever-churning thoughts,
Which cloak the mystery of the moment.

* * * *

If You feel called to serve, serve the awareness, serve the matrix, serve the moment, serve the now,
Whose quantum mystery casts into all sensory theaters the illusion of space and time.
Walk spontaneously, walk anonymously, do whatever the moment calls.
No need to make a big thing about the imaginary character.
The mystery You truly are, is beyond all need of vanity or avarice.

* * * *

It would seem extremely rare, extremely atypical, extremely dubious, likely all but impossible,
That a mind that has been heavily conditioned, could even begin to escape its taloned clutches.
It would take an extremely doubtful, an extremely adroit mind, to embark on such a journey.

* * * *

Play hedonism and narcissism from abstinence to moderate to extreme,
It is all the same awareness through which the winds of illusion blow.

* * * *

Without the Darwinian choices made in the primordial jungles of long ago.
Without the body parts, without the senses, without the neural trail,
What language, oral or written, could there possibly be?

* * * *

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,

Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

* * * *

It would take a very astute translator to even closely transcribe this into any other language but English.
In fact, as any linguist knows, it will be quickly unreadable for English readers,
Only a few centuries, perhaps decades, down the road.
It does not matter that it is read, nor that it have impact, but, that it was written.

* * * *

What is light? What is sound? What is smell? What is touch? What is taste?
But sensory illusions the mind-body every moment creates,
In whatever way nature-nurture dictates.
Free will? Hah!

* * * *

Nothing better for fear and dread than a few deep breaths.
Snaps the mind-body right back into stand-at-attention neutral.

* * * *

The awakening, is realizing You have a front-and-center-row seat,
To your world, your universe, your mind-body's nature-nurture, your now.
All other dualistic notions, all blacks and whites, fall to the wayside; relativity reigns.

* * * *

This corporeal mind-body, too, must one day dis-incorporate, as all mortal shells do.
The ultimate You, the quantum matrix You, the electromagnetic spectrum You,
Has, through awareness, experienced every life form, every sentient creature.
Congratulations on getting to perform an at least somewhat awakened role.

* * * *

Whether words are scientific or philosophical,
None have any influence over truth, any control of truth.
It is only vanity that stokes any arguments about the way it is, and is not.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how, are You,
But imagination, imagining itself real,
In the emptiness of awareness.

* * * *

A lot of nice guys wake up next to their women every morning,
With their manhood still secure in the lockbox beneath her pillow.

* * * *

A discerning, doubting eye, is all any earnest truth-seeker requires.

Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, is your teacher, your guru.
So, meander on, pilgrim, wherever, however, your Yellow Brick Road twists and turns.

* * * *

Odds are, it is imagination that wakes up every morning,
And drags You along through whatever the day has in store.

* * * *

If You see a middleman, avoid eye contact, cross the street.
Unless You are in a somewhat wayward mood for a little amusement,
A little ringing of the bell, a little rattling of the cage, a little riposting of the wit.

* * * *

Alpha males leave many a child in their wake for the betas to raise.
Nothing like getting away with not paying dues for the genomic drive.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a quantum algorithm.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So, one moment, awareness, a.k.a., God, if that's your thing, woke up from a long siesta,
Wondered what would happen if it kick-started a tiny little tidbit of nothingness.
And voila, here You are, meandering an electromagnetic mystery theater,
Witnessing every agony, every ecstasy, and everything betwixt.
As every cat knows, that curiosity thing sure can bite.

* * * *

The English language is the most exotic, wanton whore,
The Darwinian evolution of communication has ever contrived.

* * * *

Show me what will happen in one minute,
Just a few miles away, or half-way across the world,
And I will believe space-time is more than an imaginary notion.

* * * *

If You are paying very close attention to the impenetrable awareness,
You are waylaying your patterning for at least a few moments, maybe.

* * * *

If there is a God, do we really look any bigger than bacteria from on high?
From that aloof vantage, is he/she/it even aware of our Vanity Fair absurdity?
Has anything we have ever done to venerate he/she/it, ever meant diddly-squat?
Keep placing your bets, ladies and gentlemen, fools and treasure are easily parted.

* * * *

It is preordained, only if You are paying attention.

It is not preordained, only if You are not paying attention.
And to which line, which soundbite, might ye be most inclined?

* * * *

When has anything You have ever created, no matter the genre,
Not required an evolutionary process linked to space and time?

* * * *

What is the whole mind, the absolute mind,
But a mind given over to the pure awareness,
Witness to all reveries of consciousness.
Called by many names; none matter.

* * * *

Some are, through the ever-streaming river of natural selection, given the role of predator, some, of prey.
Some a do-whatever-is-required, adaptable, opportunistic, pragmatic blend.
Which role have You been allotted?
The thing to always remember and appreciate,
Is that all are equally the same awareness, the same mystery.

* * * *

Storytelling will never end, because that is how imagination reigns,
Over the emptiness, the pointlessness, the tabula rasa, of immaculate awareness.
Or so it seems to believe, across all the many variations of vanity,
Humankind has, since jungles ago, played out.

* * * *

All creation is a massive, ever-kaleidoscoping sculpture,
A work of art that includes You as one of its countless sculptors.
The only way to witness its sum, is to surrender self, and become Self.

* * * *

Whether You ‘Do unto others as You wish them to do unto you’ Golden Rule it … or not,
Is an every-moment, nature-nurture, choiceless choice, sculpting your imaginary destiny.

* * * *

Why didn’t cockroaches gain world supremacy?
More than a few might argue they did long ago.

* * * *

Good parenting is rarely about giving your children everything carte blanche,
Or at least not without a modicum of reciprocation, a measure of contractual consideration,
That will begin building a foundation of grit and gumption, of the capability to triumph over adversity,
Of a work and play ethic, that is steeped in right relationship with nature, if at all possible.

* * * *

For the human species to survive much longer,
It must somehow recalibrate itself with the rules of the game.

The choices of vain notion have nothing to do with it, never have, never will.
The world, the cosmos, the mystery, are every moment in precise quantum-clock equilibrium.
The only real question is whether our kind, and all our fellow earthlings, small to large,
Can manage to survive the holocaust into which it is every moment headed.

* * * *

To Whom It May Concern:
Regarding the usage of alternative substances,
Anything from alcohol and its numbing, to hallucinogens and their awakening,
Few others will likely notice, if You do not give cause, nor confess.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos: What is the likelihood (a.k.a., probability),
You would wear the same t-shirt, the same baseball cap, the same whatever,
With the same message, the same image, the same meme, for the rest of your meaningless existence?
Many if not most, destined to become indistinct blobs on aging, likely flabby flesh.
Unless, of course, You are a (enter favorite team here) fan,
Or a religious fanatic, born to forever follow,
With too much money, too much time,
And too little sense, on your hands.

* * * *

What you think, what you do not think, what you do, what you do not do,
When you are alone, when no one is watching, when no one but you knows,
Says everything about the nature-nurture, imaginary you,
That can be ever be said or written.

* * * *

Fitting your Self into an idea,
Believing a role nature-nurture has dictated,
Is not necessary, and is often counter to the quest for freedom.
Words are tools for communication; not ends, not goals, not realities, in themselves.
Never believe You can be encapsulated by a sound given concept.

* * * *

Rational thinking lends itself to lucidly writing about whatever it observes.
The examined life is its own blessing, and its own curse, as well.
Across the great divide, the now inaccessible ignorance,
Has a certain naively blissful aura idling about it.
The road less traveled is long and winding,
Replete with its own variations of agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

Every genomic sequence has a shelf life,
There is no denying it, there is no escaping it,
Despite all delusional confabulations to the contrary.

* * * *

If the words infinity and infinitesimal imply measurement,
Then they, too, are not real in the immeasurableness of it all.

* * * *

The epiphany voice is a realization from the deepest deep within.
It is a realization of something ofttimes life-changing.
It has a certain indescribable tone about it.
Never a bad idea to have bags packed for new adventures.

* * * *

Relax, You will probably get away with thinking whatever questionable things You think,
Whatever it is, upon which your mind ever again dwells, upon that which your destiny unfolds,
If You are pragmatic enough, chameleon enough, anonymous enough, strong enough, decisive enough.

* * * *

What is the state of mind, the quality of mind,
If You completely shut off curiosity about the world,
Curiosity about others, curiosity about anything?

* * * *

What did it take for this, or any of these many thoughts, to reach your awareness?
All of creation, and prior to that, if speculation be tickled and taunted.
Written for those who modestly hunger for prior to more.
For those who seek the one and only true Self within any and all.

* * * *

How grunts evolved into so many diverse languages across all geographies,
Before they were annihilated by conquest and colonization,
Is something we can now only imagine.

* * * *

The great cause for divorce in any relationship is not meeting the other's expectations.
Crossing some line, known or unknown, such that forgiveness is no longer an option.

* * * *

What an amazing thing, imagination,
That it can devise industry and technology to such a degree.
What would it do, were it to have unlimited resources and a wormhole garbage disposal?

* * * *

Do not be fooled by façade and bluster and bluff.
Every human being is filled with such a deep insecurity,
That many, if not most, spend their entire temporal dreamtime,
Avoiding, evading, bargaining, deluding, in every way imaginable.
To challenge the insecurity squarely, is embrace the mystery.

* * * *

How long will You allow history to influence your future?

How long will You allow it to meddle in your thoughts?
How long will You allow it to constrain your actions?
How long will You allow it to inflict your world?
How long will You allow it to permeate your mind?

* * * *

Scientists will likely whirl and twirl with the mystery for the rest of time,
But they will always end up at the same impenetrable dead end,
As mystics, across all times, across all geographies.
The mystery will ever remain a mystery.
All any can ever do, is be it.

* * * *

What are all life forms, but blobs of all shapes and sizes, wrapped in one covering or another.
Only blobs that call themselves human beings have imagination enough,
To play out their temporal existence as thespians.
Actors who believe themselves more real than real can ever be.

* * * *

What is the state of mind when nothing matters?
What happens when the mind totally unclenches?

* * * *

How can this done-as-quickly-as-it-happens dream of space and time,
Be considered anything more than impromptu theater, full of every imaginable intrigue.
But, for those whose nature-nurture have given the intelligence, the wit, to step outside any and all limits,
It is an opportunity to witness the mystery, in whatever way frame of reference allows.

* * * *

Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, what difference, really?
Whether it was kicked off by some divine being or quantum mechanics,
It is ever the same unfathomable, ineffable, timeless mystery.
Quarreling over something that can never be known,
Is about at meaningless as meaningless gets.

* * * *

Let the vain be vain, the greedy be greedy, the powerful be powerful.
It is their avarice for more-more-more that has made it possible,
For You to be here observing this grand mystery, as they never will.
You will not even one iota change the world, but it need not change You.

* * * *

Adam and Eve were not kicked out of the garden,
They stopped looking, they stopped listening.
They turned it from nature to resource.
They embraced destruction, they embraced manipulation.
They bred and fought, and took more and more of that which was freely given.
How much more is there to be taken from this poor dust ball,

Before for it finally rids itself of its plague?
Or dies in the trying?

* * * *

Alternative substances can make for impulsive behavior.
Never a bad idea to tap on the brakes a few times,
To avoid facing unwanted consequences.
Moderation in all things is always good policy.

* * * *

Hope for the best, plan for the worst.
Hope has an ofttimes irrational, delusional, unprepared fan base,
But those of a more rational bent, those who know the difference between caution and fear,
Know it is never ever a good idea not to be ready for the worst,
For the worst can happen any moment, any place, any time,
As history again and again proves, every way imaginable.

* * * *

The world only appears flat because it is large enough to disguise, to camouflage, its spherical reality.
Science has used industry and technology to look, to explore, beyond anything the senses can sense.
Science-deniers daily prove that intelligence is not a given when it comes to being a human being.

* * * *

Life plays but one seed at a time.
Genomic sequences, strung out like pearls.
Each linked from whatever beginning to whatever end.
It is a process that is as close to immortality as the mystery allows.

* * * *

The most exhilarating moments of existence
Wander through every sort of creation and preservation and destruction.
The best life is the one lived first finding, and then doing, whatever calls You from the far distant shore.
The one You would even pay good coin to play.

* * * *

What can anyone really know of the so many unanswerable questions?
Science has examined everything to the nth degree, and still they remain inscrutable.
Every moment is the exact same mystery it has always been, the exact same mystery it will ever be.
Anyone enticing You with some esoteric morsel is talking through their hat.
Best check your wallet as You quickly back away.

* * * *

Light will travel through a vacuum at 300 million meters per second.
The speed of sound through air is about 340 meters per second.
And what of taste? And what of smell? And what of touch?
What exactly is this dream that the five senses weave?
And does any universe exist without a witness to create it?

* * * *

The dream of time spins on and on and on and on.
Never more than a dream of consciousness.
Never more than a dream of imagination.
Never more than a dream of mystery.
Never more than a dream of You.

* * * *

A little gratitude, please, if You have thus far lived
A relatively carefree, untroubled, secure, enjoyable existence.
If You have had access to many of the entitlements this time has offered,
If You have always had the good fortune to be subjected to a full belly and a safe harbor.
Take nothing for granted, because entitlements, privileges, freedoms, choices,
Must be backed by strong will, and plentiful resources, to carry on.

* * * *

Everything You remember is no more than what neurons manage to encode.
Your world is entirely based on electrical impulses evolved
In the primordial stew long before time.

* * * *

Like cattle, like sheep, driven down from rolling hills,
The young of human descent are gradually herded
Into the chutes of their given nature-nurture destinies.
Civilization is founded upon the domestication of everything.
Only in the evolution, the revolution, of consciousness, of imagination,
Can the inherent wildness, the inherent fierceness, of origin, be at least whiffed.

* * * *

Assuming he really existed, anyone who actually knew Jesus, is as long gone as he.
Rest assured, the version You have gleaned from what little is written,
Is likely not even close to whatever really happened,
Likely not even close to whoever, whatever, if ever he really was.
History is often a lie that weaves on and on, bending minds of all those giving it ear.

* * * *

What effort it takes to politic, to maneuver and fire, as the moment calls.
How much simpler might-makes-right must have been,
Before the advent of language, infused with the infinity of imagination,
Before the fruit of knowledge was first plucked, and the exodus from the garden underway.

* * * *

If You are called to something greater than your imaginary dreamer,
All You need do is serve the awareness, serve the moment,
Serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.
No need for crystal cathedrals climbing to divine summits,
Nor charlatans between You and whatever they claim the mystery to be.

* * * *

How many life forms have been domesticated and slaughtered and tortured for humankind's purpose?
How much longer can the tattered web of life continue to endure, to survive, the cancer we have become?

* * * *

The law to obey with as little fail as possible is the natural one.
Anyone who takes it lightly will suffer endless pain,
And death, if lessons are not learned.

* * * *

Vanity is naught but the fluff, the huff and puff, of imagination.
It means absolutely nothing to the world, to the cosmos, to mystery.

* * * *

What arrogance it takes for any individual or group to forcibly bend others to their will.
What a species we are that violence, that warfare, is such an integral part of our daily lives.

* * * *

Are You this imaginary part in the human paradigm, the human chronicle, the human debacle?
Or simply You, witnessing; simply You, present; simply You, right here, right now;
Simply You, the one and only, ever-present, unborn-undying moment.
The same one that twinkles in the eye of the awareness.

* * * *

When did the first notion of your imaginary sense of self take place?
When did the first scratches appear on the empty slate, the tabula rasa?

* * * *

All that is imagined is only real in imagination.
To be that awareness, to be that witness, prior to imagination,
Is to be free of history, free of all that is known, free of all that limits the spirit;

* * * *

What need does nature, what need does awareness, have for gods and demons?
What need for any imaginary temporal confabulations born of human insecurity?

* * * *

Every timeless moment brings more degradation
To a garden already mutilated beyond all recognition,
From the Darwinian purity, the quantum clockwork,
Prior to the rise of man, and his penchant for more.

* * * *

There are no limits to the ways and means a con man will use to hoodwink the sheep forever again.
A confidence trick is an attempt to defraud a person or group after first gaining their trust.
Since the dawn, confidence tricksters have exploited victims using their credulity,
Naïveté, compassion, vanity, confidence, irresponsibility, and greed.
To which trickster do You without reserve give your attention and tithing?

And are they ‘finally’ content with that new mansion, new sports car, new Lear Jet?

* * * *

Regarding final exiting, taking your own life, somewhere in the endgame,
You probably need go out with some chips still on the table,
Or else You may well likely die painfully, or certainly with extreme bother,
In some foreign bed, hooked up to all sorts of drip tubes and beeping electronic devices.

* * * *

How can philosophy, the study of life, the inquiry into what is real, what is factual, what is genuine,
Be confined by any time, be confined by any geography, be confined by any circumstance?
How can it be called Western or Eastern, or any other arbitrary, dualistic notion?
If any given truth applies to one, it must apply to all, else it is not truth.

* * * *

Family and friends may be cracked up to what they are supposed to be, if You are lucky.
Sometimes You are on surer footing with adversaries and strangers,
Than You are with those You hold near and dear,
Those You assume, You hope, You should be able to trust.
Standing alone, aloof, unallied, is sometimes the best and only option.

* * * *

No point getting all huffy and self-righteous,
That the one-percenters have always been in charge.
You are but another slave to their vessel; row well, and live.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is prior to sound.
Awareness is prior to sight.
Awareness is prior to taste.
Awareness is prior to smell.
Awareness is prior to touch.
Awareness is prior to everything.

* * * *

Every moment is tabula rasa, every moment is an empty slate,
Every moment is timelessly unconnected to every other moment,
Upon which consciousness can write any story it pleases, or not.
To discern this clearly, is what it truly means, to be born again.

* * * *

Just because something pops into mind does not necessarily mean it is a good idea.
Spontaneity and impulsiveness and curiosity have made for many a departed feline.

* * * *

To delve into true aloneness, true solitude, true seclusion, true isolation,
Put behind family, friends, strangers, adversaries, and all other endless attachments to mind and body.

Let go the ever-stormy, ever confused, ever violent world, we have together crafted,
With its seemingly endless collection of insanities and absurdities,
Headlining every moment of every day.

* * * *

Most mortal minds are more attached to their imagination,
Than they are the mystery from which all imagination comes.

* * * *

You are not special, and certainly no more so than anyone else.
Your normal is just as normal as any other life form's normal.

* * * *

Why deprive your Self of a good, full, fearless, desireless, breath of air?
Giving your awareness back to the moment it is, is the serenity,
That no imaginary character can in mind, ever achieve.

* * * *

How do You measure a collection of instants,
But through the sensory illusion of imagination

* * * *

The creative mind is a state of awareness that spices up even the most plebeian existence.
No matter the genre, it is a mind that surfs the moment, the wave of time and space.
Its only rival is desire, playing out in all the ways only the hunger for more can.

* * * *

We are all blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Some with more aesthetically-pleasing exteriors than others,
But all just blobs, playing out the theater of consciousness, just the same.
Which blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey, will copulate,
And cast forth the next generation, the next wave,
In the mystery's Darwinian anthology?

* * * *

The quantum can do whatever the limits of being a quantum are.
Why should the electromagnetic spectrum be confined
By any imaginary notion devised by mind?

* * * *

The long view is not something easily garnered, easily assembled.
It required an evolution, a brewing, a steeping, a marinating, a fermenting,
For which relatively few have the nature-nurture ingredients.

* * * *

Your little mansion, your little castle,
What will come of it in one hundred years?
What will come of it in one hundred million years?

Vanity is an absurd joke.

* * * *

It is extremely arduous for the mind, the brain, to reach a discerning point,
Where it is able to still itself into the timeless beingness, where it is at last content to merely be,
Awakening to the awareness challenges, defies, the genomic rhyme and reason.
It is the one and only revolution, it is the one and only evolution.

* * * *

We all play the part, the role, spun by the genetic lottery.
Nature-nurture spins character, and they, together, spin destiny.
Only in looking back, can there be any awareness, any understanding,
Of what it took for You to have reached this moment,
In your performance, in your spectacle.
And You, its solitary, dispassionate, eternal witness.

* * * *

When You get right down to it, stars shining from across the universe,
Are about as meaningful as lights on a Christmas tree across the room.
Always calling to astronomers and astrologists to measure and calculate,
But relatively meaningless for plebeians just trying to survive the day.

* * * *

What is a philosopher but a rational mind,
Whose perceptive detachment from the manifest theater,
Allows him to examine it so closely in every way,
That he discerns it as only the dead can.

* * * *

No matter how wealthy or poor You may be,
No matter how willing or unwilling You may be,
Everyone tithes a piece to the one-percenters.

* * * *

What would happen if humankind across the world, somehow awakened to its eternal nature?
How would we behave toward each other, and the garden, we have so brought to its knees?
How would we mend ourselves, and the environment, we have so abused and neglected?
What discourse would there be, if vanity and greed no longer spun their absurdities?
What decisions would the species make to become guardians instead of destroyers?

* * * *

Where else is there to be,
When the me, the myself, the I,
Disappear into the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

What an idle, meaningless pipe dream,
To even bother thinking the Titanic could have avoided the iceberg,

That was its destiny.

* * * *

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

* * * *

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

* * * *

The human species has scrutinized and dissected the world
In every way imaginable, every way plausible, every way feasible.
Alas that we are long past putting Humpty Dumpty back together again.

* * * *

What a wretched, useless thing, to go through this existence born of mystery,
Always estimating, always calculating, always preserving,
One's power, one's wealth, one's status.
Who is the who, who cares, is the real question.

* * * *

Why write a story when the moral, the bare bones, the punchline, is all that is required.
When cutting to the chase, getting to the point, takes so much less effort for all concerned.

* * * *

No need to ever inquire deeply, if it does not call You.
There are distractions beyond all counting,
For as many lifetimes as You like,
Or at least for as many,
As this dream world has in store.

* * * *

Labels nicely tuck away – insulate, isolate, separate, sequester, quarantine – anything,
Into the manageable nooks and crannies, the 'to be degraded or redacted or forgotten' files,
Of those disinclined to question, those unwilling to step out, of the sanctuary of their cubicle minds.

* * * *

We all have a part to play.
Small or large, long or short, easy or hard.
Perhaps center stage, perhaps off in some anonymous sidebar.
But always the lead actor, front and center, peering out through the senses provided.
See it or not, like it or not, play it or not, that is the way the mystery rolls.

* * * *

Are You really open to forgetting your imaginary self?
To regain your true Self, to abide in the pure awareness the moment is?
Are You really willing to be dead before your time?

* * * *

Why would it ever matter if You are the only one to see this great truth?
There is no need to proselytize, no need to organize, no need to demonize.
There is no need to create any philosophy, form any cult, foster any fortune.
You are free to spend the rest of your dream, a totally anonymous witness.
You can spend it sitting staring at a wall, or on a barstool at the local pub.
No one will give second thought, if You do not raise your hand to speak.

* * * *

Most minds are more attached to their stories,
Than they are the truth from which all stories come.

* * * *

Have You ever been as brilliant or athletic as You might have hoped?

And if You perchance were, did the ovations and applause go to your head?

* * * *

How many generations has it taken since life's beginning,
To finally reach your ephemeral window of imagination's future past?
And unless You have not brought children into dreamtime, not forwarded your seed line,
There is no knowing what chronicle your lineage will someday withstand,
In whatever theater the human paradigm has yet to play,
Before its inevitable, inexorable extinction.

* * * *

How can any mortal witness ever be totally free of the given conditioning,
But through unreserved surrender to the momentary awareness?
Something to do with staring blankly at a blank wall,
At least on the first few million attempts.

* * * *

To discern and abide in that most vibrant state prior to consciousness,
The momentary union with the awareness You truly are,
Is the final bout with the windmills of mind.

* * * *

Where else is there to be, when the me, the myself, the I,
Dissipate like the Cheshire Cat into the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

* * * *

Everything the quantum mystery has ever woven across all creation,
Was required, for the awareness, in your mortal form, to reach this moment.
Tarry a while, for You are the You, which all seekers have sought, since seeking began.

* * * *

Extinction of any species is just another day in the garden.
Not even a pause to pay last respects or salute the departed.
Mother Nature just churns on and on in her quantum way.

* * * *

Your genome morphs many faces, many bodies, in your window of time.

As Shakespeare so eloquently penned,
Through the melancholy Jaques,
In a previous moment:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

* * * *

Imagine, if You will, being that newborn again.
Pure awareness, out into the light, the noise, the hunger, the pain, the fear,
And what it took for consciousness, for imagination, to shape it, mold it, whittle it, into the universe,
In which You every moment tread, playing out the dream as You do.
We are all very much alone, together.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
And when it all comes to a close, when the Reaper is but a breath away,
How conscious will You be? How insightful will You be?
How composed, how content, will You be?
What will your god judge?
Assuming You even care anymore.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination), the great usurper,
Is a trickster, a jester, a charlatan, a skalawag, a scoundrel, a pretender,
With every imaginable diversion, every ways and means, every moment, at its beck and call.
Ever enticing the awareness that You are, that You are not,
Away from its eternal nature.

* * * *

As we have witnessed many times, in all times, in all geographies,
Spiritual inquiry so often becomes more about the charismatic leader,
More about the followers, more about the dogma, than the original message.
It is an abyss into which the undiscerning, the true believers, again and again fall.
It is about middlemen, who, consciously or not, mold the me-myself-and-I,
Into an us-versus-them group mind that casts all non-believers,
Into a nadir that seals off all possibility of resolution,
But through submission to the group's will.

* * * *

Do You really, truly, know anything for sure?
Or only pretend to, for whatever reasons, only You know.
Whatever the case, know well, know beyond true,
That You are far from being first or last,
And are first and last all the while.

* * * *

The body is like a city that must be fed according to its size.
Staying lean, staying trim, maintaining a fighting edge,
Requires a discipline few have the will to sustain.

* * * *

On either side of the decimal, the ultimate truth of science,
Is always just one more zero past the far distant shores.

* * * *

Ploughshares into swords, or swords into ploughshares, we as a species every moment decide.
Moving beyond the constraints of the Darwinian genomic sequencing,
Is not something consciousness can will into being.

* * * *

You are but another tidbit, another flavor, another texture,
In the double-double-toil-and-trouble stew of this manifest theater.
Nothing more or less special than any quantum handiwork.

* * * *

Awakening is not a competition.
There are neither winners nor losers.
There are neither rewards nor punishments.
All are playing out the given nature-nurture algorithm.

Some mindlessly, some mindfully, it does not really matter which,
Except to the ones doing the minding, or trying to.

* * * *

Doubt, hesitation, disbelief, critical thinking, a predisposition towards rationality,
Are what make for the philosophical mind, and the mischief to which it lays claim.

* * * *

Awareness of Self is much more, much less, than imagination
Can ever more than swathe in the smoke and mirrors of time.

* * * *

Fathom your world, fathom your universe.
It will be as immense, or as small, as your imagination.
What was it before You were born? What will it be after You die?

* * * *

What is being investigated in this long and winding, tedious, cumbersome, philosophical edifice,
And many others across all times, all spaces, is whether awareness can be the go-to.
Giving it the reigns to imagination, rather than the other way around.
Consciousness need not be the willy-nilly, insane absurdity,
For those who have the wit to spin it rationally.

* * * *

Every newborn, whatever the species, the genus,
Is pure consciousness, is pure awareness,
As tabula rasa as tabula rasa can be,
Struggling to comprehend what is going on.
Nature-nurture will fashion its own unique answer.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.
Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Regarding the patterning to which all are witness, always be mindful that it is every moment,
Patterning along, humming along, with the entire universe, with the entire mystery.
None can ever, in any way, any shape, any form, be a free-will-free-agent,
Because the mind-body cannot, for even one moment,
Disconnect from the sensory theater to which it is mortally bound.
And thus, it is imagination, the creator of all delusions, the architect of all destinies,
To which the dualistic task of individuality falls, and every absurdity played, in the fall from grace.

* * * *

Real peace, real tranquility, real serenity, real composure, cannot be forced;
It requires a surrender, a vulnerability, an openness, not easily marshalled.

* * * *

The world stills, when the mind does.
Full attention to the awareness that You are, that You are not,
Is the key to the indivisible reality of all things.

* * * *

Yes, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But should You not want it corroborated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including your Self, the most sober truth-seeker You know,
Before You go all-in True Believer on it?

* * * *

The promise of democracy cannot long persevere without checks and balances.
Barriers, scales, that hold fast in the relentless tempests of the corrupton,
Of the ever-hedonistic, ever-narcissistic, greed for more, more, more.

* * * *

Since there is no longer an untapped world full of Devil's Islands,
Why not construct supermax refugee camps for the debtors and homeless?
Well away from the exalted tiers, well away from the citizenry who actually matter.
Deserts hold great promise. And the Native Americans are welcome to stay.
And sooner or later, of course, gas chambers and special ovens,
Soylent green juicers, and so on, and so forth.

Play the game, or die.

You choose.

The one-percenters have always been in charge.

* * * *

Just because You do not see something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not hear something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not taste something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not smell something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not feel something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not fathom something, does not necessarily make it untrue.

* * * *

Water does not battle the rock.
It does not disobey gravity.
It does not resist the sun.

* * * *

As if we are not alien enough on this blue marble, chock-full of Darwinian aliens,

We are driven by narcissism and hedonism, by vanity and greed,
To concoct every media fiction imaginable.
There are no limits,
To what our kind will do, to entertain itself to death.

* * * *

Full attention to breath brings the mind to focus on the moment at hand.
Challenging to do conscious breathing, if You cannot manage to stay focused.
Imagination will use any and every trick to waylay awareness back to its dream.

* * * *

No worries if You are still very attached
To your mind-body, and the dream about You.
The matrix, the carnivàle, is full of blue-pill zombies,
Who believe it all enough to play on for as long as possible.

* * * *

Some call it, Genesis, others the Big Bang.
It is all the same mystery, and no story, no explanation, owns it.
Except for the turtles – the turtles all the way up, the turtles all the way down – they own it.

* * * *

What can be reincarnated in the timeless, unborn-undying moment?
Consciousness, imagination, is but creator and creation of this ineffable mystery.
Awareness is without intention or concern; what need does it have to be born again and again?
Consciousness believes it is an individual drop, playing out some glorious destiny.
Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

Every concoction of senses that Darwin's natural selections devise,
Create an utterly unique cosmos, to which only that form's awareness is sovereign witness.
How this is not beyond-boggling to any and every conscious being,
Would seem one of the greater mysteries.

* * * *

How can any world, any cosmos, possibly be created, be witnessed by awareness,
Without some sort of sensory algorithm, feeding into a central processing unit?

* * * *

If it is an entitlement, if it is an inheritance, if it is unearned, best learn to let go,
Unless You have the will, the might, of power or wealth or fame, to hold on to it.

* * * *

Exceedingly challenging to excced your limits.
Exceedingly uncomplicated to fall into obscurity.

* * * *

What sort of mind is drawn to, and capable of,

Moving prior and beyond its womb of creation.

* * * *

You do not have to experience a lot, You do not have to know a lot,
For the mind to rediscover, to re-establish, re-direct,
To run freely about its playground.

* * * *

What can be reborn in the timeless, ever-present moment,
That which is unborn, undying, indivisible, nonexistent?

* * * *

Intellectual sobriety – not being too high up in the Ivory Tower – can be a big plus.
Nothing worse than a scholar who, fist-in-the-coconut, knows too much to ever let go.

* * * *

Cougaring is a perfect alliance of an older female and a younger male;
Neither of which, can easily feed their cravings in their own age group.

* * * *

Another sack of grist working its way through the mill.
Another adventure, another sorty, another distracting sidebar.
Another rippling wrinkle, in the ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

If You are not this tedious, mundane, temporal, worldly, mortal body,
What else can You possibly be, but the timeless moment of awareness?

* * * *

How is there fear, or any other passion,
But for imagination's attachment to the sensations
Of eye and ear and nose and tongue and flesh in the eye of mind,
All together, or separately, or in any combination.

* * * *

Electricity was first demonstrated in 1881,
When Lucien Gaulard of France and John Gibbs of England
Arranged the first successful alternating-current electrical demonstration in London.
Colonel Drake's heralded discovery of oil in Pennsylvania in 1859
And the Spindletop discovery in Texas in 1901,
Set the stage for the new oil economy.
Those two simple things, electricity and oil,
Have, in just less than 150 years, been the impetus,
That has taken the dream to staggering heights and depths.
As Robert Pirsig wrote in Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
"And what is good, and what is not good, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?"

* * * *

If You believe You are the seed and the mind-body it becomes,
Then You are caught in the willy-nilly illusions and delusions of consciousness.
If You are the awareness prior to consciousness, You are the ever-present, transcendent moment.

* * * *

Imagination usurped the mystery of awareness many long ago's in the mind's evolution.
It is not easily recovered, except in minds able to turn a blind eye to the world, to the cosmos.
Seers, mystics, sages, who wander freely about, aloof from the helter-skelter of the sensory theater.

* * * *

The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the flesh, are sensory organs feeding into the brain.
Ergo, what the ever-dreaming, imaginary mind dreams, what the awareness witnesses,
Is nothing more than sensation, nothing more than quantum doing its mechanics.

* * * *

See the indivisible, see the unfathomable, see the ineffable, see the unknowable.
Hear the indivisible, hear the unfathomable, hear the ineffable, hear the unknowable.
Smell the indivisible, smell the unfathomable, smell the ineffable, smell the unknowable.
Taste the indivisible, taste the unfathomable, taste the ineffable, taste the unknowable.
Feel the indivisible. feel the unfathomable, feel the ineffable, feel the unknowable.
Be the indivisible, be the unfathomable, be the ineffable, be the unknowable.

* * * *

Humankind's tool-making capacity has made it possible
For the observation and measurement and manipulation of all things quantum.
The accelerating exponential of the unutterable devastation and pain and suffering, of the absurdity,
Every moment calls into question, however, its aptitude for saving us from ourselves.
File it under the usual suspects: Brother Irony and Sister Paradox.

* * * *

Any living organism is an energy structure, an energy system, an energy dynamic,
Through which awareness peers out into a universe of energy arrays.
The electromagnetic spectrum has no knowable bounds,
And imagination is but a thief, a player, dreaming itself real.

* * * *

You do not have to be something exceptional, something brilliant,
To have a virtuous, vibrant, enjoyable existence.
Being You is more than enough.

* * * *

And where does the awareness, the spirit, the soul, go, when the body expires,
But the same right here, right now, this one and only moment, it was all along.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to explain this mystery to a true believer,
Too shuttered in, to closed off, too certain, to listen, much less hear?

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.
And now this one, and this one, and this one, and this one,
And all the ones before, and all the ones after, too.
Not that that means time is real, of course.

* * * *

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.
Any name will do.
Any name the same,
To the mystery in all.
A mystery with no name.

* * * *

However it began: genesis, big bang, does it really matter?
It has been rolling like dice down a Las Vegas craps table ever since,
Everything as destined, as fated, as ordained, as kismet, as sure as sure can be.
You believe there is really free will? You believe there is really choice?
Well, I have not found them, so the burden of proof is on You.

* * * *

Jesus was a troublemaker, and Buddha, too.
Both were tortured as the given cultures saw fit.
One died painfully on a cross, that turned into a cult.
The other, tormented still, as a garden statue,
Shit on by birds scavenging for worms.
And Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche.
He is still one-flew-into-the-cuckoo's-nest, bat-shit crazy,
Over the way his life's work was usurped, and twisted into doublespeak,
By Hitler & Crew, with the aid of his sister, that ultimately killed and scarred so many.
Which brings up the fact, that Jesus is not happy about how many have suffered in his name, either.
None have come back to save us, to lead us to God, at least, that any true believers,
Or town-criers, have thus far noted in the unpopular popular press.

* * * *

Who can know the acclaim, the derision, the anonymity, their life work will bear.
How many great thinkers, great mystics, would perhaps burn their entire creation,
Rather than have their good intentions be twisted and usurped by the small-minded,
By the self-serving trolls that ever lurk in the shadows waiting for quarry to feed upon.

* * * *

You are naught but awareness witnessing a dreamtime.
The crunch and goo will someday fall away,
And You will remain as You are.
Immortality is like that.

* * * *

So, what world, what universe, would You create,
If You were in charge, if You had control of every part and particle?
How would You run it? Would You create? Would You preserve? Would You destroy?
Would there be peace? Goodwill to all? Or the reign of fire and pillage?
Could You do it any better? Could You do it any worse?
Playing God is not all it is cracked up to be.

* * * *

Your fate, your destiny, your kismet, is whatever You were programmed to do,
In the touchy-feely dream of space-time You have been allotted.
Some get a Royal Flush, some, not even a high card.
All You can do, all You need do, all You will do,
Is play the hand dealt by nature-nurture as best You can.

* * * *

A cow placidly chews its cud.
A tiger rips and tears at its catch.
How is your mealtime going?

* * * *

Missing out on some tidbit of trivia is not a fear worth bothering about.
Bits and pieces are always available to those with the big picture in mind.

* * * *

If there is a supreme deity. or even a hole-in-the-wall collection of lesser ones,
Let them show themselves, or forever get the fuck out of Dodge, and leave us alone.

* * * *

Wars, battles, melees, riots, brawls, and other violent conflicts,
Are best given wide berth, even strategic withdrawal,
By any not caring to risk grave consequences.
No point getting caught up in chaos if there is an exit.

* * * *

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.

No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

* * * *

Frail bags of crunch and goo is all we are,
And for every motive imaginable, we spend our time,
Liking each other, loving each other, despising each other,
Lying to each other, stealing from each other, cheating each other,
Adulating, scratching, raping, pillaging, killing, each other.
What a thing for frail bags of crunch and goo to do.

* * * *

There You go again, making it as real as it can be,
In its unsurprisingly illusionally-delusionally way.

* * * *

This existence, this dream of space and time, is so ‘friggin implausible,
That it has journeyed well beyond the heart of darkness,
Into the deep, dark jungle of absurdity.

* * * *

Being present in the timeless now, is the most simple state the eternal moment offers.
How ironic, how paradoxical, that it is among the most arduous for imagination to bear,
Given how the breezes and gales of illusion and delusion so easily distract the wavering mind.

* * * *

Your true birth was Genesis, Big Bang,
Turtles all the way up, all the way down, whatever.
And before that, You were never born.
Or so the speculation goes.

* * * *

Why keep thinking of your imaginary self at all?

Why keep playing that record over and over and over?
You need not imprison, need not torture your Self, all the time.

* * * *

Whether one universe or many,
Whether one dimension or many,
All are the same quantum mystery,
All are the same electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

The precedents of history, of tradition, of culture, of any imaginary brew,
Are binding only to those whose minds have been molded to believe them.

* * * *

Imagine levers majestically directed with lofty intent all You please;
There are neither levers, nor some majestic guide or guides with lofty intent.
Those layers filled with bones and oil and other treasures, were long in the making.
You are but current issue in an ever-streaming process which has neither beginning nor end,
And all speculations, all assumptions, all hypotheses, all opinions, all sentiments,
Are pointless, hollow, irrelevant, futile, needless, vain, absurd.
Consciousness can never more than imagine
The source of its mystery.

* * * *

How can You not be in utter awe, utter wonder,
Of the genesis, the cosmos, the world, the garden, the mystery,
To which You are conscious, timeless, solitary, unfathomable, ineffable witness?

* * * *

This here-now, ever-present, eternal moment, this timeless awareness, is all there is.
There are no other moments, no other space-times, no other dimensions, no other dreams.
You are captive to its kaleidoscoping intrigues for as long as the mind-body is fated to endure.

* * * *

Rest assured, your fate, your destiny, your kismet, will find You, will define You, will confine You.
Trying to prevent it, trying to flee it, trying to alter it, even trying to tweak it,
Are but pointless acts, gestures, theatrics, born of vanity.

* * * *

It all seems very tangible in any given moment,
And then, poof, forever gone, a new one in its place.

* * * *

What dreams are,
What dreams have been,
What dreams are yet to come,
Only awareness knows.

* * * *

Being the entertainer, the life of the party, is greatly overrated.
Kinda fun once and a while, but way too much work all the time.

* * * *

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

* * * *

Yesterday, today, tomorrow … what differences, really,
But in the boundaries, the frames, the limits, of imagination?

* * * *

What is the Way? What is the Truth? What is the Life?
To see, and not see; to hear, and not hear; to taste, and not taste;
To smell, and not smell; to feel, and not feel; to imagine, and not imagine.
That how it works for human beings, many who are more often "human becomings".
What other creature gives it any thought, any question, any doubt, at all?

* * * *

It is the spaceless-timeless abyss of awareness, the unborn-undying, ever-present now,
Through which all quantum dreams ceaselessly kaleidoscope, with slumber the only respite.
The sensory play, the sensory mind-body, is but the illusion, the delusion, of imagination.

* * * *

What need to confess anything?
What need to be forgiven for anything?
Witnessing your actions, pardoning your actions,
Moving on, perhaps a little wiser, what more is necessary?

* * * *

Even the most subtle, the most understated, the most unintended things,
Can impact, can shape, can change entirely, another's course.
Even walking mindfully can be earth-shaking journey.

* * * *

Discerning the ever-changing whirl kaleidoscoping about,
Is not for the meek of spirit; they will inherit the earth.

* * * *

Even the smallest sample of memories is a cosmos to the mind,
And upon them, it will dwell and churn on and on and on upon.

* * * *

All any child need do is look at their parents and grandparents and other elderly family members,
To see how temporal, how ephemeral, youth and beauty, health and well-being, truly are,

And that their mind-body's fate will be of similar caricature, if they live so long.

* * * *

How does the realization of that beyond all doubt,
Not leave all who perceive it, in stupefied wonder?

* * * *

Science does not have the will, the mojo, the power, to displace superstition with rationality.
It requires too much exertion for minds not bent towards critical thinking and wisdom.
So, irrationality and absurdity and insanity still rule great portions of the planet,
Lock-stepping to the genomic sequencing evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

What is the state of mind free of all history, worldly or personal?
Very still, pure awareness, untrammeled by the presence of the other.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) slices and dices the quantum pie in every possible way.
The ever-present, timeless now of awareness, has no blade with which to slice or dice anything.
It is simply, purely, absolute witness to the mystery kaleidoscoping in its immeasurable expanses.

* * * *

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:
Hope is to:
Hope is:
Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short
Wild goose chase

Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg
Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun
By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

* * * *

It is the unborn-undying awareness of the moment that is immortal.
The biological mind-body is but a mundane, temporal, pedestrian vehicle.
A ways and means to Self-discovery, for those called to a path of transcendence.

* * * *

Neither the quantum universe, nor garden orb, require the human species
To carry on longer than it can manage, can naturally select,
In its ill-fated genomic quest for immortality.
We all know cockroaches are trailblazers in that race.

* * * *

Where is time, where is space, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
Where are creation, preservation, destruction, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
What are they but illusion, but delusion, created by the sensory mirage, the dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

You want religion?
Give your Self over to the moment.
Give your Self over to the awareness You are, and are not.
It is the one and only true church.

* * * *

Prayer is for those lost to the delusions of illusion.
For those not comprehending there are no deities but they.
And no amount of supplication for anything the mind can conceive,
Whether for themselves or others, is going to save any.

* * * *

You were tabula rasa, an empty slate,
Until traumatic moments, from minor to harsh,
Little by little, imperceptively, unabashedly, irrevocably,
Familiarized You, initiated You, remanded You, to the human race.
Swayed You, molded You, wrought You, forged You, scarred You, crippled You,
Into the human being You are, the one reading this, in a lifetime quest to be inwardly free.

* * * *

There is no changing the human paradigm.
There is no transforming the human paradigm.
There is no solution or key to the human paradigm.
There is no answer or remedy to the human paradigm.
It is what it is, it is what it has always been, and will ever be.
And it will, in due course, play out its written-in-the-sands destiny.

* * * *

Except in lofty, exalted, grandiose, majestic, tributes to one absurdity or another,
No one will be remembered forever, nor exist forever, nor whatever forever.
There is no forever in which anyone or anything can be remembered.
The matrix of space-time is but a magical illusion playing out in the abyss.
What is there to say, but “Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.”

* * * *

If there is truly only the indelible, indivisible, impenetrable moment,
Then every moment is identical, every moment is simultaneous,
Every moment is but clouds wafting through the emptiness,
Which means the entire universe from beginning to end,
Is at best, but the blink of an eye, and never really happened.

* * * *

Quantum is the operating system, and all life but apps,
Simultaneously churning out their programmed roles.

* * * *

How many billions have lived and died for over two thousand years,
Waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting, and waiting,
For Jesus to finally come back and save them?
The middlemen have had it good.

* * * *

Imagine the Grecian thinkers of old, in their robes,
Speaking to forums filled with critical minds,
Perceiving the candor in every thought.
Together, unearthing the mystery.
As some minds are wont to do.

* * * *

Seeing through the artifice of the genomic sequencing in this ineffable quantum matrix,
Is a vocation to which relatively few are called, relatively few are fated.
Blue pill, red pill, did You really have any choice?

* * * *

And what is the point and purpose of all this knowledge?
All this curiosity, this never-ending flow of busy-busy minds.
Maybe a paycheck, maybe some applause, maybe some influence.
How long before You wake up to the depths below the churning waves?
How long before mind stills enough to finally discern the mystery within all?

* * * *

The mumbo jumbo of preachers and priests, mullahs and witch doctors, is not necessary.
Explore it, observe it, study it, witness it, for your Self.
No other is required.

* * * *

The inner voice, the inner narrative, the inner soliloquy, everyone has one.
Each a world, a universe, unto its Self, some realized, most fated otherwise.

* * * *

Where would humankind be without all the scientists, all the engineers,
All the mathematicians, all the inventors, all the architects, all the tradesmen,
Who have all together designed and built and repaired this world of entitlement?
This garden orb of exponentially accelerating absurdity that we all so take for granted.
Being top-dog-kings-of-the-dust ball will not mean much if there is no world left
To blithely, foolishly, with little hesitation, abuse and neglect and destroy.
So, thank those engineers and all their compatriots for their service,
And prepare for the reality, that what goes up, will come down.

* * * *

How is it that so many true believers only attend church on Sundays?
What that means is they are missing out on the other six days.
And nights, and all the dusks and dawns between and betwixt, as well.
True religion is each and every moment, unbounded by the constraints of mind,
Unbound by the constraints of any other, and the scripts to which their destinies are bound.

* * * *

Yesterday is tomorrow, and tomorrow again,
And tomorrow is yesterday, and yesterday again.
And again and again and again and again, ever again,
The ever-present kaleidoscope of consciousness, ever a-spin.

* * * *

The Bible and Koran are not the only books on the shelf of history.
All are the mystery, but no one owns it; beware the people of one book.

* * * *

Regarding the utilization of hallucinogens in this quixotic quest
Is for some an open-to-debate-why-why-not issue,
Being a user, not an abuser, is the trick.
Might be best to drive on without aid if addiction is an issue.

* * * *

If used moderately, with conscious intent and focus, many hallucinogens from around the world
Can be vehicles, magic carpets, into the unknown reaches of this ineffable mystery.
They are a means to explore, to investigate, to study, to discover,
That which is source to all, great to small.

* * * *

If You ever really wonder why Jesus (a.k.a., Lord and Savior) hasn't,
And probably ain't, coming back to save all the true believers,
Just look around at the calamity he'd have to clean up.
Anyone sane would be disappearing into a cave.
Or maybe a bar; at least a coffee shop.
You may even have run into him the other day.
He was with Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, and Tooth Fairy.

* * * *

Forgive propaganda and its countless lies, its misrepresentations, for it knows not what it does.
It does not know the worry, the anguish, the distress, the suffering, the misery, the pain,
The grief, the despair, the wretchedness, the misfortune, the calamity, the trouble,
The affliction, the sadness, the agony, the torture, the cruelty, the heartbreak,
The destruction, it inflicts, it exacts, it wreaks, in every imaginable way.
That is in the minds, the wills, the tribal afflictions, of those who contrive it.

* * * *

Time and space are but constructs of human consciousness.
Yes, every life form functions in the cycles of this mystery theater,

But obviously, none think about it, conceive it, in the way humankind does.

* * * *

It took a few millennia or so, but the one-percenters eventually figured out that wages and salaries
Would keep them from having to bother about food, clothing, housing, healthcare, shackles,
And whatever else they had to pay out for slaves in history's ignoble playground.

* * * *

Meritocracy, the government or the holding of power,
By people selected on the basis of their ability,
Is a much more intelligent way of bestowing power,
Than nepotism and cronyism and favoritism can ever be.

* * * *

Who are the one-percenters and their minions?
What does it matter if You are not one of them?

* * * *

Labeling is the simplest means of ridding the mind of further bother.
Once something is labeled, the looking tends to diminish, or cease entirely.
Being categorized, being branded, this or that, can be a sure road,
Both to notoriety and fortune, or obscurity and demise.

* * * *

What is the state, the condition, the quality, of mind,
When time and space cease to exist as imaginary notions?

* * * *

Any group is capable of believing they are the Chosen Ones.
Any individual is capable of believing s/he is the Chosen One.
There is no summit to which vanity is not adept at ascending.
There is no gutter to which vanity is not adept at descending.

* * * *

Except in fictional literature, except in fictional movies,
Nobody comes back from the annihilation of death,
Unless they were never dead and done in the first place.
Hope and pray as much as You will, oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

Is there even one cockroach that has ever once given a tinker's damn of a rat's ass
That its ancestors have been crawling about for 350 million-ish years?
History is a whimsical concoction of human consciousness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
Onc-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseers
Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

* * * *

Gumption |ˈgəmpSH(ə)n| noun … is defined as
Informal shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

Grit |grit| noun … is defined as courage and resolve; strength of character.

Grit: courage, courageousness, bravery, pluck, mettle, mettlesomeness, backbone, spirit,
Strength of character, strength of will, moral fiber, steel, nerve, gameness, valor,
Fortitude, toughness, hardiness, resolve, determination, resolution;
Stamina, doggedness, tenacity, perseverance, endurance;

Informal gumption, guts, spunk; British informal bottle; vulgar slang balls.

How will your life play out, what will You accomplish,
If You do not cultivate them?

* * * *

Who is the without, within, but who within is without.
What is the without, within, but what within is without.
Where is the without, within, but where within is without.
When is the without, within, but when within is without.
Why is the without, within, but why within is without.
How is the without, within, but how within is without.

* * * *

As You dance back and forth between imagination and awareness,
Enjoy both as You glean them of the fruit of the garden,
Such as it is in its ever-present dreamtime.

* * * *

Who created this Supreme Being that so many revere?
A query true believers will neither, can neither, question nor answer,
For every response quickly becomes turtles all the way up, turtles all the way down.
And what matter whether there is a peerless deity on high or not, really?
This touchy-feely 3D dream is equally the same mystery,
No matter imagination's perspective.

* * * *

A fight only becomes necessary
If You cannot talk or walk or run your way out of it.
Try not to get cornered.

* * * *

We all imagine entirely different worlds, entirely different universes.
How can any one mind's illusory creation be more real than any others?

* * * *

The world, the universe, You in mind, in imagination, create, is yours, and yours alone.
Like fingerprints and genomic sequences, no world, no universe, can ever be seen the same.
And the translation between all these worlds, all these universes, well, You see how that has gone.
We are as close to getting along peacefully as the ancestors that exited the jungles long ago.

* * * *

The point of food is nourishment; the point of sex is reproduction.
Pleasure is an extraneous thing, an imaginary thing,
For which the true cost can be very high,
If restraint does not rule.

* * * *

Capacities and limitations.
Recognize them, endure them.
Expand the former, limit the latter,
As time and circumstance allow.

* * * *

Any push, any nudge to change a fate, is only a few moments of that same fate.
There is no escaping, there is no avoiding, there is no denying,
For to be born, is to one day endure dying,
And the lineage of perceptions between, is destiny.

* * * *

Put all the middlemen, all the parasites, all the predators, all the toll booths, well behind You,
And examine, scrutinize, for yourself, the masterworks of the many scribes of old.
Each, and each very much alone, must meander through the illusion,
To, for themselves, discern the truth behind all veils.

* * * *

Anything organic or inorganic can be manipulated once its patterns,
Its capacities and limitations, are even just partially comprehended.

* * * *

As it is for most if not all life forms,
From whatever their naturally selected origins,
It is inherent in human nature for the few to rule the many,
In any way they have the means and will to enforce.

* * * *

After everything is gone, the mystery will remain,
As ineffaceable and untarnished as eternity allows.

* * * *

Whether your view is founded on scientific inquiry or magical thinking,
You may well believe You know something of this dreamtime's beginning,
But rest assured, You will never, You can never, more than imagine its ending.

* * * *

This is your world, your cosmos.
You will do with it whatever You will,
And ultimately, it really only matters to You.
Others can only care, others can only do, so much.
Even God cannot help those who will not help themselves.

* * * *

New concepts, new jargon, new idioms, new metaphors, new beliefs, new sounds, new whatever,
Always have the potential to burst into consciousness any given linguistic moment,
All further mystifying and exacerbating an already polarized species.

* * * *

Have You ever looked up into a starry-starry night,
And really deeply contemplated, really fully embraced,
How infinitesimal, how microscopic, how insignificant,
You really-truly are, in the grand scheme of things?

* * * *

If there is indeed a deity-on-high, he/she/it,
Might well have long, long ago set all this quantum in motion,
And just like any earnest scientist, is watching the entire dream, to see what comes of it.
No attachment to anything, just pure tabula rasa awareness of everything.
Just like any earnest scientist observing microorganisms
Milling about willy-nilly in a Petri dish.
Ain't speculation fun?

* * * *

Keep on the lookout for fellow sojourners
Who have the wit to question, to doubt, all certainties.
They are as close to being members of your lost tribe as anyone.
You may not get along with them too well, or for long;
Impossible for cats to herd themselves, either.

* * * *

Many a mind is in an almost constant state of flux,
Including judgments and measurements and stereotypes,
Played out in every way, every shape, every form, imaginable.
To rein in the beast requires a wit and a will few can easily maintain.

* * * *

What will death be but the disincorporation of a body, the dissolution of a dream,
And the unborn-undying awareness of the You, that You have ever been, all that remains.
Call it whatever You will, it is from that original state that You became conscious,
It is that which endured existence, it is that to which all things return.

* * * *

Why do this to your Self again and again?
For the thrill of the chase, of course.
Oblivion tends to be rather dull.

* * * *

If You want to imagine what this world will look like in thousands of years,
Assuming, of course, we somehow manage to continue on as we are,
Read a few dystopian books, watch a few dystopian movies,
And You will be up to snuff on the many options that genre offers.

* * * *

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?

Even the most sincere, serious, intent, between two like-minds,
Inevitably stumble along unshared trails.

* * * *

Awareness is an impenetrable, changeless stillness, both clear and obscure.
It is that in which creation and preservation and destruction compose genesis.
It is the soul of all dreams, it is the source of all potentials, it is the eye of all eyes.
It is the moment, it is timeless, it is spaceless, it is eternity, right here, right now.

* * * *

There is only awareness.
Only its timeless presence, only its unending constancy.
Nothing to believe, nothing to deify, nothing to worship, nothing to decree, nothing to join.
Nothing to buy, nothing to sell, nothing to barter, nothing to give or take.
Everything to alone see, nothing to alone be.

* * * *

No deity can save those who will not, or cannot, save themselves.
Only those still surviving cling to the enduring hope,
That they, somehow, can evade the blade,
A little longer, perchance forever, if their book be true.

* * * *

Because of the instinctual self-preservation wired by evolution into its consciousness,
Humans are neither ants nor bees nor any other predetermined alliance,
Any other true communists as defined by natural selection.

* * * *

Money, in whatever form, is but the ways and means
For greed and vanity to wield it, shape it, cloak it, make it, float it,
Into the root of all evil, so-called, by the pain and suffering they ever perpetrate.

* * * *

What is time but an imaginary construct of the human mind.
An illusion from which is hatched every conceivable delusion.

* * * *

All memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened, from more than a single perspective – yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

There is only the moment, there is only the timeless now.
The entire human paradigm is an impromptu theater of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Seeking to reclaim that tabula rasa, that inherent innocence of childhood

Requires vigilant investigation, earnest inquiry, of the most mindful sort.

* * * *

Do not let the familiarity of any relationships, any alliances,
Blind You to the potential for change at any time,
In any direction, in all directions.

* * * *

Every decision, every choice, every selection, every option, every like, every dislike,
Every left, every right, every nook, every cranny, every this, every that.
Plays its equal part in the long and winding road to your fate.

* * * *

To be, or not to be, what difference?
To see. or not to see, what difference?
To hear. or not to hear, what difference?
To taste, or not to taste, what difference?
To smell. or not to smell, what difference?
To touch, or not to touch, what difference?
To think, or not to think, what difference?

* * * *

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory You.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

* * * *

You have read the books, seen the movies, know the tales of so many histories,
And the oh-so-many-ways people can die, in both fiction and nonfiction,
And how would it be, if You could experience them all, each and every one?
Imagine dying … every … imaginable … death … for all eternity … Ooh-la-la.

* * * *

A virtuous, pragmatic, wisdom-based approach to science,
Would not have manipulated and destroyed the world and all its creatures,

For the mere procurement of knowledge for knowledge's sake,
Riches for rich's sake, pleasure for pleasure's sake,
Or possessions for possession's sake.

* * * *

Your individual dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Is but an infinitesimal splinter of the grand dream of all dreams,
And that is naught but the very same moment all eternity is,
All that is not, all that never was, all that will never be.

* * * *

How would any memory of some past existence,
Be any more or less real, any more or less imaginary,
Than the perception forged just a moment ago.

* * * *

The one key thing the sages of old had going for them in the influence-the-future game,
Is that they were early in the grand Ponzi scheme of philosophy and religion.
All the new and more accurate babble in these our modern times,
Will likely never be acclaimed, much less at all influential, in what time is left.
"Has it even turned a degree?" wondered the Captain, not for the first time that icy-cold night.

* * *

Worry less about how You compare with others,
And more about how to be the best You,
That your nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Observe the stillness within,
Fathom the soul of awareness You truly are,
The soul truly worth loving, the soul truly worth being loved.

* * * *

You can only know the frame of reference,
Molded by the habituation of the mind-body,
Into which You were cast by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

If there is some sort of Supreme Being responsible for all this kaleidoscoping creation,
Then surely it is intolerably weary of consciousness,
At least at times.

* * * *

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?

When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

* * * *

Who was yesterday? Who will be tomorrow?
What was yesterday? What will be tomorrow?
Where was yesterday? Where will be tomorrow?
When was yesterday? When will be tomorrow?
Why was yesterday? Why will be tomorrow?
How was yesterday? How will be tomorrow?

* * * *

Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all visions.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all sounds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all tastes.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all smells.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all touch.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all senses.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.

* * * *

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:
bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
interpersonal (people smart)
verbal linguistic (word smart)
logical-mathematical (logic smart)
naturalistic (nature smart)
intrapersonal (self smart)
visual-spatial (picture smart)
musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:
mathematical (number smart),
musical (music smart),
linguistic (word smart),
naturalistic (nature smart),
intrapersonal (self smart),
interpersonal (people smart),
body-kinesthetic (body smart),
visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:
naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypothesis and proving them)
existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)

linguistic (finding the right words to express what You mean)
intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what You feel, and what You want)
spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

* * * *

Only human beings imagine good and evil to be real.
Is there any other earthing who conceives such absurdity?

* * * *

How is awareness any different than consciousness?
How is consciousness different than memory?
Ho is memory different than imagination?
How is imagination different than perception?
How is perception any different than awareness?

* * * *

It is already long-gone, long-lost, long-forgotten,
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Just a way to putter away in an imaginary mindscape.

* * * *

You believe your salvation is yoked to your creed?
You believe your salvation is tethered to your prayers?
Pfft, my friend, You are but tossing your hard-earned coin
To a scam artist, a shyster, with just enough talent to fool you
With one ruse after another, with one hope after another.
Take back the rudder of your reverie, take more walks,
More sits, more any and all ways, that get You home.
Explore the singular aloneness within all dreams,
The timeless awareness through which all pass.

* * * *

If You could rest ever-easy, ever-secure, ever-full,
Without pain, without thought, without fear or dread,
Completely, unutterly, undyingly transcendent,
What would be your state of mind-body?

* * * *

It is impossible to break the rules of the Quantum Game.
You may try to defy them, but You can never break them.

* * * *

It is not at all important what anybody sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels.

It is not at all important what anybody thinks, believes, hopes.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery.
Well beyond the scope of consciousness,
Of imagination, to encapsulate.

* * * *

From the deepest trenches to the highest reaches that industry and technology are capable,
Another day of poisoning, another day of maiming, all that we can possibly touch,
Using every form of nuclear-chemical-biological interaction imaginable.
Absolute madness and absurdity, on an unfathomable scale.
All innocence suffers the ruthless, brutal wake-up call,
Of the malignant cancer that has spawned upon this garden orb.

* * * *

You can only know what the given frame of reference,
Cast by the nature-nurture of your genetic lottery, allows.

* * * *

Yet another memory joining in with all the others,
Merging together into the synergistic frame of reference,
The dreamtime, in which You imagine your imaginary self, real.

* * * *

Where would any scientific experiment be without the first question?
Where would any philosophical inquiry be without the first question?
Where would any religious dogma be without the ten-percent tithing?

* * * *

You have become habituated to playing this imaginary role,
In this exceedingly teensy-weensy slice of the grand theater.

* * * *

History, history, history … science, science, science … inventors, inventors, inventors …
That's all we need: more researchers, more scientists, more engineers, more of everything,
Ceaselessly smothering us with more of what got us into this fine mess in the first place.

* * * *

If only eternity could tell the full tale,
The mystery's mysteries would find a resting place.
Meanwhile, dread and speculation and adversity and death will carry on
As they have since the dawn of consciousness.

* * * *

To think about being anyone else,
To empathize with another's reality, good or bad,
Can be an exhausting, painful sport, and makes for good napping,
Between long sips of bourbon, full tokes of weed, or other such escapes into oblivion.

* * * *

How can You look at this mystery, and not see it is You?
How can You look at any other, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a mountain, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a plant, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a stream, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a rock, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a table, and not see it is You?
How can You look at an insect, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a bird, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a fish, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a horse, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a man, and not see he is You?
How can You look at a woman, and not see she is You?
How can You look at a child, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the ocean, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a cloud, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sky, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the moon, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sun, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the stars, and not see they are You?
How can You look at a particle of dust, and not see it is You?

* * * *

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

* * * *

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

* * * *

The distance from here to there, the distance from now to then,
From who to what to where to when to why to how,

All a state of mind, playing out in time.

* * * *

Take some slime, make some of it crunchy,
Give it a sensory feed, add a face,
And what do You have?

* * * *

Any given mind has it rabbit-hole loops of thinking
That gradually carve themselves very deeply
If one is not exceptionally attentive.

* * * *

There is no point bemoaning, no point lamenting, no point bewailing, no point mourning,
No point complaining about, no point moaning about, no point carping about
How different the health and capacity of mind and body were
In days gone by, in daze lost to imaginary glimpses of perception.

* * * *

Who is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
What is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
Where is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
When is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
Why is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
How is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?

* * * *

Never hesitate to take a moment, or several,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel, to ponder.
The nature around You, the nature You are.

* * * *

Everyone has their own dream, their own illusion.
It can be heaven, it can be hell.
Luck of the draw.

* * * *

Every creature plays out whatever intelligence is programmed in its genomic sequence.
All are innately equal parts of the same source, the same quantum field, the same mystery.

* * * *

Universe, Quantaverse, Electromagnetic spectrum;
Whole-view-big-picture labels for the same mystery.

* * * *

Who are You to assert any nature-nurture cosmos
Is any greater or lesser, better or worse, lovelier or uglier,
Than any other figment of imagination cast in this mystery theater?

* * * *

Imagination only thinks it is alive.
Imagination only dreams it is alive.
Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

Who the fuck cares?
What the fuck cares?
Where the fuck cares?
When the fuck cares?
Why the fuck cares?
How the fuck cares?

* * * *

What a limited, constricted view of God, so many, if not all, religions espouse.
And so many, if not all, sincerely believing they are the one and only true religion.
The self-absorbed absurdities of the human mind are surely without compare.

* * * *

As if any imaginary religion, any imaginary belief,
Any imaginary doctrine, any imaginary dogma, any imaginary value,
Any imaginary principle, any imaginary view, any imaginary code, any imaginary canon,
Any imaginary idea, any imaginary conviction, any imaginary philosophy,
Is required, has ever been required, will ever be required.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask, behind the imaginary character,
An indelible awareness, an ineffable emptiness.
Ever unknowable, ever immeasurable, ever unfathomable,
Ever incomprehensible, ever indescribable, ever enigmatic, ever inscrutable.

* * * *

You are the current issue of your genomic lineage
Since the origin of all life several billion orbits around the sun ago.
Every moment of eternal awareness playing out the quantum dream of space and time.

* * * *

Why should You ever believe anything You cannot discern for your Self?
Always keep an open mind, but do not give your over to fallacious thinking.

* * * *

How can You ever describe a sound?
How can You ever describe a sight?
How can You ever describe a taste?
How can You ever describe a smell?
How can You ever describe a feeling?
How can You ever describe anything?

And yet we are ever linguistic acrobats.

* * * *

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.

The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a word.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

* * * *

There are some couplings, some links, some unions, some joinings,
Some juxtapositions, some connections, some pairings,
Some blends, some meetings, some mixtures,
That transcend the many limits of mere mortal theater.

* * * *

Real faith is a beingness so indelible, so absolute,
That no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

Surely, You do not in any way believe your eensy-weensy window of perception
Witnesses even an infinitesimal smidgeon of the mystery's infinite indivisibility.

* * * *

In the world that imagination builds,
You are awareness playing a role,
Not a role, playing awareness.

* * * *

The human forebrain is but a collection of neurons,
In which awareness witness imagination frolicking,
In whatever way the given nature-nurture sanctions.

* * * *

Unless You have the power to enforce your views,
They really only matter as much as any opinion.

* * * *

You feel through the flesh.

You sound through the ears.
You smell through the nose.
You taste through the tongue.
You distance through the eyes.
You witness through the mind.

* * * *

How many contenders are there for Lifetime Participation awards?
How many contenders are there for Exceedingly Intelligent awards?
How many contenders are there for Relatively Intelligent awards?
How many contenders are there for Downright Stupid awards?

* * * *

Being comfortable, being safe, is not what soldiering is about.
Good idea to read the small print before You sign the bottom line.

* * * *

History is chock-full of revolutionaries who courageously followed their inner vision.
Feel free to decline, to reject, to discard, the human paradigm, if You are so inclined.
There may well be many challenging consequences, but do You really have a choice?

* * * *

The unyielding grip of imagination on the human paradigm is far too formidable,
But for the relentless doubt only the rarest minds have fortitude to mine.
This indelible, unfathomable, singular mystery, is every moment.
All sense of duality is but the figment of consciousness.

* * * *

You have been very much alone since life's beginning,
In that primordial sludge that made all this possible.

* * * *

Clocks, watches, calendars, or any other measurement device,
Are gauges of illusion, not reality, and most definitely not eternity.

* * * *

Imagine if You were to meet your current version when You were first starting out.
What would You think of the story, of the ramblings, of the stranger across the table?
Unlikely few could ever even begin to foresee the life and times they ended up living.

* * * *

You are a reflection of the indelible mystery.
It created You, and You mirrored the favor.
If You consider being born a favor, that is.

* * * *

To interpret anything, clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,

Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

* * * *

Strategies and tactics, whether in war or daily existence, arise and evolve as necessity calls.
A very pragmatic process for those who have the will, capacity, stamina,
To survive and thrive the ever-changing battlefield.

* * * *

So much You shoulda-coulda-woulda done differently.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Your ancestors started out as slime in one gloopy puddle or another,
And Darwin-ed their way to being tree-climbers.
Not much has changed.

* * * *

The personal mind is an imaginary creation.
The impersonal mind You are is creation unto its Self.
It is imagination from which the awareness You are must detach.

* * * *

How can there ever be a ‘last prophet’ until the species finally extinguishes itself?
The last one will be certainly much closer to the final curtain,
Than eyes-on discern at this writing.

* * * *

You have spent this life creating in so many ways, and where is it all now?
Some of it still in possession, some of it in the hands of others,
Most of it likely in garbage dumps or feeding fires.
So it goes, so it went, such is existence.
As if it never even happened.

* * * *

Might has always made right.
Whatever justice there may be is moderated by compassion,
Benevolence, sympathy, forgiveness, kindness, mercy, understanding, humanity, tolerance,
Magnanimity, clemency, generosity, identification, fairness, rightness, solicitude,
Empathy, appreciation, forbearance, high-mindedness, concern,
Indulgence, leniency, pity, consideration, altruism,
Awareness, conscience, care, grace.

* * * *

How can You continue believing this imaginary self is at all real, is at all true?
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum theater of ecstasy and agony,
Swirled in the nature-nurture dream of the given seed.

Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Without thought, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench your mind.
Let go your world, let go your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Always becoming is the Sisyphean chore of insatiable imagination.
If it is serenity You quest, You will discern it in the emptiness of a still mind.
Such a simple thing, yet more arduous than any escapade the mystery could ever spin.

* * * *

When it comes to speculation about the mystery.
Best to resist imagination's insatiable inclination.

* * * *

All the slicing and dicing of the mystery into this or that certainty,
Is the endless absurdity of imagination pretending it knows something.
What is imagination, what is consciousness, but a dream state ever babbling.

* * * *

Awareness You are; in which, through which, in whichever way,
The electromagnetic spectrum plays out its illusionary mystery theater.

* * * *

How long can humankind can keep pushing the limits of the natural order
Is a question only the last human being standing will be able to answer,
And chances are, he or she will have no idea how alone, alone truly is.

* * * *

In the That I Am I Am way of seeing this dream,
The protagonist You play is not You, nor is any other, either.
Consciousness, in all its many roles, can never be more than it imagines.

* * * *

The way it was, the way it will be, is never the way it is,
In the ever-changing dream, in the never-changing moment.

* * * *

Without thought, where is space, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench the mind.
Let go the world, the universe.
Be the eternal, You are.

* * * *

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?
Will it really matter in one hour?

Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

Do You truly-without-doubt believe God gives a rat's ass whether your team wins?
Are You really so pathetically self-absorbed to believe he or she or it,
Is focused entirely on You or your wretched little tribe?
That all your hopes and prayers mean squat in some divine plan?
Just perhaps next year's New Year Resolution should be to fucking wake up.

* * * *

What need to make pure awareness, pure beingness, a group activity,
Filled with all the usual suspects that wrap themselves
Around dogma born of conscious design.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are no match for ignorance and absurdity.
They can but ridicule and mimic them from the sidelines,
And risk being bludgeoned and burnt at the stake.

* * * *

Time-bound imagination imagines itself existing forever.
Unborn-undying awareness is harbor to no such delusion.

* * * *

How can You gaze out into the starry-starry night,
And not discern your true nature, your true mystery?

* * * *

What do You really want? What do You really not want?
And is what You are doing now going to make it happen?

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.
Who said there must be meaning and purpose?
Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

Stream of consciousness.
Stream of imagination.
Stream of dreamtime.
All the same thing.
All the same mystery.

* * * *

If You are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.
Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.

* * * *

History is a rolodex of story after story.
All born of imagination's usurpation of the moment.
So many pretending they know so much, pretending to be so much.
An absurd little dream of countless forays into every inanity imagination can devise;
All to be forgotten in natural selection's unintended consequences file.

* * * *

That we even believe there is, or is not, a god or gods,
Is among the first and last vanities born of imagination.

* * * *

If You have to be something,
If You have to recall something,
If You have to accomplish something,
Then You are overlooking the awareness,
This moment in which everything transpires.
Who is the perceiver but the one in all.

* * * *

To be a sheeple, or not to be a sheeple, that is the question.

Either choice renders consequences not always easily endured.

* * * *

Praying there is not a raging fire and brimstone god,
Would be a better use of time for more than a few.

* * * *

Imagination is but a pattern, a habit, born of nature-nurture's evolutionary happenchance.
A touchy-feely dream in the electromagnetic spectrum's beyond-all-pales mystery theater.
No need to get more attached to the apparent reality of it than the given moment calls.

* * * *

All that passion, all that angst, all that whatever,
Is merely imagination getting the better of You.

* * * *

Imagination certainly has a knack for poking its nose
Into anything and everything it can possibly imagine.

* * * *

One's existence need not be complicated, nor profound, to be deemed virtuous.
Perhaps the most humble, the most obscure, are among the greatest heroes.

* * * *

On and on
And on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on
And on …

* * * *

The mystery is a field of meshing patterns,
All indivisibly synced in timelessly harmonious vibration.
Each and every drop in the ocean is equally saturated with mystery.
How is it humankind is seemingly incapable of seeing this ultimate relationship?

Soundbites

Awareness is eternity; without thought, without desire, without passion, without fear, without dread.

* * * *

What would existence be like, if You had never seen your face?

* * * *

Solitude, whatever the space or time, allows You to close the door on the world.

* * * *

A still mind, a no-mind, is a now mind.

* * * *

The sway of compliments and their opposites, are the weavers of vanity.

* * * *

Viewing what is, through the lens of what was, creates every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Cross all boundaries, dissolve all boundaries.

* * * *

Destiny's final curtain descends, when no more choices remain.

* * * *

You are as inwardly free as You allow your Self to be.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is any boundary, but the world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

To live every moment fully, is the end of history.

* * * *

To be capable of any role, any deed, as need arises, is the mark of a true mystic.

* * * *

Do You really believe all those words, all those numbers, all those anything, really matter to the mystery?

* * * *

How is your fate different than a bug going splat on a windshield?

* * * *

Sentimental vanity, the dust storm of imagination.

* * * *

True science does no harm.

* * * *

Wisdom is hard won, and easily forgotten.

* * * *

Unknown looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Nothing is the same today as it was yesterday.

* * * *

Do not believe the poof of your own imaginary myth, or any others, for that matter.

* * * *

It would only take one madman to kick the first domino into a nuclear holocaust.

* * * *

More absurdity by the day.

* * * *

Nothing is immortal.

* * * *

The hoity-toity have always mesmerized themselves into believing they are especially special.

* * * *

It all passes the same; give up the calculus that differentiates yay or nay.

* * * *

To truly become totally detached from the world, what would that be like?

* * * *

Stop torturing your Self.

* * * *

You are the indivisible playing divisible.

* * * *

Few histories withstand the test of time; and even the most resilient, only a while longer.

* * * *

Name that illusion.

* * * *

The Great Lie continues.

* * * *

The mind loves its gorp; it is up to You to cease the gluttony for more.

* * * *

Anticipation sometimes morphs into a form of Self-flagellation.

* * * *

Genomic sequences ever strive for immortality, but only nothing is lasts forever, whatever forever is.

* * * *

Vanity is the glue of illusion.

* * * *

If You really believe You are that blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey, then think again.

* * * *

Time is a weight, historians happily bear.

* * * *

Impede commerce at your own risk.

* * * *

The past has only so much control over any given present.

* * * *

History evaporates as surely as any body of water in the hot-cold of dreamtime.

* * * *

What a weight, what a bother, all that self-imagining.

* * * *

The human paradigm is entirely the invention of imagination; its reality, but an agreed-upon notion.

* * * *

For all stories to end, would require the extermination of every storyteller round every campfire.

* * * *

All are watching, none are watching.

* * * *

No matter the view, no matter the perspective, it is ever the same timeless mystery.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is an exercise in imagination.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a pawn of imagination.

* * * *

To be as still as You are able in the given moment, is as close to eternal life as You can get.

* * * *

Depression is Self-sabotage, too loathsome a state of mind to allow manifestation.

* * * *

Be the ether.

* * * *

The unifying principal is a still mind; pure awareness, indifferent to sensory input.

* * * *

The entire universe is but a whirling particle of dust in an immeasurable void.

* * * *

Infinity and infinitesimal imply measurements that are not real.

* * * *

When all questions are answered, where will You be, what will You do?

* * * *

Everything always boils down to this moment.

* * * *

There is no past moment, there is no future moment, there is only this moment.

* * * *

In awareness, no memory resides.

* * * *

In the web of life, all life has equal value.

* * * *

Pure decadence is chance-able in the relativity of moderation.

* * * *

How can awareness retain a memory?

* * * *

Critical thinking, wisdom, insight, cannot be taught; it must be learned.

* * * *

The human paradigm is falling on its own sword.

* * * *

No need to believe in anything.

* * * *

Whatever You think anything is, is never what it is.

* * * *

How much of this world, this cosmos, this dreamtime, do You want to keep inflicting upon your moment?

* * * *

What memory need any universe retain?

* * * *

Try not to believe your own hype.

* * * *

Play it how You feel it.

* * * *

The bonds of time are all about You.

* * * *

See it or not, we are all existentialists.

* * * *

What You see this moment, You wii never see again.

* * * *

Try not take life personally.

* * * *

This moment, this moment, this moment … everything has kaleidoscoped right alongside-inside You.

* * * *

We could not all be explorers, else there would not be a world, in which to wander and ponder.

* * * *

Keeping lies to a minimum keeps You from having to to remember them.

* * * *

The shadow of fear disappears when desire is disengaged.

* * * *

One cannot be known without another; it is You who must see You.

* * * *

Others are like ghosts, haunting the corridors of the mind.

* * * *

The still pond is its Self.

* * * *

We are reaping what we have sewn, and taking the garden down with us.

* * * *

Not interested in playing that game.

* * * *

Fiction no more.

* * * *

Technology is not going to solve the problem it in large part created.

* * * *

The Petri dish is running out of room.

* * * *

Abandon ship.

* * * *

Casting pearls to swine can be dangerous business.

* * * *

Let us count the ways the wave is crashing into tumultuous ruin.

* * * *

Microbes so vain as to try to get as many other microbes to care about them as possible.

* * * *

Eat anything enough times, and it may well become a delicacy.

* * * *

Not all discomfort can be avoided, and is it a good idea in this Darwinian universe to be too soft?

* * * *

Let us imagine the choices born of free will.

* * * *

Any existence is replete with countless choiceless choices; all harbor to the given fate.

* * * *

Yet another day of unborn-undying-birth-death of every moment.

* * * *

You are but awareness, You cannot die, there is no need to fear it.

* * * *

Taking responsibility for another life form’s health and well-being, is not a task lightly taken.

* * * *

Any tree bears fruit long after it is planted.

* * * *

If they were going to take your advice, they would not have needed it in the first place.

* * * *

What choice does any seed have, but to endure whatever fate is prescribed.

* * * *

Is there a universe without its creation, without You, to imagine it?

* * * *

Whether or not You pay attention to it, the moment is ever the indelible You.

* * * *

An absurd world replete with horror galore.

* * * *

All science and mathematics are really doing is measuring illusion.

* * * *

Why fear death, when it has, every moment, been your constant companion.

* * * *

Boundaries are for the uninitiated.

* * * *

Fate is sculpted by all the choices, all the decisions, voluntary and involuntary, every moment calls for.

* * * *

Be careful what You think, what You believe, what You assume, your Self into.

* * * *

How much Self-reflection is really required to be one with the awareness?

* * * *

The land of the free stomping on those who are not.

* * * *

You want a point, a purpose, well, good luck finding one that is tangible.

* * * *

Take your thoughts, take your chemistry, the direction You feel called to go.

* * * *

When was the first time You wanted? The first time You feared? The first time You dreaded?

* * * *

The dissolution of what never was from any get-go.

* * * *

Remember, all these thoughts, are the timelessly time-bound You, pointing to the timeless You.

* * * *

Some souls are cheap at any price; by the way, what's yours?

* * * *

We are all on the spectrum of quantum persuasion: both predator and prey, You are.

* * * *

The no-mind is nothing more than the right-here-right-now prior-to-consciousness awareness.

* * * *

Dance, puppet, dance.

* * * *

Why shouldn't You be the One?

* * * *

Be, when You are alone, the no-worries-no-whiny persona You project in your public forum.

* * * *

Your fate keeps the wheel of destruction lubed.

* * * *

Earth … Wind … Water … Fire … are the dancers of creation and destruction, in the ether of totality.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate inexorably written in the sands of timelessness.

* * * *

A world full of megalomaniacs, full sail towards the falls, and its minions in mindless compliance.

* * * *

Every language morphs on and on and on, for as long as imagination rolls.

* * * *

Warrior breath, dragon breath, full breath, call it what You will; just do it, at least now and again.

* * * *

If you're going to do something, what point is there, being afraid or dreading it?

* * * *

The mystery equally plays out, in quantum perfection, whatever form is taken.

* * * *

Blow out through the top of the cranium.

* * * *

These thoughts are for those who feel the call in the chain of possesslessness.

* * * *

Each breath, an ocean’s wave.

* * * *

It does not matter what is out there, if You do not care for what is here.

* * * *

False humidity does not become You.

* * * *

Call it whatever religious or scientific name You will, all were born of the womb of nothingness.

* * * *

Keeping secrets and covetable things to your Self, makes for far less bother.

* * * *

Does the ocean know the travails of the crashing waves?

* * * *

Some people should be keeping a scale near the fridge for the rest of their lives.

* * * *

You do not ask, to be in the driver's seat, or any other throne.

* * * *

"Never again," You thought to yourself, not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Best not pick fights You cannot win.

* * * *

Are You the awareness, or the absurdity passing through?

* * * *

You must be very alone, even in a crowd, to be, who-what-where-when-why-how, You really are.

* * * *

Far easier to add more, to too little, than it is to take back, too much.

* * * *

Death is just the same You, without the body; the same You, in which all creation dances.

* * * *

Small, medium, large, x-large, xx-large, xxx-large … Who decides that, anyway?

* * * *

There is no way to make existence chore-free.

* * * *

What is the point of being a hero, if You are not, first and foremost, your own?

* * * *

That idea You have about yourself, that self-image, is the thorn that keeps on giving.

* * * *

History is more weed patch than garden.

* * * *

Defying Darwin is risky business for any genomic strand.

* * * *

Self-pity; try not to go there.

* * * *

What clowns do all these pedestals bear.

* * * *

Observing silence, what would that be like?

* * * *

Nothing imaginary has ever, will ever, can ever, mean anything.

* * * *

Step right up, folks! Time machines for sale! Get ‘em while they’re hot!

* * * *

Coincidences are not.

* * * *

Judge harshly, and You will be judge harshly; judge kindly, and You may be judged kindly.

* * * *

Can an aphorism capture the essence of any given life?

* * * *

Destiny is all, when illusion and delusion reign.

* * * *

Entitlement is the stuff of dreams.

* * * *

You battle your windmills, others battle their own, all to the same end.

* * * *

All your tithing, where do You really think it gets You?

* * * *

Another one of those irony-paradox things.

* * * *

To Meyer Baba, or not to Meyer Baba, that is the question.

* * * *

Mindfully mindless.

* * * *

Is there really any one thing more or less pointless than any other?

* * * *

Why does it have to mean anything?

* * * *

To take the red pill, and keep it down, requires great doubt.

* * * *

Eternity is not going anywhere.

* * * *

If there ever were a Frankenstein, it is the future human consciousness hath wrought.

* * * *

The digital world is a house of cards waiting for a puff of wind to blow it all away.

* * * *

Seriously, how is religion organized?

* * * *

Who is in control, Imagination or You?

* * * *

Truth always boils down to the given moment.

* * * *

Ego is attachment to your frame of reference.

* * * *

Are You awareness, this moment? Or frame of reference, this moment?

* * * *

It is done.

* * * *

Likely, there are far worse fates.

* * * *

How it used to be, is how it used to be; now, is how it is.

* * * *

What will become of all that vanity that whirls about your head?

* * * *

Pluses outweighing minuses generally make for a tolerable existence.

* * * *

Another exciting day in the melee of philosophy.

* * * *

What's your conspiracy?

* * * *

The awareness is the soul that permeates all creation, and the infinity beyond.

* * * *

What is the state of consciousness not weighed down by the vagaries of memory?

* * * *

Amazing what the mind can adapt to, will adapt to, to keep on breathing.

* * * *

Awakening is a grass roots phenomenon.

* * * *

If You believe in god, how can it not include You?

* * * *

Imagination and sexuality are very closely linked in the rise (and fall) of the human paradigm.

* * * *

How can imagination ever mean anything?

* * * *

Historians will sort it out.

* * * *

To state there is free will is indeed a dubious claim.

* * * *

You play the illusion-delusion your integrity allows.

* * * *

What windmill calls You today, oh brave knight?

* * * *

If there were a point, surely, it would first and foremost be, to survive the day.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world; become the awareness You are, as often as attention allows.

* * * *

No skin off your nose.

* * * *

Why should You ever be afraid again?

* * * *

Doubt, don't leave home without it.

* * * *

Live every moment as it You were completely alone.

* * * *

Kick that other out.

* * * *

To truly not care what another thinks, is a bliss, of sorts.

* * * *

What are You holding on to, but every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Curiosity kills the buddha, or at least distracts him.

* * * *

Get out, damned other, get out.

* * * *

Oxygen deprivation is the first and foremost means for imagination to seize the helm.

* * * *

Serendipity is not.

* * * *

Respect others, as You wish them to respect You.

* * * *

The elephant in the room, standing right there, how can You not see it?

* * * *

How cannot any possibility be on the mystery's table?

* * * *

Observe silence.

* * * *

The masks of illusion wander all about You.

* * * *

"What a hot sack of bones You are!" You said mockingly, to the reflection in the mirror.

* * * *

Falling out the saddle, every once in a while, is what cowboys do.

* * * *

Are You a seeker of truth, no matter that it is beneath every rock, and every rock, as well?

* * * *

No mystery is complete without the lead actor being the mystery its Self.

* * * *

Name that conspiracy

* * * *

It is only coincidence, only serendipity, if You believe in free will.

* * * *

To observe silence, or not to observe silence, that is the question.

* * * *

A complex pattern, but a pattern, nonetheless.

* * * *

How will You play your vanity today?

* * * *

Red pill, blue pill, every moment, the choice.

* * * *

Emotion only clouds the sky.

* * * *

A teacher may present something, but what is taken away by the student, is the lesson learned.

* * * *

Your detachment is required.

* * * *

Still your mind … Eternity is that stillness … Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

Mystery is its name, wonder is its game, stillness is its frameless.

* * * *

The nectar of existence: forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.

* * * *

What pathetic endgame are You fated to endure?

* * * *

Truth has always been by hijacked by the wolves to herd the sheep.

* * * *

You are eternity; the trick is to be it.

* * * *

Dogs and cats have figured it out, that's for sure.

* * * *

Could You cluster fuck that any better?

* * * *

Is that You, eating the ice cream, or You, off daydreaming, eating the ice cream?

* * * *

Life is the muse.

* * * *

A world made to order for sociopaths, psychopaths, and other DSM labels.

* * * *

Why should You care about what any other thinks of You, as more than a pragmatic exercise?

* * * *

What, but unutterable delusion, makes anyone believe anyone can save them?

* * * *

Wonder is its name.

* * * *

You are neither earth nor air nor fire nor water nor ether.

* * * *

Where are You when the world disappears?

* * * *

What would human history be, if there truly was such a thing as love?

* * * *

Creators destroy, destroyers create; it is but quantum swirl, imagination's twirl.

* * * *

All alone in the corner again, are we?

* * * *

Delusion is the inevitable result of desire and fear spinning their tale.

* * * *

He yammers on and on, Mommy, make him stop.

* * * *

Death is inevitable – perhaps even mid-sentence and exceedingly embarrassing – were You around to care.

* * * *

All stories begin with the first breath; end with the last.

* * * *

How fortunate, those who are content, with whatever lives the genetic lottery has allotted.

* * * *

Awareness is, without any desire, without any fear, without any passion, whatsoever.

* * * *

The conditioning that nature-nurture molded, is what whips You into the clutches of imagination.

* * * *

What creature is not a guinea pig for science?

* * * *

The imaginary mind's attachment to the sensory feed, is what fuels the engine of imagination.

* * * *

Both water and sewage follow gravity's lead.

* * * *

Imagination is ever ready to step into awareness overtaken by inattention.

* * * *

The point is, to get You to think – critically, judiciously, rationally – for your Self.

* * * *

Mix and match as You please.

* * * *

The choices seem pretty simple: join the dance, sit a cave, suicide, or all of the above.

* * * *

Imagination is likely always going to be getting its taste; hopefully, not all the time.

* * * *

Check that assumption at the door.

* * * *

There is no world, no universe, but the one You every moment in imagination carry.

* * * *

Imagination plays You so.

* * * *

Consumer lap dogs yapping for more.

* * * *

It has always been a jungle; the only difference now is the paths are paved and cemented.

* * * *

If You are seeking god, look to the awareness within.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.

* * * *

Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.

* * * *

Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.

* * * *

Yup, kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

Science marches on, over the hearts and minds of countless lab rats, of the two-legged variety.

* * * *

If You write it better, do it; we are all our own song.

* * * *

This is the only now, this is the only moment, eternity has to offer.

* * * *

How many stories, how many writings, how many creations, have been lost to time?

* * * *

A still mind is a timeless mind.

* * * *

The only rule, is to never stop; to stop, is to die, literally-figuratively, whatever.

* * * *

Imagination is the veil maker.

* * * *

Awareness attired in illusion.

* * * *

Only five senses? What's that about?

* * * *

The quantum dance.

* * * *

Are You right-here-right-now worldly? Or right-here-right-now eternal?

* * * *

It never happened.

* * * *

All metaphors are but mesmerizers of imagination, the usurper; they have no reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

What calls You: toe-dipping or full-immersion?

* * * *

Eternity is the omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent moment; the one and only moment, that has ever been.

* * * *

No, it did not happen the way You remember.

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants You to believe in it, how is its vanity, any more or less than yours?

* * * *

No matter how objective, no matter how rational, no matter how true, it is still arbitrary.

* * * *

When did You first learn to fear?

* * * *

We are all our own song.

* * * *

A good sword is created through hot and cold, and a beating between.

* * * *

Enough and no more.

* * * *

The joy of the figurative, is the dance, for which imagination has no end of thirst.

* * * *

Call it mystery, call it wonder, call it unknown, it is all and none of the above.

* * * *

Why do it? Why not?

* * * *

What did people talk about when there were no words?

* * * *

Someone might think about You occasionally; certainly not as much time as You do, yourself.

* * * *

Very clear attention, very clear intention, is the key to momentary living.

* * * *

Time is the movement of mind; awareness, the stillness through which it passes.

* * * *

Awareness is without desire, without fear, without any passion, at all.

* * * *

Maybe some other tomorrow.

* * * *

So worth it.

* * * *

What is human existence but a walkabout with imagination.

* * * *

What is nationalism, but tribalism scaled large.

* * * *

Does it seem like You were chosen and groomed to play this role?

* * * *

Frame of reference, or awareness without frames?

* * * *

Your story is your own.

* * * *

Why bother about things over which You have absolutely no control, which is almost everything.

* * * *

You never know what banner history will take up next.

* * * *

Are You watching?

* * * *

Being in the moment is an unbearable-lightness-of-being thing.

* * * *

Rotsa ruck with all the history bearing down upon You and your world.

* * * *

What’s to miss?

* * * *

Your story is what You imagine it.

* * * *

Go straight to Go, or go round and round the board, your choice.

* * * *

Sometimes You pay attention, sometimes You don't, so what?

* * * *

Always look forward to the moment, anywhere else is imagination playing its usurpation game.

* * * *

Here You are; what more to You want?

* * * *

Every mind, its own story.

* * * *

Could it get any more absurd? Well, yes.

* * * *

Second-guessing your Self, is a bumpy road, filled with every variety of pain and suffering.

* * * *

Other than stoking vanity, what is there to be recognized for, really?

* * * *

The moment, the now, the huff ‘n puff of the imaginary nature-nurture frame of reference, is all You are.

* * * *

Anything risks becoming dogma; be wary of all idols, especially the one within.

* * * *

You are not the illusory dreamtime, the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

All the philosophies ever spun, cannot surpass a breath.

* * * *

Be this moment, this right-here-right-now; You will get to that one soon enough.

* * * *

How much of too little does it take, to be too much?

* * * *

What happened, that, that moment became a scar in flesh or bone or mind, or all of the above?

* * * *

Some lessons are easy, some, hard; pay attention, else You may well endure it again and again.

* * * *

Play the play, as You any-given-moment feel.

* * * *

Keeping the blob under the beltline does not appear to be a priority for oh so many.

* * * *

Rational or irrational, You are arbiter of your mind, your thoughts, your world, your cosmos.

* * * *

How freeing it is not to care.

* * * *

It is all You, upon every stage, for all of whatever eternity is, and is not.

* * * *

Tough it out, kid.

* * * *

Extrapolate beyond the limits of imagination.

* * * *

Some things are literal, some, figurative; You are sovereign in your morphing interpretation.

* * * *

Benevolent intentions towards all can be a challenging beast.

* * * *

You must, every moment, decide how powerful You need to be.

* * * *

Do not second-guess, doubt, betray, your Self.

* * * *

That is going to be a challenging rut to climb your way out of.

* * * *

There it is, You finally saw it, and not for the first time today.

* * * *

Imaginary notions can be so insidious.

* * * *

Habits die hard, if they die at all.

* * * *

No point regretting, really; it is done, no rewind, game over, so it goes, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Team effort requires team effort.

* * * *

History is both chronicle and propaganda, to those for whom it is written.

* * * *

Self-doubt; what a corrupting viper.

* * * *

Never assume any given opponent will not attack at any given moment.

* * * *

Today's Sisyphean boulder up-the-mountain, is awakening tomorrow, back at its base.

* * * *

Imagination ceaselessly makes every effort to steal the show, in every way literal and figurative allow.

* * * *

Discerning the source code to the conditioning is imperative for any meaningful change.

* * * *

Looking out through the frame of reference is the sure way to participate in the human debacle.

* * * *

Are You puppet, or puppeteer?

* * * *

Sisyphus looks up, sighs, and begins the daily toil; perhaps whistling, perhaps not.

* * * *

Are You, You? Or You?

* * * *

Live it Darwin.

* * * *

What culture has ever been free of slow or sudden changes, of hiccups in the tribal synergy?

* * * *

A stream of consciousness.

* * * *

How is it, that enough, is never enough for so many

* * * *

Are You a blob, or the awareness prior to blobbery?

* * * *

What is a politician but a glad-handing whore for votes.

* * * *

Keep extraneous mental effort to a minimum, if you've the wit.

* * * *

Free will is an absurdity, to which relatively few awaken.

* * * *

The genetic lottery, ever spinning itself anew.

* * * *

Every variety of carrot and stick is on any given might-makes-right table.

* * * *

It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

Living never born is s rare feat.

* * * *

It is not about believing anything; it is about seeing everything.

* * * *

Walk from here to there, mindful of every step, every breath.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge – that frame of reference – is a burden You need not always carry.

* * * *

Imagination is the great mesmerizer.

* * * *

Why is it You hold back from your ultimate truth?

* * * *

Opportunities ain't what they used to be;

* * * *

Not caring is a very relaxing habit.

* * * *

Your carbon footprint is on the road to extinction.

* * * *

The tabula rasa mind is pure awareness; untainted by any fixture of consciousness.

* * * *

The puppeteers, the masters of the game, neither know nor care that You exist.

* * * *

What an insidious thing, Self-doubt.

* * * *

Try not to believe your own hype, much less any other's.

* * * *

You never know what someone will do when the passions are in play.

* * * *

Is it even possible to let go completely, to surrender everything, to be unconcerned, to depart while living?

* * * *

How is enough, never enough for so many?

* * * *

Back and forth, and forth and back, sometimes You, sometimes You; a perpetual schizophrenic joust.

* * * *

Extinction is all it is cracked up to be.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, of imagination, of dreamtime, all the same thing, all the same mystery.

* * * *

Life is windows and doors, always opening, always closing, nothing ever the same.

* * * *

Curse You, imagination.

* * * *

From emptiness to emptiness, and dust to dust for an instant between.

* * * *

How can the timeless now not be the eternal You?

* * * *

Time management, or timeless management, the dance between imagination and awareness.

* * * *

What choices would any of us make, or not make, again, if we knew the consequences?

* * * *

Science has finally proven what philosopher-mystic-seers long ago sorted.

* * * *

There is no ideal to fulfill; only the moment to attend.

* * * *

Clouds cannot touch the sky.

* * * *

How can there be desire or fear or dread, when You are the awareness You are.

* * * *

Forms morph every moment; the source is ever the same.

* * * *

Quantum is not etched in stone; it is the stone.

* * * *

You really believe You are this blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey?

* * * *

Humankind will be chomping on Mother Earth for as long as the DNA manages to survive.

* * * *

The timeless now does not move to be toyed with.

* * * *

Do not allow fear to lead.

* * * *

Sometimes more, sometimes less; each moment must be gauged.

* * * *

Human history is full of horror; why would anyone believe the future exempt?

* * * *

Damned work ethic.

* * * *

Humankind is somewhere past the high point of the roller coaster to hell.

* * * *

Ignorance is the wheel of its own destruction.

* * * *

A calling is like living in a rainbow, if You are fortunate enough to find it.

* * * *

Life is the muse.

* * * *

So, is your God a blob, too?

* * * *

How many selections did it take for nature to evolve into You?

* * * *

Quantum Nature is not waiting for us to catch up with the accelerating exponential we have inspired.

* * * *

No gold rush lasts long; by the time most even hear about it, it is likely too late.

* * * *

Immortality is the eternal reality, of which all creation is an ever-changing part.

* * * *

Try not to take it personal.

* * * *

And the forgiving nature of the world hissing out, like air from a punctured tire.

* * * *

No need for politics once You are away from any other's limelight.

* * * *

Is it everything You might have hoped?

* * * *

Fantasy may be much more fun than reality, but reality grows the food and pays the bills.

* * * *

What is your cost/benefit ratio between life and death?

* * * *

Mother Nature is taking us all to the whipping post.

* * * *

Imagination is in the forebrain: corral it there to do YOUR bidding, not its imaginary version.

* * * *

Entitlement runs deep in this our modern world.

* * * *

The clouds cannot not disturb the sky, no matter how they thunder and lightning.

* * * *

Nothing has just one cause.

* * * *

To become a master of anything, one must value it beyond all measure.

* * * *

That would be a very biggee, and that, a very smallee, in the relative sense, of course.

* * * *

Home is where no other reigns.

* * * *

Numbers don't lie.

* * * *

Be wary of out-of-context soundbites.

* * * *

All choices play forward, all choice ripple out, in one way or another.

* * * *

If You must have a tribe, let it be all creation.

* * * *

Anything for a once and a while; nothing all the time.

* * * *

Be your Self, humble yourself.

* * * *

Think how much simpler it all was, when it was just instinct running the show.

* * * *

Sitting around the nest is not for everyone.

* * * *

Are You able to look at something, and drink it in, as if it were the very first time?

* * * *

Speculation studied, is always more sound than speculation assumed.

* * * *

Some things in life are too good to be quaffed.

* * * *

Do with your life whatever inclination the moment allows.

* * * *

Life is full of scar tissue.

* * * *

The Seven Deadly Intoxications: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth.

* * * *

Absolute war makes for absolute death.

* * * *

Mammon might give audience to wisdom if there is profit in it.

* * * *

All choices, wise or foolish, have their consequences.

* * * *

It is the nature of ripples, to ripple into other ripples, and they, on and on.

* * * *

Traditions must be adaptable to change, to avoid the staleness that crashes upon its reef.

* * * *

You are as free as free will allows.

* * * *

Do whatever You have the stamina to endure, whatever You are willing to pay the given piper.

* * * *

Solitude is as free of politics as the ever-churning mind allows.

* * * *

Measuring illusion, where does it get You, really?

* * * *

Imagination is the whore of illusion.

* * * *

Your health and well-being is not a political issue.

* * * *

Death is the fate of every seed.

* * * *

What will be your last thought?

* * * *

Wisdom is no barrier against the tides of ignorance.

* * * *

If it dies on the vine, who will notice?

* * * *

The clouds cannot not disturb the sky.

* * * *

How many selections did it take for that nature to evolve?

* * * *

What's that breath doing now?

* * * *

That moment, and all prior, never happened, nor will any and all hence.

* * * *

Is what You think You are missing, really anything more than more mind gorp?

* * * *

The mind-body is the quantum creator, generating a universe, as immense as imagination allows.

* * * *

The universe is a crap shoot, ever rolling down the table.

* * * *

All that can go wrong, is going wrong; right, not so much.

* * * *

Youth is about collecting memories; aging about not drowning in them.

* * * *

So quickly forgotten; history is like that.

* * * *

What pain is another day of the same-old-same-old worth?

* * * *

Space and time can come to an end, if You shut your sense very tightly, and let the mind be very still.

* * * *

Awareness is the witness, the intelligence, to which imagination subscribes.

* * * *

Hunt, eat, pee, poop, breed, ponder, sleep, repeat.

* * * *

Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all believe.

* * * *

Have You ever wished You could play another part?

* * * *

If You seek serenity, You will discern it in the absoluteness of aloneness.

* * * *

How different any difference to the universe?

* * * *

The knowingness is in the beingness.

* * * *

Imagination is the instigator of all vanity, of all drama.

* * * *

You are as limited as You imagine.

* * * *

Lust is about friction that stimulates an orgasm; love only mixes the metaphors.

* * * *

If You really want to find god, kill your self.

* * * *

The You, You think You are, is a fabrication from any get-go.

* * * *

That was a good fishing trip.

* * * *

In the awareness, in the nothingness, You are, and are not, all universes disappear.

* * * *

We are all slaves; not all in chains.

* * * *

Not easy to outrun a drone.

* * * *

You may not consciously witness the actual moment, but You can attend your moment.

* * * *

All Ponzi schemes, all gold rushes, all fads, end sooner or later.

* * * *

And knowing all they know, seeing all they see, still they breed.

* * * *

Prior to all creation, prior to all patterns, all forms, all functions, all plays of consciousness, You are.

* * * *

If You must blame something, blame the genomic sequencing, within which You have been imprisoned.

* * * *

The limits of consciousness are the limits of the given container.

* * * *

It seemed real at the time.

* * * *

Science is a story, too, and so are all its other ivory tower cronies.

* * * *

Be Self-ish.

* * * *

Only You know.

* * * *

If time could be stopped, surely someone would have figured it out by now.

* * * *

Another revelation, whoo-hoo.

* * * *

All youth sooner or later loses its innocence; the later the better.

* * * *

Be alone, be very, very alone.

* * * *

The space-time continuum is a kaleidoscoping illusion.

* * * *

Dust off the awareness.

* * * *

The world that imagination built, with the aid of oxygen deprivation.

* * * *

Pray tell, how is a rabbit any different?

* * * *

The You, You think You are, is not the You, You really are.

* * * *

The mind that wants answers to everything, is a gateway to enlightenment, or insanity.

* * * *

Poof, that moment is gone, too; keep up, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Innocence has a quaint bliss hovering about it.

* * * *

Imagination is to awareness as clouds are to the sky.

* * * *

The paltry few.

* * * *

To be truly, fully, completely, absolutely alone, is a gift to your Self.

* * * *

Self-ish, indeed.

* * * *

For another day of the same-old-same-old, what pain will You endure?

* * * *

The mind is always searching for where the lungs already are.

* * * *

Everything is only as important, only as unimportant, as imagination makes it.

* * * *

Self-pity is the barren stepchild of self-absorption.

* * * *

It only matters to vanity.

* * * *

Let us know when You find your face.

* * * *

Yesterday and tomorrow are imaginary reference points.

* * * *

Peer out to the horizon, to the moon, to the sun, to the stars; the same mystery in all.

* * * *

Emotion is a rabbit hole, from which only the rare few escape.

* * * *

Except for the gurus's vanity, why would it possibly matter if You have one or many?

* * * *

The lies that imagination built.

* * * *

Yet another tiny vision binding the sheeples into a flummox.

* * * *

Patterns cannot churn if they do not have a matrix in which to churn.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to all.

* * * *

There will come a time when it is no longer your decision to make.

* * * *

Challenging to stay lean in a fat world.

* * * *

Do not confuse negation with negativity; the beingness of awareness is neither positive or negative.

* * * *

Putting it all together is what philosophy is all about.

* * * *

Another blurb, another story, another manifesto, for the sands of quantum to blow away.

* * * *

Your presence is not required in that circus tent.

* * * *

You have never seen your own face, because You are the faceless Self.

* * * *

Where is the line between are and are not?

* * * *

Embrace the pain as best You can, and be sure to read the small print next time.

* * * *

The lungs already have the answer.

* * * *

Not too many life forms exist long in a vacuum.

* * * *

Take off that halter; break that chain, cut that leash; go wild, or go to seed, You decide.

* * * *

That story will be for your time to tell.

* * * *

If You are not attending to each and every breath, then imagination has You in its dreamy grip.

* * * *

A true-believer will do whatever the food chain dictates.

* * * *

Kind of a big Petri dish thing.

* * * *

Not all patterns are created equal; all patterns are created equal.

* * * *

Dread is bad chemistry, and can make the mind travel far afield, if one is not attentive.

* * * *

No point getting upset or worried about things You cannot change.

* * * *

What You bring to any classroom is your frame of reference.

* * * *

Talking to other philosophers, can be like lawyers talking lawyers.

* * * *

Any alliance is voluntary servitude.

* * * *

It is as much a yoke as You make it.

* * * *

A witty comment is only as witty as the wit, and its audience, more often than not, one in the same.

* * * *

Just the facts, ma'am.

* * * *

Sheep and shepherd, or sheep and wolf, depends on the hunger.

* * * *

What was just perceived by You, has always been known.

* * * *

Mother Quantum devised a spherical playing field, upon which all creatures play out their moment.

* * * *

One of these days, one of those close calls will be the last call; meanwhile, enjoy as best ye may.

* * * *

True believer, or true be-er?

* * * *

Measurement is all.

* * * *

Revenge is the spice of vanity.

* * * *

A level playing field only happens if all parties concerned agree to play fair, and do play fair.

* * * *

Not all teachers or teachings are equal.

* * * *

Neither left nor right eye know the true eye.

* * * *

Like everything else, impulsiveness has its moments of triumph.

* * * *

Find your own face before You deny your Self.

* * * *

At some point, You realize, You will never do something, that was once so important, again.

* * * *

Pain is pretty-darned immediate.

* * * *

Why bother arguing with someone who cannot hear You?

* * * *

Everything is food to something.

* * * *

Most habits are programmed for a lifetime; good luck breaking the shallow ones.

* * * *

Be cautious, the precedents You set; expectations can bite.

* * * *

An oxygenated brain makes for a happy mind.

* * * *

Wait, take that back.

* * * *

How hungry are You for another moment?

* * * *

Who is not shackled to one memory or another?

* * * *

Memory is the harbor of all demons.

* * * *

Normal is a mythological creature.

* * * *

Where is the mind that does not cling to memory, does not cling to imagination?

* * * *

Anyone who finds their true face, gets it all.

* * * *

If You have the insurance, someone will as-soon-as-possible devise whatever it takes to get a piece.

* * * *

To yoke, or not to yoke, that is the question.

* * * *

The giving heart is not driven by vanity and greed.

* * * *

Wallow where You will, life is full of choices.

* * * *

Let it be on somebody else's dime, unless You have them to spare.

* * * *

The game has always been rigged; everyone in on it but You.

* * * *

Matrix or imagination; chicken or egg.

* * * *

How will your universe carry on without You to witness it?

* * * *

Mister Just-in-Case says always be ready for that day that will hopefully never come.

* * * *

"How might that have come about?" You wondered, not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Education is a dubious exchange for innocence of mind.

* * * *

From quantum to chemical to biological, is how the dream rolls.

* * * *

The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are, from the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

Give up all notions, all that is imaginary, and You will find your Self in the clear space of awareness.

* * * *

You are not required to feel responsible for what any other thinks of You.

* * * *

Change is the constant construct.

* * * *

Quantum is the magic carpet; imagination, the flying carpet; awareness, the innocent bystander.

* * * *

Before the avalanche.

* * * *

Quite a thing to learn, finally, so late in life.

* * * *

Be your most honest Self with your Self.

* * * *

Darwin will weed it all out.

* * * *

The sour chemistry of inflammation is something to be mindful of in the workings of the mind-body.

* * * *

Doing battle with, or running from, the world, does not for harmony make.

* * * *

Just another day in the Cold War.

* * * *

Infinity is not a number.

* * * *

No, a good, deep breath, is not at all boring.

* * * *

Infinity is a pointless concept, perhaps the most pointless concept the human mind has ever devised.

* * * *

Philosophy ultimately can only point and gurgle at things in the same inarticulate way an infant does.

* * * *

Normal has an ever-changing face.

* * * *

Nothing gets a little more exciting every day.

* * * *

Civilization is not what natural selection had in mind.

* * * *

It is, and is not, as You imagine it to be.

* * * *

Live each moment as if it is your last, for, as we all know, You never know.

* * * *

One god, or many, all are false idols.

* * * *

What is judgment, but yes or no, in every size, shape, and flavor.

* * * *

A little patience allows for a lot of solutions.

* * * *

You can only be as free as You dare to be.

* * * *

Come back if You can.

* * * *

A revolutionary manifesto, way too late.

* * * *

The choice is yours … maybe.

* * * *

Personal memories are imagination's go-to in its awareness-usurpation game.

* * * *

Honor all wisdom.

* * * *

No one else to prove anything to but your Self.

* * * *

As some point, life may become more about what You do not want to do or possess.

* * * *

Attachment is a magnet that holds all in its orbit.

* * * *

Allow them their hell without You.

* * * *

Challenging for many a problem-solving mind not to wander into the problem-making lane.

* * * *

Go, Team Stranger.

* * * *

Does entitlement bring happiness?

* * * *

The sleight of hand of the quantum illusion is an every-moment, kaleidoscoping deception.

* * * *

It is a matter of record.

* * * *

Whistle while You weep.

* * * *

In the right-here-right-now, You are pure innocence, free of all charges.

* * * *

Funny, how good so many are, at circumventing their values for a paycheck.

* * * *

The unfathomable becomes fathomable, when You become it.

* * * *

Last one standing gets all the stuff, and whatever bother it ordains.

* * * *

Are You sure You deserve to be happy?

* * * *

Awareness is akin to an opaque sea of salt, an absolute, still clarity, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

What is to be realized? Nothing.

* * * *

Getting offstage before the curtain falls, perhaps on You, what say ye?

* * * *

What matters, and what does not matter, is in each and every moment's telling.

* * * *

They all think what they think, and You cannot do a damned thing about it.

* * * *

Picking sides, or not picking sides, all have their consequences.

* * * *

To call human beings animals, is not being kind to animals.

* * * *

We all have our limits, and set theory does the rest with fairy dust.

* * * *

Battle with water all You please; she does not do more than resist, assuming she is still, that is.

* * * *

There is no world but what the senses ply.

* * * *

You are as strong or weak as your spirit every moment chooses.

* * * *

Make your decisions from strength or weakness, You every moment choose.

* * * *

Thank You for your service.

* * * *

Metaphors were so much simpler way back when.

* * * *

What is a village or two, when there is so much stuff to buy and sell, or rape and pillage.

* * * *

Mommy, when did forever begin? And what happens to all the promises, if it ends?

* * * *

Such a tragedy to know too much too young.

* * * *

What are these blobby bodies but time machines traveling through awareness.

* * * *

Agape comes and goes, as moods of mind ebb and flow.

* * * *

Is there anything that is not subject to the appropriations and manipulations of propaganda?

* * * *

Get over your self, to your Self.

* * * *

Even the most anonymous, have more impact, than they will ever, can ever, know.

* * * *

You know You are That I Am.

* * * *

You are not going to do well in uppity company if You are not uppity.

* * * *

The big challenge with being sneaky, is not looking suspicious.

* * * *

The treasure may never be found if You do not read this.

* * * *

There blows curiosity.

* * * *

Born back into that which is prior to space and time every time You awaken.

* * * *

I know that guy, and there is no way he is a prophet; pretty sure he was odd, back in the day, too.

* * * *

Narcissistic and hedonism, where would vanity be, without them?

* * * *

Always do your best.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how, is there to go, without senses and mind to read it.

* * * *

There You go again, thinking all this real … and again … and again … and again …

* * * *

Space programs are run by geeks, suckled on Star Trek and Star Wars, who fell for the propaganda.

* * * *

Unless You are a master criminal out of the womb, You are going to get caught every now and again.

* * * *

A good, full breath; keep it simple.

* * * *

Your choices have been through what rational process, again?

* * * *

Be care free.

* * * *

Not misogynist, just tired of all the bullshit.

* * * *

Stress is your being anywhere but right-here-right-now.

* * * *

You paint a good face.

* * * *

The past is not a matter of choice; the future is not a matter of choice; You are not a matter of choice

* * * *

Try not to believe in all the pain, nor anticipate it, either.

* * * *

If You use drugs to see this, then be sure to keep on practicing in more sober moments, as well.

* * * *

Instead of an accumulation mindset, develop a let-go everything mindset.

* * * *

Suffer well, fool.

* * * *

Imagine, if You had to start learning everything, all over again.

* * * *

Release the doubt.

* * * *

Right and wrong are dictated by cultural mindsets, shaped in every manner, by the winds of time.

* * * *

You are a means for the mystery to explore existence.

* * * *

Imagination built its world, its universe, and it is up to You to reassert your Self.

* * * *

There is no deity on high; just a lot of very nasty, mean people on low.

* * * *

To pick a side, or not pick a side, that is the question.

* * * *

Oh, the things You shall never see.

* * * *

So it goes, for another head on the chopping block.

* * * *

The accuracy of any translation is always subject to the translator's frame of reference.

* * * *

Be first on your block to have this for free.

* * * *

Is it, do not stop thinking to breathe, or, do not stop breathing to think?

* * * *

Damned imagination.

* * * *

A piece of paper does not for intelligence make.

* * * *

To have no imaginary self-image, what would that be like?

* * * *

Another life misspent on the pursuit of trivia.

* * * *

The end of forever is nigh.

* * * *

Mother Nature sends the waves; ride them, or die.

* * * *

Why fear oblivion? It is what You truly are.

* * * *

Infinity does not touch what You really are; nor does infinitesimal, for that matter.

* * * *

If it is imagined, it is not real.

* * * *

Adrift in the Sea of Relativity.

* * * *

Best stay home if You do not want your vanity rung.

* * * *

When that last wheezing breath finally exits, will You be content to let it all go?

* * * *

Challenging to do something, for which You have neither interest nor passion.

* * * *

The same eye in all.

* * * *

Closer and closer to the edge; how close will You take it, before it takes You?

* * * *

What an adept translator would be required to convert this work to any other language.

* * * *

What is written cannot be unwritten; it can, however, be burned.

* * * *

How many of the world's endless array vexations have been caused by oxygen deprivation?

* * * *

When the world calls out, You need not always listen.

* * * *

That breath matters far more than what someone thinks about You.

* * * *

How little You really-truly know, smarty-pants.

* * * *

How can it not be the same awareness, the same unborn-undying mystery, in all?

* * * *

Eternity is right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment; cease looking for more.

* * * *

After all the names it has been given, is not Mystery the most accurate?

* * * *

When was it that You first became concerned what others thought of You?

* * * *

If something touches You negatively, You must believe it, at least in part, true.

* * * *

This is free, no obligation, monetary or otherwise, take it as such.

* * * *

What would You be like if You had not been domesticated, if You had not been educated?

* * * *

The divinity You seek, is the awareness You are, a candle in the abyss.

* * * *

Beware: Many will be only too happy to embezzle whatever You wittingly or unwittingly allow.

* * * *

One nap is good, two is better, three, a rival to nirvana.

* * * *

Occasionally, You serendipitously run into a fellow seer, and perhaps spend some seer-sage time.

* * * *

How alone You are, depends how deeply You have probed.

* * * *

Ain't pride a bitch?

* * * *

A seer sees, a sage shares, a seeker listens, a fool laughs.

* * * *

A little humility, letting go the vanity-vanity show, makes for a more serene mind.

* * * *

Nothing to assert, nothing to emote, nothing to avoid.

* * * *

How domesticated are You?

* * * *

What is future? What is past? What is forever? Without time, without space, without illusion?

* * * *

Unhook

* * * *

And is not that the way, for all?

* * * *

Arrogance can get You broken or dead, if You inflict it on the wrong people.

* * * *

Be eternity.

* * * *

Why be humble, why not be humble, about awakening?

* * * *

If You can kill a fly or spider, You can kill anything.

* * * *

Whatever You are doing right now is the most important thing the moment has to offer.

* * * *

A good, full, mindful breath, is the best way to embrace your Self.

* * * *

What a challenge for the mind to let go everything, to not care for anything.

* * * *

Organic thinking is the best.

* * * *

Who will ever know, but You?

* * * *

Show me someone who has survived death, and I will point to the caveat emptor tag.

* * * *

This most definitely, is not, Kardashian fodder.

* * * *

The mystery, solved, in that sort of sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-convoluted-mangled way.

* * * *

Wipe the slate clean.

* * * *

You deserve as many good, full breaths, as attention allows.

* * * *

It is on You, alone, to get un-educated, un-conditioned, un-brainwashed, un-mesmerized.

* * * *

That guy over there, yeah, that one, he has a bridge for sale.

* * * *

Chances are, a few deep breaths will be a great aid in solving most problems.

* * * *

You are ever the mystery, no matter how You cloak it.

* * * *

To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

Deconstruction the lie is a challenge for any mind.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning.

* * * *

To truly not care what anyone thinks about You, what would that be like? How domesticated are You?

* * * *

Deconstructing a lie, is a challenge for any mind.

* * * *

Caveat emptor.

* * * *

Your most faithful love affair should be with your breath.

* * * *

The awareness is the mystery; the mystery is the awareness.

* * * *

Breathe it in, breathe it out

* * * *

Yes, we all are.

* * * *

Alas, that some friendships do not go on forever, and some, ever happened.

* * * *

What do You have to do to survive, the primary directive.

* * * *

Set not limits, and You will have none.

* * * *

Do not confuse giving with generosity.

* * * *

How can anyone claim to know anything, really? Absurdity notwithstanding.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.

* * * *

Is there really anything left to take seriously, absurdity reigns, why are You not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Dying to little self is not easy; simple, yes, easy, no.

* * * *

Many little lies make for the big lie.

* * * *

Blobs liking blobs, blobs loving blobs, blobs hating blobs, the human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

Civilization is just a fancy word, an adroit euphemism, for domestication.

* * * *

Surrendering to one's fate, is not a choice.

* * * *

Yes, You will likely forget that, too, no worries.

* * * *

The house of cards is not looking very sturdy; what will we do without our screens?

* * * *

Are You dead, yet?

* * * *

Close this page immediately.

* * * *

Blob in, blob out.

* * * *

The future is headed for the ropes.

* * * *

Anonymous or not, to some degree, You are on display.

* * * *

Surf the absurdity.

* * * *

Life need not be exciting to be entertaining.

* * * *

To truly not care, is not something that needs imagining.

* * * *

Finally got the joke.

* * * *

Like tossing a candle into the wind.

* * * *

We all shape the dynamic we pass through; we are all shaped by the dynamic we pass through.

* * * *

Even aliens are blobs.

* * * *

Stressing over everything, what kind of life is that?

* * * *

Checks and balances are required in the management of corruption.

* * * *

We loves our drama.

* * * *

All deities are fabrications that minds together build into cult fictions.

* * * *

Do You see if clearly enough to change it, or is that even possible?

* * * *

Are You rolling in the aisles, yet?

* * * *

If breath was more of a priority, how many distractions would find the same time?

* * * *

Embrace or reject your nature-nurture patterning, that is your patterning unfolding.

* * * *

Embrace your breath.

* * * *

Hard to take a blob seriously.

* * * *

Why are You not rolling-in-the-aisles at all the absurdity?

* * * *

All memories, all perceptions, are equal players on the neuron trail.

* * * *

Yet another blob with airs.

* * * *

The trick is to enjoy your own show, and depart content.

* * * *

Cult fiction.

* * * *

The obesity! The obesity!

* * * *

Blobs all, each and every one.

* * * *

Anything taken over by a group mind is destined to achieve great acclaim in the absurdity column.

* * * *

Mother Earth is womb extraordinaire.

* * * *

Ohhh-kayyy.

* * * *

A labyrinth of the bizarre, the confusing, and the nonsensical.

* * * *

Feeling a tad spiteful today, eh?

* * * *

Yet another story that will not warrant a telling.

* * * *

Scratches on the timeline that we are, nobody is really remembered long enough to get all pretentious.

* * * *

What price are You, and everyone around You, saying for your dearth of humility today?

* * * *

Why identify your Self with a mass, a glob, a blob, of protoplasm?

* * * *

Humankind must surely be the most absurd species Mother Nature has ever created.

* * * *

Without the screen of knowing, what is there?

* * * *

Unclench the monkey-mind.

* * * *

Free your Self of all encumbrances, at least the imaginary versions.

* * * *

Humility is a lot less about your imaginary self.

* * * *

How much rape and pillage can any world withstand?

* * * *

A mystery, engaged in a dream.

* * * *

Curiosity makes for never-ending homework.

* * * *

Why not all of the above?

* * * *

Let imagination race on ahead; You will be there when it arrives.

* * * *

A certain amount of wit is required to harness the absurdity riding the wave of irony and paradox.

* * * *

In a crowd, walk alone.

* * * *

No future can be predicted; no past, negated.

* * * *

Identify with the now.

* * * *

Punctuation directs the reader how the author intended it be said.

* * * *

Anonymous within is the best.

* * * *

Irony and paradox go especially well with healthy helpings of absurdity.

* * * *

Every gold rush peters out to prospector ponzi.

* * * *

Never let an assumption stand without merit.

* * * *

Manage your curiosity.

* * * *

So, You really believe no one else has ever done that?

* * * *

We are all blobs with airs; what's vanity for, if not to be unfurled?

* * * *

You are witness to the infinity of absurdity.

* * * *

Another day of anonymity.

* * * *

If there is division or notion out and about, You are still aways from home-sweet-home.

* * * *

Unfurl into that momentary awareness.

* * * *

In forgetting yourself, so goes any concern, that 'others' remember a 'you', that was but a dream.

* * * *

There might be something closer to the truth.

* * * *

The whirlwind of imagination leaves no mind untouched.

* * * *

No one gets into a corrupt club unless they are.

* * * *

How too many is too many?

* * * *

Someday those jocks and cheerleaders will look the blobs they are.

* * * *

Absurdity is very adept at playing sides and middles against themselves in permutations beyond counting.

* * * *

Is there ever to be an end to this rope?

* * * *

Mmm, who'd have thunk it.

* * * *

Putting into words what words can only tell.

* * * *

Hard to imagine how that design managed to somehow survive and reproduce since the pool of inception.

* * * *

There is no meaning and purpose but what the usurper, imagination, arbitrarily concocts.

* * * *

All roads lead home if You are called.

* * * *

What a state of mind to hate something so much that You would do anything to destroy it.

* * * *

Science is a tune to which too few listen.

* * * *

Stop imagining your Self into something You are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

Being human, or any other earthing, is a fatal flaw.

* * * *

Jesus and Buddha were blobs, too.

* * * *

Is awareness very large, is awareness very small, is awareness even a smidgeon at all?

* * * *

Everybody suffers; even jocks and cheerleaders.

* * * *

The next moment will arrive and depart so quickly, You will not even see it.

* * * *

Nature is the one and only true church, and your guardianship, the tithing.

* * * *

What is freedom but the absence of attachment to illusion.

* * * *

Judge, and You will be judged, mostly by your imaginary self.

* * * *

Fate is a whirlpool, through which all are flushed.

* * * *

… this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to this leads to …

* * * *

Do You really need to have that conversation ever again?

* * * *

Take responsibility

* * * *

Let go of all that crap; it is not You.

* * * *

What greater longing can there be than to return to the original state?

* * * *

Where would You be without all that curiosity?

* * * *

Love thine enemies, because hate eats You up far more than it will them.

* * * *

Consciousness, coupled with instinct, is insatiable.

* * * *

Nationalism is the face of tribalism in the uncivil civilized world.

* * * *

Trying to break a bad habit proves why they are bad.

* * * *

Fate makes dust of all.

* * * *

Sometimes any choice is the choice, sometimes no choice is the choice.

* * * *

We cannot all be right, but we can all be wrong.

* * * *

There is no yoke, no burden, but the one You choose to imagine.

* * * *

Hope springs delusional.

* * * *

Can any following ever not create some sort of unnecessary mischief?

* * * *

All Ponzi schemes have their shelf life.

* * * *

What attachment we have to the geography into which we are cast.

* * * *

Death is the rest of the story playing on without You.

* * * *

The mystery is the master of possibility.

* * * *

Always feel free to return to the ground zero of awareness.

* * * *

Garden or prison? Depends how You design and light your mind.

* * * *

Yesterday showed up again.

* * * *

Attachment to outcomes is a great source of pain and suffering.

* * * *

See You yesterday.

* * * *

See if You can see their world through your mind's eye.

* * * *

Think what You think, do what You do, be what You are.

* * * *

How vain was that?!

* * * *

Illusion delusion is the answer to why any one blob is favored over another.

* * * *

Most every soul seems to have a price; what is yours?

* * * *

It does not take much to throw a day off, if You let it.

* * * *

Like anybody's really going to care; and even if they do, so what/

* * * *

There's the no-brainer.

* * * *

Another thinker diving into the storm.

* * * *

Science has proven what meditation could only intuit.

* * * *

How do we allow history to dictate our now?

* * * *

Another testament, neither new nor old.

* * * *

All life forms, from the single-celled to the many, have an appointment with destiny.

* * * *

Quantum is as quantum does.

* * * *

Your vocation is whatever You spend the end of your life most enjoying.

* * * *

Is a jellyfish any more or less vain?

* * * *

Embrace your fate or not, something is going to happen.

* * * *

Freedom is a state of mind.

* * * *

Vain globules of protoplasm.

* * * *

The conscious witness is a rare breed.

* * * *

Into the storm, sally the thinkers.

* * * *

What anyone thinks of You need not be your business.

* * * *

This is all assuming You want to be free, of course.

* * * *

Hate to be the asshole, but You got there before I did.

* * * *

Your consciousness is unique to You, your awareness, common to all.

* * * *

Time does not exist, but passes very quickly.

* * * *

History is indifferent to all the actors it has killed.

* * * *

Classic Animal Farm.

* * * *

Existence is nothing more than sensory illusion stoked by imaginary context.

* * * *

Listen for the applause in the graveyard.

* * * *

As if You have not thought of that before, as if You have not done that before.

* * * *

Yet another example of how love really works.

* * * *

Disinterest not easy to muster in the face of so many enticing options.

* * * *

Me-me-me, too.

* * * *

Go spew your delusions elsewhere, por favor.

* * * *

Free and clear all the time? Where would be the suffering in that?

* * * *

A certain level of pragmatic detachment is certainly much easier on the mind-body.

* * * *

What can You expect from a blob, anyway?

* * * *

Irony and paradox rule, and anarchy is the conductor.

* * * *

Existence is about parry and thrust, maneuver and fire, create or destroy.

* * * *

Surprise attacks are not known for giving warning.

* * * *

Reality is not near as interesting as what geeks have put on our screens.

* * * *

Paradigms beyond counting.

* * * *

Turn on the disinterest, switch off the senses, be the momentary, timeless awareness.

* * * *

Might makes right, might makes wrong.

* * * *

Oblivion is the great neutralizer

* * * *

Greatest common factor, least common factor, same difference.

* * * *

Give pause to reflection as the moment calls.

* * * *

True believers are like that.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are as boundless as absurdity allows.

* * * *

Speak truth to power at your own risk.

* * * *

Nothing is free and clear.

* * * *

History only carries weight as long as imagination deigns it so.

* * * *

A life of serendipity is not for all.

* * * *

You have no say in the matter.

* * * *

Another trip down Vanity Lane

* * * *

You are all possibilities.

* * * *

Might makes right, works for all those who choose to abide the lash.

* * * *

Blobs with genetically allotted packaging.

* * * *

History is a long play chock-full of everything impromptu, often in need of editing.

* * * *

Riding the blade of illusion.

* * * *

All life forms are nothing more than naturally-selected, packaged blobs

* * * *

Half full, half empty, that glass shattered a long time ago.

* * * *

Death is the end of history, and all its future-pasts.

* * * *

Hope is dead, long live hope.

* * * *

You have been blobbed.

* * * *

Another cautionary tale bites the dust.

* * * *

You have three choices: A bullet, a cave, or out in the open, participating.

* * * *

Packaged blobs.

* * * *

Hard to be joyous on a day that is not going well.

* * * *

Imagine all the history You will never know.

* * * *

Take yourself seriously, and You will suffer the passions, same as most everyone else.

* * * *

How far can light travel?

* * * *

And there You were, hoping for enlightened leadership.

* * * *

Of the unanswerable questions, You will know as much when You exit, as You did, coming in.

* * * *

As real as Santa Claus.

* * * *

Another day, another night, through which to frolic or tiptoe or sit or recline, as You will.

* * * *

Predator and prey, host and guest, all play all parts in the Darwinian dance.

* * * *

Down the rabbit hole until it becomes home.

* * * *

The truth is right now, right here; what more do You need to know?

* * * *

Define your terms.

* * * *

History does not care what is written in its sandy pages.

* * * *

Not everyone relishes the spotlight.

* * * *

Darwin's ghost is in every strand of the garden.

* * * *

More no-see-um joy.

* * * *

Human folly is the depth of unfathomable.

* * * *

Dang, You just saved the universe, and no one was watching.

* * * *

A dogmatic inheritance.

* * * *

History is a perpetual fountain of curiosity.

* * * *

Another day in the dream that quantum built.

* * * *

The muddy stream flows on and on.

* * * *

Oops, missed another memo.

* * * *

There are many faces to absurdity.

* * * *

The womb is central casting.

* * * *

An unsolved problem only festers.

* * * *

A remarkable dream, but a dream nonetheless.

* * * *

Once again, You mistakenly believed it mattered.

* * * *

Where is time in a moment?

* * * *

Could a fish be any more slippery than imagination?

* * * *

If You think You asked for this, think again.

* * *

Another day in paradox.

* * * *

It don’t got the legs for that journey.

* * * *

Blob this.

* * * *

History is chock-full of idolatry.

* * * *

History is an orphan; history has no children.

* * * *

History stokes itself into every variety of mayhem.

* * * *

Another layer of sediment in the dustbin of history.

* * * *

Me Too, or Wah-Wah Too?

* * * *

We were all born to do whatever we are doing; fate is as fate does.

* * * *

Philosophy rules the endgame.

* * * *

Even your unpredictable is predictable.

* * * *

There are always sheeples ready to step-right-up to con after con.

* * * *

Doubt, until the doubting's done.

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the given moment.

* * * *

Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Why should You care what another blob thinks of You?

* * * *

As original as original gets.

* * * *

Your destiny awaits your arrival; die to it now, if You can.

* * * *

Never interfere with commerce.

* * * *

Yours may seem a complex, superior pattern, but You are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.

* * * *

The sands of time have got nothing to do with anything.

* * * *

To consider duality more than a concept devised by human vanity, is as absurd as absurd gets.

* * * *

Give your Self over to what You really are, and are not, in this eternal moment.

* * * *

There are no teachers; only students who choose to listen, to learn, from everything.

* * * *

Birth is the first illusion, and death, the last.

* * * *

Mother Nature is loyal to all and none.

* * * *

To hold fast requires great diligence.

* * * *

Why feel the need to believe in anything?

* * * *

Imagine the Darwinian peace of Eden before the fruit of imagination was plucked.

* * * *

What is there in the moment, to master, really?

* * * *

Arguing whether or not some deity on high created this dreamtime, is so yawn.

* * * *

Seriously folks, who reads footnotes?

* * * *

Who could ever play You better than You?

* * * *

You are forgotten by eternity every moment.

* * * *

You call that Truth?!

* * * *

The moment finds harbor in a still, attentive, untethered mind

* * * *

You are stuck in a body with its version of You.

* * * *

When did You first start feeling sorry for your imaginary self?

* * * *

Nothing means nothing.

* * * *

An earnest student of life, holds on to nothing which is not as true, as the given nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

‘Twas fate, drove You here.

* * * *

The things You do to your Self.

* * * *

Sometimes You just gotta kick the other out of your head.

* * * *

Anything possible, does not make it probable.

* * * *

All have access to the same immaculate nature, if they let go everything that is not.

* * * *

Duality is a concept, not a reality.

* * * *

The world is in your head in whatever way You allow imagination to play it, or not.

* * * *

Own it without owning it.

* * * *

Just another genre.

* * * *

Submit to the laws of nature, or suffer the consequences.

* * * *

How is it not obvious?

* * * *

It does not take much time for shysters to put distance between sheeples and truth.

* * * *

To see clearly, simply look with simple eyes.

* * * *

No thought is You.

* * * *

Why would You want to leave, when the fun's just beginning?

* * * *

Grass roots politics is the most organic.

* * * *

A genetic disorder to which adaption is ill-suited.

* * * *

The monkey-fist gene strikes again.

* * * *

That succulent young flesh, too, will fade and grow sickly.

* * * *

Justice is just rationalized revenge.

* * * *

History is the crockpot of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing You imagine is ultimately real.

* * * *

All we are is blobs with airs.

* * * *

As the fates allow.

* * * *

The moment; to be it, or not be it, that is the answer.

* * * *

Newspapers and magazines sketch history long before it reaches the Ivory Tower.

* * * *

Death is the end of all entitlement.

* * * *

That old brain just ain't what You like to believe it was.

* * * *

Yet another monkey-fist day.

* * * *

The You, You imagine real, is not, was not, will never be, the You, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

An autodidactic take.

* * * *

What was the first entitlement, and what will be the last?

* * * *

Bargaining with the demon mind again, eh?

* * * *

Truth is not in any thought about it.

* * * *

Imagination is always chasing around after reality.

* * * *

Why would any deity not want to experience its creation through the eyes You believe yours?

* * * *

We all hope it will not happen in our lifetime.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of Self.

* * * *

All history boils down to vanity and greed, and the sea of desire and fear in which they tirelessly swim.

* * * *

Awareness is the genius within all life.

* * * *

Always keep an executioner's block within easy reach.

* * * *

The Kardashians, can anyone, need anyone, say more?

* * * *

High scores in the vanity column.

* * * *

Rhetoric: the art of lying to your Self.

* * * *

Duality makes absolutely no sense, whatsoever.

* * * *

You would not be reading this if You were the black-and-white-no-gray-allowed sort.

* * * *

The madness spirals on and on.

* * * *

If You truly love your children, do not bring them here.

* * * *

Nobody proves anything by being stupid or cruel.

* * * *

Just because You do not want to hear something, does not mean it is not true.

* * * *

When the dying is all said and done, only the awareness remains.

* * * *

Never too late to lighten the load.

* * * *

If You are content to be happy, breath first, think later.

* * * *

It would be just your luck to be that vain.

* * * *

If You think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.

* * * *

If time was real, You would not need a machine to travel it.

* * * *

Going through the motions.

* * * *

Shit happens: The only question is, who gets to clean it up.

* * * *

Eternity is only as boring as the mind You give it.

* * * *

Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?

* * * *

You are the customer, and You are pretty sure You are right.

* * * *

Gaze out into the cosmos, and the eye peering back is ever your own.

* * * *

Different perceptions of most everything do not for an elephant make.

* * * *

To be born You, good luck, bad luck, mas y menos, meh, You decide.

* * * *

Very few wander far from their cave of origin.

* * * *

Contentment takes practice.

* * * *

Everyone has an appointment with destiny, which only imagination differentiates.

* * * *

The maelstrom of imagination rolls on and on with impunity, through the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

Very Darwinian.

* * * *

This fine mess, this cluster-fuck, has taken on epic proportions.

* * * *

Good breathing makes for better decision-making; a clear head is a well-oxygenated head.

* * * *

What other fellow earthing makes such a fuss as we?

* * * *

Far easier to drift off into some imaginary filament, than it is to simply take a mindful breath.

* * * *

How can truth ever be bound to any tribal mindset?

* * * *

Atlas shrugged, so can You; if not always, at least an occasional shift into neutral.

* * * *

Yet another mind mesmerized by its nature-nurture.

* * * *

Some require a fiefdom to prove their worth, to slake their greed, to play their vanity.

* * * *

Runny full, running empty, You evert moment choose.

* * * *

That only works in books and screenplays, sorry.

* * * *

No dearth of absurdity in every arena.

* * * *

Imagination entices each into its theater it every way they can imagine.

* * * *

If You believe You have a choice, pull that trigger now, or not.

* * * *

Consciousness, a.k.a. imagination, is far too ephemeral to last long in eternity.

* * * *

Solitude is a precious thing; not something to be squandered lightly.

* * * *

Imagination is having a field day.

* * * *

Genetic lottery rules.

* * * *

Maybe the aliens are smart enough for us not to know they already are in charge.

* * * *

Yet another cha-ching opportunity for the entitled.

* * * *

Best get enough impulse control to avoid running out in front of some truck.

* * * *

Yet another cha-ching opportunity for the entitled.

* * * *

Discern the agonies and ecstasies in the memories that shaped who You pretend to be.

* * * *

The truest fool is, without bounds.

* * * *

Be the immortal stillness.

* * * *

What Self-respecting Buddha would not have shut up long ago?

* * * *

The challenge is getting through this dreamtime without making it personal, without taking it personal.

* * * *

Slavery has many faces, shaped by culture, by time, by geography, and who is carrying the whip.

* * * *

It took how many years to figure that out?

* * * *

Challenging to remember to be awake all the time; delusion is a loud clarion in every human sojourn.

* * * *

Guess that sounds good.

* * * *

Genetic lottery is all.

* * * *

Linear thinking will not be what gets You out of that lizard brain.

* * * *

No face to see.

* * * *

You know the show is over when even the Tralfamadorians yawn.

* * * *

The Great Nada awaits.

* * * *

The over the next hill gang is about exploring, not aging.

* * * *

That poor soul's life is probably already harsh enough without your cruel input?

* * * *

Life is ripples unending.

* * * *

The point of being inscrutable is to keep people guessing, perchance even think for themselves.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm could be summed to being nothing more than mental masturbation.

* * * *

What part and parcel of pointlessness are You not catching?

* * * *

Another yesterday.

* * * *

You are helpless to change anything.

* * * *

How different the state of mind wandering through a world filled with blobs.

* * * *

A blob by any name, is still a blob.

* * * *

So-called enlightenment is when You first exit the cave; the rest is the liberation part.

* * * *

Warrior or coward, You every moment decide.

* * * *

Name that blob.

* * * *

With or without a master, You are but a puppet.

* * * *

Hard for vanity to understand why the world is not rushing to your door.

* * * *

Always yesterday.

* * * *

As if there is anything more important than breathing.

* * * *

Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control from the usurper, imagination.

* * * *

It ain't awareness that's moving.

* * * *

There is no more, there is no less, there is only this moment, right here, right now.

* * * *

Human beings so love history, so love tradition, that little or none is required to make them up.

* * * *

Entitlement is going to take a hit in the relatively near soon.

* * * *

Respect oils the ceaseless machinations of power.

* * * *

Is the world You dream anything but a pacifier?

* * * *

Mother Nature rolls over any who cannot, or will not, adapt to her intemperate ways.

* * * *

What is death but the return to the undivided attention of eternity.

* * * *

To judge another for what nature-nurture made them, what would be the point?

* * * *

From a snowflake, an avalanche.

* * * *

Piles of gold will mean nothing when there is no world left to spend it in.

* * * *

All fates are imagined.

* * * *

Look where your curiosity, or lack of it, coupled with your nature-nurture, has taken You.

* * * *

Yup, You will be forgetting that, too.

* * * *

A different way of looking.

* * * *

Imagination, only as real as the moment in which it appears.

* * * *

History is but a muddle of facts and lies melded into the means and ends in play.

* * * *

Are You a pretender, pretending to be You? Or an attender, being You?

* * * *

How quickly that glory fades.

* * * *

Just enough, and no more.

* * * *

Ascertaining truth is not a tribal-committee-groupthink choice.

* * * *

How indifferent the sky is, to the clouds wafting every which-way.

* * * *

The mind is an insatiable beast.

* * * *

Even angels, even demons, even You, have a choice not to give in to the nature-nurture programming.

* * * *

Root for awareness; bet on imagination.

* * * *

You will only be lost if your compass is not You.

* * * *

The abyss is not near as entertaining as Never Never Land.

* * * *

Clear or dim, vague perceptions are all You have, to cling to the life, You imagine You have lived.

* * *

What is here today, will very surely, be gone tomorrow.

* * * *

What is long ago, what is long hence, in the relativity of the timelessness of eternity?

* * * *

Pride is the fiend; humility, the spirit.

* * * *

Right-relationship with nature does not corrupt the spirit.

* * * *

Hard to un-see anything.

* * * *

To be totally present, is to embrace the nothingness.

* * * *

Emotion is not a bastion of rationality.

* * * *

Make awareness the default setting, and serenity will reign within.

* * * *

Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You.

* * * *

All by your alonesome.

* * * *

Hard to argue with a dead man.

* * * *

Go ahead, get stuck, stay stuck, abide in stuckness, forever and ever, if You like.

* * * *

The genetic lottery is every moment spun by Darwinian selection.

* * * *

Wonder what your God is going to do with You.

* * * *

Any given alliance only lasts as long as the alliance suits the means and ends.

* * * *

So Goldilocks!

* * * *

You are imagination, imagining this mind-body, this slab of meat, real and important.

* * * *

You are found in space.

* * * *

If it occurs to You, it may not be true.

* * * *

Use thoughts such as these as a launchpad, not an orbit.

* * * *

Yup, too bad You didn't think of that first.

* * * *

Awareness, impartial witness to all creation.

* * * *

Even the greatest civilization cannot suspend the Darwinian selection being every moment spun.

* * * *

The You, You imagine, is not, was not, will never be, You.

* * * *

Everything is connected, except human consciousness.

* * * *

Is the Ivory Tower ultimately anything more than another priesthood looking for a paycheck?

* * * *

Awareness is the ever-presence.

* * * *

Are You really going to let an algorithm play guilt trips on You?

* * * *

No try, do.

* * * *

Activism is a state of intrigue not easily maintained an entire lifetime.

* * * *

The dream of consciousness is always after the fact.

* * * *

Without imagination, who-what-when-where-why-how are You?

* * * *

We all gots our fate.

* * * *

So exciting all the ways You can die; too bad You only get one.

* * * *

There just is not enough money or entertainment or pleasure in truth to make it popular.

* * * *

Swimming well is about finding the sleek spot.

* * * *

Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, call it whatever, same mystery.

* * * *

Humankind expands its limits every moment into the same old grooves.

* * * *

The nothing way has nothing to offer.

* * * *

Tool-making is a great skill set, but how many tools in your collection do You really use?

* * * *

As pilot fish are to sharks, imagination is to awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is the Genie let out of Pandora's Box.

* * * *

In compromise, no one is ever happy, but they are at peace.

* * * *

Imagination is the elephant in the middle of the room.

* * * *

Imagination is the what the Seven Blind Men cannot see.

* * * *

Water is God's elixir.

* * * *

Only through imagination is there the known.

* * * *

We human becomings certainly do love our certainty.

* * * *

More than required.

* * * *

Life evolves into whatever niche grants its survival.

* * * *

Many a man has been made by a woman into a domesticated weenie, no longer fit for consumption.

* * * *

Only in imagination does the flag move.

* * * *

To know the root of a problem, is not necessarily to get it solved.

* * * *

And here we are on the precipice, blind to how we got here.

* * * *

Extinction is the final solution.

* * * *

Imagination has an exceedingly long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

Untether your Self.

* * * *

The real You, the awareness You, is not, has never been, will never be, the imagined You.

* * * *

Yet another round of mental masturbation for those who have wandered through the ivory tower.

* * * *

The right side of history beckons those who submit.

* * * *

What a difference a little decimal can make.

* * * *

Everything is predicable, looking back.

* * * *

Who is the wealthiest man in the world, but the one most content with his lot.

* * * *

Leave-well-enough-alone challenged

* * * *

Imagination is no different than any opportunist, any parasite, any soul-sucker.

* * * *

The worms do not care who You were, or what You did.

* * * *

Survive today, minion, so You can serve again tomorrow, and all tomorrows hence.

* * * *

To reach a goal, without fanfare, that is process.

* * * *

Good government is about filling the potholes everywhere You drive.

* * * *

Another day of futility underway.

* * * *

Drugs are magic carpets for riders to ride however nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

No zealots allowed.

* * * *

Above and beyond.

* * * *

The aliens don't bother about us because they know a loser when they see it.

* * * *

All conflicts are born of differences of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

If You believe your imagination has any reality, whatsoever, You are a prisoner of its dream.

* * * *

Forgiveness is just an empty word to the dogmatic.

* * * *

What happens when the mind totally unclenches?

* * * *

Everything is done and gone as soon as it happens, no matter how You in imagination cling.

* * * *

The world does not revolve around You; it kaleidoscopes within the timeless eye of awareness.

* * * *

All memories are the ghosts we carry.

* * * *

Approach imagination as You would any adversary in the arena.

* * * *

As You scan this, gazillions beyond gazillions of moments, have streamed before the awareness You are.

* * * *

Do not focus upon breath, focus upon mind, into which the mystery simultaneously enters and exits.

* * * *

Dust to dust, and organized dust between.

* * * *

It is never bad policy to always check your work, always look back, always look twice.

* * * *

The Planet of the Apes, indeed.

* * * *

What is that deep sorrow that haunts so many, but the schism between imaginary self and absolute Self.

* * * *

Civilization is founded upon the domestication of everything.

* * * *

What limits can there be to minds aligned with nature?

* * * *

There is no world, no cosmos, no dream, whatsoever, but the one You imagine right now.

* * * *

You are not the witness, You are the witnessing.

* * * *

Nothing that has ever happened has had any bearing on the eternal moment.

* * * *

You say that like You really know something.

* * * *

The happenchances of happenstance are serendipities unending.

* * * *

And You call that free will?

* * * *

Imagination knows nothing but what it formulates; of the unknown it can only speculate.

* * * *

History is a lie that weaves on and on, bending the minds of whoever gives it ear.

* * * *

Another yesterday underway.

* * * *

Is there anything that is not against the law anymore?

* * * *

Moderation is not without its relativity.

* * * *

The further You bury your head, the less You will see.

* * * *

As MacBeth (Shakespeare) put it: It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

Being inwardly invisible is a quality of mind not easily attained.

* * * *

You are as free as You allow your Self to be.

* * * *

So, You still have not seen, have not played, that rodeo enough times already, eh?

* * * *

So much ado over nothing.

* * * *

The timeless awareness is not You, it is You.

* * * *

Takes two to tango.

* * * *

Any actor who believes the part they play, real, is a fool in search of a wake-up call.

* * * *

Good-bye, Cruel World, someday.

* * * *

How fortunate You are if You feel blessed by your dream.

* * * *

What is that state of mind when nothing matters?

* * * *

Who was the first to become embarrassed about their orifices?

* * * *

History is tethered to imagination, and imagination is only as real as You imagine.

* * * *

You cannot grasp it; You cannot become it, You can only be it.

* * * *

Oh boy, another way for You to waste time until it wastes You.

* * * *

How can another's world long interest them more than their own?

* * * *

What happens to all the deities and demons, when the cultures that worshipped them disappear?

* * * *

Moderation in all things is always good policy.

* * * *

If there is a God, do we really look any bigger than bacteria from on high?

* * * *

Score: … Vanity and Greed, Everything … Guardianship, Zip.

* * * *

What is the point of rhetoric as far as awareness is concerned?

* * * *

Words can imprison, words can free, how they are used, how they are perceived, is the key.

* * * *

There You go, finally figured it out.

* * * *

Would You have been a human being if You had been alone from birth.

* * * *

Death will be the same as life, but without sensory input or a mind to process it.

* * * *

You must listen very closely, to hear the eternal silence.

* * * *

Demons of every ilk abound; angels must tread carefully.

* * * *

What did he mean by that, anyway?

* * * *

Keep placing your bets, ladies and gentlemen, fools and treasure are easily parted.

* * * *

That is a question for an as yet un-invented technology.

* * * *

Goals can blind You to the process, the now playing out one eternal moment at a time.

* * * *

Betrayal slices and twists deep in the loyal.

* * * *

Rest-assured, something is always going to happen.

* * * *

Neither cosmos nor world slowed one iota for that death, either.

* * * *

Do You see the degree that this somewhat legalistic wordplay is tacking?

* * * *

Never believe You can be encapsulated by a sound given concept.

* * * *

What do You really truly know?

* * * *

Putting into words that which words can never tell.

* * * *

There are not enough zeros to count all the tortoises going up, much less down.

* * * *

Rest assured, You are already forgotten, as well.

* * * *

From the whole, all parts are discerned.

* * * *

Be wary what wolves You invite into the castle.

* * * *

Process that is organic is the best; when things bubble up naturally, without great effort.

* * * *

Facades are the chameleon's art.

* * * *

To turn the competitive mind off, is not a winning strategy in the Darwinian theater.

* * * *

Solving problems requires a desire to want them solved.

* * * *

Habits die hard, and are inevitably replaced by new ones, not always better.

* * * *

Odds are, imagination has the better of You, of all our kind, for whatever dreamtime remains.

* * * *

What was the state of mind before desire and fear raised their self-indulgent heads?

* * * *

Awareness is the life force; genesis, merely the means.

* * * *

There is no need to fit your Self into any idea.

* * * *

How do You measure a moment?

* * * *

Where is there any direction in the stillness of the ever-present awareness?

* * * *

Yet another day of faking it, as best You can.

* * * *

Why would anybody already set in their way, care what You or I think?

* * * *

Original thinking, what would that be like, anyway?

* * * *

Maybe later, maybe.

* * * *

Face it, You are far too low on the totem pole to ever be apprised of any big answers.

* * * *

The examined life is its own blessing, and its own curse, as well.

* * * *

Dang, where did You put that blue pill?

* * * *

A lot of water under that bridge.

* * * *

Naps are little respites, little deaths, rehearsals for the real finale.

* * * *

Not You … You!

* * * *

And through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, You do every moment journey.

* * * *

No, it is not all about money.

* * * *

This, too, has been written by the whim of imagination.

* * * *

Another pretender to the throne.

* * * *

Imagination has got the better of You, yet again.

* * * *

If persuasion is required, then You are chasing a false lead, and moving on is your best bet.

* * * *

Some are born to lead, some, to follow, some to play out either role, as circumstance calls.

* * * *

Doing the right thing can be somewhat challenging for the Golden Rule-challenged.

* * * *

Serendipity at its finest.

* * * *

An unfolding trainwreck (a.k.a., cluster fuck).

* * * *

Serve the awareness, serve the moment, serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.

* * * *

Occasionally put a hold on looking for differences.

* * * *

The only meaningful questions are ones that can be answered.

* * * *

Do You really, really, really know anything about what You are looking at?

* * * *

From the whole, an infinity of parts.

* * * *

If it was the last bite, would You share it, if the moment called?

* * * *

As always, narcissism and hedonism, the usual suspects.

* * * *

To not want any of it, is as free as it gets.

* * * *

The larger cannot sustain without the smaller; the reverse is much less true.

* * * *

Greed is vanity spelled backwards.

* * * *

Lost in space, lost in time, lost in mind, You are found.

* * * *

Sometimes, it takes far too long to figure out the most obvious things.

* * * *

Maybe some other near soon.

* * * *

To be awareness is thinking without thinking.

* * * *

Learning so much means more to forget.

* * * *

You dance with others to appease your vanity, oftentimes by stoking theirs.

* * * *

Where is the first and last harbor, but You?

* * * *

Imagination is only as real as You imagine.

* * * *

To give speculation about unanswerable questions, any weight at all, is unutterably meaningless.

* * * *

There will always be mirages to entice You, sway You, every imaginable way.

* * * *

Yet another seeker who ran short of doubt.

* * * *

History proves again and again how much, how little, blood ties can mean.

* * * *

Swimming is letting the mystery caress its Self however the body moves.

* * * *

Fate’s alliance with death is in every history.

* * * *

Are we there, yet?

* * * *

There are those who seek, and those who find, and a cosmos between.

* * * *

Statistical samples abound.

* * * *

Power turns to downfall, fame to oblivion, fortune to ruin.

* * * *

Problems are generally solvable if grit and gumption are in play.

* * * *

Time for another walkabout.

* * * *

Your normal is just as normal as any other life form’s normal.

* * * *

How many times do You have to do something to finally grow weary of the drone?

* * * *

Another story, yawn.

* * * *

There is likely always going to be someone who can do it better, at least some of the time.

* * * *

Picky people tend to miss out enjoying themselves during all their pickiness.

* * * *

Todaze spew.

* * * *

Leave it to the human mind to spin a problem out of thin air.

* * * *

The potential in all minds, is harvested in relatively few.

* * * *

Dead before your time.

* * * *

Young flesh entices, old flesh repels.

* * * *

Inner eye, wide open.

* * * *

Another day of pleasant boredom underway.

* * * *

The body does not give up without whatever fight it can muster.

* * * *

Most minds are more attached to their stories, than they are the truth from which all stories come.

* * * *

Challenging to change the world if no one is changing.

* * * *

Who was the first? Well, You, of course.

* * * *

For the future, such as it is.

* * * *

What is it to be fully immersed in the momentary awareness, but the end of curiosity.

* * * *

My two cents, for what it is worth.

* * * *

There goes that four-letter H-word, hope, flitting about willy-nilly again.

* * * *

A bodyguard of lies protect every politic.

* * * *

The moment is the wave of time and space coursing through eternity.

* * * *

Well, that was a truthful moment.

* * * *

Will there ever be an end to the ways we measure this quantum illusion?

* * * *

How high can the Ivory Tower go?

* * * *

Another good day to die.

* * * *

Abstract thinking tends to gain a life of its own.

* * * *

And what topics of discussion are on the menu today.

* * * *

Cubicle minds harbor no doubts.

* * * *

Life and Death are creations of the quantum kind.

* * * *

What need of any of it, really?

* * * *

You are not special, and certainly no more so than anyone else.

* * * *

Sorry You did it? Or sorry You got caught?

* * * *

And visa-versa.

* * * *

An unexpected journey.

* * * *

Never look for order when it comes to chaos, for it is order.

* * * *

Natural law trumps all.

* * * *

Darwin ruled in the way back when; like a finely-tuned watch.

* * * *

Be wary how ye toy with the elements, for they may well toy back within You.

* * * *

Your world is your language.

* * * *

Beneath a microscope, would You really look all that different than any microbe?

* * * *

The great obscurity beckons all.

* * * *

So, You will it so, do You? Good luck with that.

* * * *

Who can ever really know any time but their own?

* * * *

So, how good are You at following your own advice?

* * * *

Welcome to the spider's den.

* * * *

How many zeros to the right, how many to the left, will we ever tire of imagining?

* * * *

What never was, what never will be.

* * * *

Assuming time can tell, what would it say?

* * * *

What is any mind but the playground of awareness.

* * * *

Metaphors and analogies shall no doubt abound to the very end.

* * * *

What an absurd joke, vanity.

* * * *

The mobile metaphor strikes again.

* * * *

Tough love ain't easy.

* * * *

The ghosts of philosophers haunt history with every concoction known to mind.

* * * *

Genomic alliances often prove dubious.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.

* * * *

Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.

* * * *

Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.

* * * *

The leap of faith is the end of imagination.

* * * *

Awareness has no attributes to measure; to even call it infinite or infinitesimal is absurd.

* * * *

Find solace in emptiness.

* * * *

Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Humankind's Darwinian predisposition does not bode well for a long reign.

* * * *

The best kept secrets are left to the dead.

* * * *

Whatever You do, whatever You do not do, when no one is watching, that is the bona fide You.

* * * *

Yet another bother on the horizon of already here-now.

* * * *

Who does not long to be free of all the absurdities to which all minds play a part?

* * * *

Unhinged minds are the mayhem; the weapons are incidental.

* * * *

For vanity's sake.

* * * *

We are all very much alone, together; be and allow, the highest law.

* * * *

Sons into sons, daughters into daughters, all cultures weave anew as mindsets dictate.

* * * *

Dust to dust, crunch and chewy and goo and hijinks between.

* * * *

The moment is the only cathedral, to which the door is always open.

* * * *

Just a dream, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Vanity is nothing more than the insistent huff and puff of imagination.

* * * *

All alone, together, talking to our Selves.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another day of meditations, such as they are.

* * * *

What was it before You were born? What will it be after You die?

* * * *

Prisoner of time, prisoner of space, prisoner of mind, discerning detachment, the only key.

* * * *

Check your assumptions at the door, please.

* * * *

All that really matters is whether or not your DNA gets another spin.

* * * *

There are plenty of astonishing creatures; no need to bring Disney caricatures to life.

* * * *

Can You change your mind? Needs research.

* * * *

Go tell it to Santa Claus.

* * * *

Already well into way too late, on all counts.

* * * *

Om, baby, Om.

* * * *

You are the mystery, not this mundane fixture, to which You are so attached.

* * * *

What demons the talking heads can be.

* * * *

Both the haves and have-nots are in for a very rough time, in many ways, in all places.

* * * *

The Reluctant Messiah rides again.

* * * *

You want someone to believe what lie?!

* * * *

The camel is in the tent, fucking the elephant.

* * * *

Eternity is indeed magical, but it does not take magic to see it.

* * * *

How free the mind of a universal child.

* * * *

Best not get too bound up in all the metaphors.

* * * *

Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

Solitude is not necessarily confinement.

* * * *

The mystery is but a hair's breath from oblivion.

* * * *

Eternity is closer than You think; certainly, far less than a heartbeat away.

* * * *

Imagine how dark this world was, from a satellite's nighttime view, before electricity lit it up.

* * * *

So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

We can only ignore Darwin so long.

* * * *

Intellectual sobriety is a must; beware the scholar lost in the maze of his Ivory Tower creation.

* * * *

Eternity is not a circus; certainly not the one so many two-leggeds make it.

* * * *

It is never too late to take the blue pill.

* * * *

The traveler's mind needs only an armchair or park bench.

* * * *

History's remedy is to sooner or later forget everything.

* * * *

One speculation is as good as another.

* * * *

What can reincarnate in the unborn-undying timeless awareness, but figments of imagination?

* * * *

It is a mystery, for everybody, and nobody.

* * * *

You are not what You shit and piss.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, prior to quantum, prior to om, You are.

* * * *

The laws of nature are fixed; ignore them at your peril.

* * * *

Moderation us a little more than You should; a little less than You want.

* * * *

All creation, all art, is the manipulation of quantum by imagination.

* * * *

Calling it esoteric is really about being too lazy to look for your Self.

* * * *

Not all mysteries are solvable.

* * * *

How much would You like it, if You were in a Tralfamadorian petting zoo?

* * * *

Every life form, a quantum algorithm.

* * * *

Your calling, your vocation, your passion, is what first and foremost draws your attention.

* * * *

Who can know the acclaim, the derision, the anonymity, their life work will bear.

* * * *

What is this will to live?

* * * *

How else should-could-would the mystery, the awareness, explore its Self, but through illusion.

* * * *

Yes, You will be forgotten, quickly or slowly, makes no difference.

* * * *

God wakes those who wake themselves.

* * * *

What exactly does it mean when a movie is reviewed as having “genuine emotion”?

* * * *

Why would awareness ever need to worship its Self?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm, is it any more than an assumption?

* * * *

It is all just sensation.

* * * *

Too little, too late.

* * * *

A blob of crunch and goo only crunches and goos until the crunch and goo turns into worms.

* * * *

Did anybody test that decision before it crashed into the wall?

* * * *

The quantum cosmos created You, and You, it.

* * * *

What is the body but crunch and goo, packaged in flesh, cloaked in every manner of vanity.

* * * *

Whatever the medium, there have always been trolls.

* * * *

How can awareness, how can the moment, how can eternity, be anything but pure?

* * * *

Are You talking through your hat again?

* * * *

Spam on.

* * * *

Nature is the wonderland of quantum mechanics.

* * * *

Philosophy goes where science cannot.

* * * *

You are the heart of awareness, the centerlessness of all there is, and is not.

* * * *

Trust God that he/she/it is not listening, and would not do anything even if he/she/it was.

* * * *

Due diligence is a good habit, a good discipline, for those wishing to keep bother at a minimum.

* * * *

No worries, no one can see You unless they see themselves.

* * * *

Every moment, same mystery.

* * * *

Could it be, the mystery is really just an eccentric scientist of the Hollywood fiction genre?

* * * *

What is a conversation but a window into your Self in another dream.

* * * *

Nothing is done, and nothing is left undone.

* * * *

The blobs are all dressed up, and rolling out for a night on the town.

* * * *

The quantum designer, the designer quantum.

* * * *

In the greater questions, who can more than speculate anything?

* * * *

By its merit – value, ability, advantage – it shall be known.

* * * *

If You want answers to the unanswerable, You will not find them here.

* * * *

Imagination has held awareness hostage since who can more than speculate how long ago?

* * * *

What is meditation but steeping in awareness.

* * * *

What is a life, what is memory, but a rolodex of perceptions.

* * * *

Humankind has not reached the dark times required to wake up to a greater reality.

* * * *

Witnesses all, some conscious, some not.

* * * *

Large-minded thinking, small-minded thinking, pass through awareness the same.

* * * *

Be as indifferent as any rock, river or planetary.

* * * *

The moments that shape any fate are a long and winding, exceedingly serendipitous trail.

* * * *

What more needs doing? What more needs saying?

* * * *

The bother of old and jaded and fading cannot be undone but through death.

* * * *

Hope is a plea to an imaginary friend, not an option in the dream we call real.

* * * *

Happiness is embracing your sensory dreamtime as best You can, as best You feel.

* * * *

What is justice but the rule of law's word, the collective's word, for revenge.

* * * *

Every mind, an Atlas holding up its world, its cosmos, its genesis.

* * * *

There is indeed an undeniable bliss in ignorance.

* * * *

Yet another advantageous spatial arrangement.

* * * *

Are You one whose doubt has no limits but its own?

* * * *

So, You really believe You exist as more than an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

Hope is not an option.

* * * *

When a book becomes a bludgeon, it displays its lie for all who see.

* * * *

Nothing can be very frightening, very annoying, very tiring, to many a mind.

* * * *

That one didn't start out that way, nor the one before it.

* * * *

Jumping with great glee into the abyss is a leap relatively few will ever consider, much less take.

* * * *

A world full of human beings – faces, arms, legs, flesh, hair, nails – disguising blobby interiors.

* * * *

How did it take this shape, this order, pfft, no knowing.

* * * *

A boundary crossed, whether between friends or foes, can never be fully undone.

* * * *

If time and space were real, You would not need imagination to travel it.

* * * *

Hope holds no water, gathers no sheaves; it is but a toothless sheep grazing in lethargic minds.

* * * *

Nothing cannot be undone.

* * * *

Consciousness gives awareness focus; it does not control it in any way imaginable.

* * * *

Can any life really be planned?

* * * *

Obligation is not one of the better reasons for anything.

* * * *

What dreams are, what dreams have been, what dreams are yet to come, only awareness knows.

* * * *

Walking mindfully can be earth-shaking journey.

* * * *

Blue pill, red pill, did You really have any choice?

* * * *

Prayer is nothing more than a culturally sanctioned excuse to babble to your Self.

* * * *

How tiring this record can ofttimes be.

* * * *

History is a poker player bluffing high stakes to all forced to sit at its table.

* * * *

It all becomes so predictable, does it not?

* * * *

Life is too serious to take it seriously all the time.

* * * *

Intolerance breeds few friends.

* * * *

From nothing, to nothing, nothing all the while.

* * * *

‘Tis the way it is; so it goes.

* * * *

Another day of pride barreling through its imaginary dreamtime.

* * * *

The same awareness is equally within all things; a little humility, a little compassion, please.

* * * *

History does not exist; why would it care about anything?

* * * *

And why would You care about that?

* * * *

Don’t You, at least sometimes, grow weary of your little recording?

* * * *

Do we really need to go through that again?

* * * *

And what is the point and purpose of all this knowledge?

* * * *

How long before You wake up to the depths below the churning waves?

* * * *

An artist is only as creative as whim and fancy and knack allow.

* * * *

Is that really such a bad thing?

* * * *

You can be happy about that with a little shift in attitude.

* * * *

The matrix is all, but all are not chosen.

* * * *

Imagination’s infinitely multi-faceted spectrum is the power of the mystery.

* * * *

How can You measure the moment long enough to call it time?

* * * *

History, history, and more mystery.

* * * *

Objectivity is an unachievable ideal, an absurd myth.

* * * *

It don’t much matter.

* * * *

And where were You when the shooting started?

* * * *

Strategy and tactics have an evolutionary quality about them.

* * * *

History has managed to eventually forget everybody, so far, and no, You will be the exception.

* * * *

Cathedrals, stone or glass, are absurdly, redundantly passé.

* * * *

Erase the post-traumatic stress deeply permeating the mind-body, and where are You?

* * * *

Nothing before, nothing after, nothing all the while, despite all claims to the contrary.

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion; beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

Human history is the albatross around the world's neck.

* * * *

The meek shall inherit the earth because the strong will bury them there.

* * * *

It is not like You have not thought about that before.

* * * *

Keep it real.

* * * *

You are the first and last historian in your dream.

* * * *

The scent of a woman will haunt a man to his dying breath.

* * * *

Wisdom is the after-the-party cleanup crew.

* * * *

Is any history really more than propaganda to herd the tribe?

* * * *

History is the juggernaut of mind.

* * * *

What are You but a churning rolodex of memories.

* * * *

So many things the curious mind can never know.

* * * *

Retail boils down to three things: Customer service, customer service, customer service.

* * * *

Become king of your universe.

* * * *

The common sense that ain't often common.

* * * *

How can the indivisible quantum matrix ever be tainted by imagination?

* * * *

Believe in nothing, literally.

* * * *

Dead is dead, no matter the ways and means.

* * * *

History is an ever-morphing free-for-all locked in the whims of imagination.

* * * *

DNA’s litany marches on.

* * * *

Sometimes there is, sometimes there isn’t, so it goes.

* * * *

History’s point and purpose is the continuity of imagination, and all the drama it entertains.

* * * *

Whatever made You believe it would be any different?

* * * *

Every death is the end of a piece of history.

* * * *

Every life form is a witness in its own realm, its own niche; few are conscious of it.

* * * *

Are You doing nothing, is nothing doing You?

* * * *

Spam happens.

* * * *

How many lies must You endure before You become adept at hearing their timbre?

* * * *

The commonality of the genomic sequence can only be argued by ignorance and foul intent.

* * * *

To any who object to being objectified, it is on You to prove yourself more.

* * * *

Gravity settles all things.

* * * *

Every choice You make in any given right here, right now, is a player in your fate.

* * * *

What difference a life filled with curiosity.

* * * *

Ain’t speculation fun?

* * * *

The mystery has no need of a personal You.

* * * *

Hard to fear something You do not believe in.

* * * *

Who will be the last Adam and Eve?

* * * *

Those moving clock hands do not make time real.

* * * *

Mañana or bust.

* * * *

We are all blends of imagination come before.

* * * *

Some historians even become stories unto themselves.

* * * *

Any given creation only ends when another takes its place.

* * * *

Hats off and regards to those yet to serve.

* * * *

Endure the illusion until nothing feeds You.

* * * *

So many new inventions, so many new concepts, so many new words, what's a dictionary to do?

* * * *

You can only be as formless as attention allows.

* * * *

Imagination toying with itself.

* * * *

Let gravity settle it.

* * * *

Can You really, really, really, let gp?

* * * *

No doubt, we could all do with a bit more humility; a lot more in more than many.

* * * *

Another case of lost in the shuffle, again.

* * * *

What universe can exist without sentience?

* * * *

Peace is in the end of wanting, the end of dread, the end of fear.

* * * *

To which version of history were You referring?

* * * *

All roads lead to mañana.

* * * *

To mañana, or not to mañana, that is the question.

* * * *

Awareness, aware of itself, what need for anything more?

* * * *

Dying is the last obstacle; sleep is but a mini-death, of sorts.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but the charade of memory.

* * * *

There is no right way, there is no wrong way, there is only the way.

* * * *

Can You be sure that was your idea?

* * * *

At some point, keeping up with it all … Why?

* * * *

Death Row Earth: Eight billion dead humans walking.

* * * *

Tomorrow never arrives, because by then it is today.

* * * *

If You cannot listen, You will suffer, and will likely make others suffer, as well.

* * * *

Real is whatever You imagine real.

* * * *

How often do You engage with the moment as the inner eye?

* * * *

Constant vigilance can be an oppressive taskmaster.

* * * *

It is a mystery, immaculate from the depths to every shore, and it has no name.

* * * *

Could it be any more perfect?

* * * *

Printing more money is not necessarily always the best solution.

* * * *

We all gotta die sometime, Red.

* * * *

It seemed real at the moment.

* * * *

If You must worship, bend a knee to the mystery You are, the mystery all are.

* * * *

Even the most diligent, earnest, humble seeker, can never know what cannot be known.

* * * *

If You must worship a throne, be sure it is made of porcelain.

* * * *

Well, aren't You the clever one?

* * * *

The Golden Child is within; discern it, reclaim it.

* * * *

The road less traveled is a road traveled very much alone.

* * * *

Hearts and minds, boys and girls, hearts and minds.

* * * *

Everyone has their own nut to crack.

* * * *

You learn far more by living life than You will any classroom or book.

* * * *

The end of You will be the end of pride.

* * * *

The indelible awareness within is the eye of eternity.

* * * *

Double-check, always double-check, maybe even more than once.

* * * *

Memory is your personal theater, your personal world, your personal universe.

* * * *

This moment, right here, right now, eternity in a nutshell.

* * * *

The march of science is replete with dead and crippled guinea pigs.

* * * *

Oblivion within, oblivion without.

* * * *

Avoid presuming to know what someone else is thinking.

* * * *

A philosophical quest, any quest for that matter, requires a curiosity for truth.

* * * *

Can't find what ain't there to find.

* * * *

You are but a bubble of imagination.

* * * *

What is this need to be known that governs the human paradigm, the human epoch.

* * * *

There is only awareness, nothing to worship but Self.

* * * *

And what, pray tell, is the point of that?

* * * *

Ten thousand truths are easier to remember than ten thousand lies.

* * * *

Learn the difference between need and want.

* * * *

And that equation, that concept, that sound, also worked … Imagine that.

* * * *

Everything to alone see, nothing to be.

* * * *

Love can make You do krazee things.

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

* * * *

Always question, always doubt.

* * * *

A sea of walking-talking billboards for every variety of corporate enterprise.

* * * *

That makes no sense whatsoever, and not it the koan way.

* * * *

The taste of freedom

* * * *

Avoiding debt is a healthy, long-term strategy.

* * * *

Your entire life is nothing more than make-believe.

* * * *

That ship has sailed well beyond all hope, into a vast sea of agony and despair.

* * * *

Ants and bees are true communists as defined by natural selection.

* * * *

Embrace the absurdity, Grasshopper.

* * * *

Thrown into the street, where wretchedness and despair reign.

* * * *

If the mood is so-inclined.

* * * *

Life can become a pleasant boredom if You are so-inclined.

* * * *

Most problems have solutions for those willing and able to look closely.

* * * *

Consciously or unconsciously, You have done nothing your entire existence.

* * * *

So, You really, really, really believe that, eh?

* * * *

And what would be the problem with that?

* * * *

Try to wrap your head around something bigger than your puny little self.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is in there somewhere.

* * * *

You have just enough genius to play out your fate.

* * * *

Putting into words what cannot be put into words; success measured in minds set free.

* * * *

The curious mind has trouble closing its eyes.

* * * *

Goodness is not a goal.

* * * *

Your mind is as infinitesimally infinite as any universe can be.

* * * *

Hard to hype a product that does not sell itself.

* * * *

Everything is in your head, and your head very much alone.

* * * *

Some people just have too much money for nobody's good.

* * * *

Do nothing … think nothing … and Voilà! … Nothing.

* * * *

Other than the human paradigm, Nature is anything but absurd.

* * * *

It all seemed so real at the time, but did it ever really happen, this dream?

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow, or did You say that yesterday?

* * * *

And for what did You want that again?

* * * *

A good teacher teaches to the level of the student discerned.

* * * *

Art is the mystery to which imagination aspires.

* * * *

What is insight, what is wisdom, but that insight, that 'feel', that seems to work.

* * * *

Do You live your truth? Or their lie?

* * * *

Machine-handling is far more a craft than many discern.

* * * *

Find your pure soul.

* * * *

Drift on, stranger, there ain't nothing here.

* * * *

Why should You ever mindlessly believe anything You have not for your Self discerned?

* * * *

Don’t do namby-pamby.

* * * *

What are the odds that any romance will last forever?

* * * *

Nothing wrong with living a simple, moderate, decent, giving existence.

* * * *

Stilled consciousness bares the presence of awareness.

* * * *

You just cannot let it go, can You?

* * * *

Outside is in, and inside, out, in the indivisible realm.

* * * *

What religion can transcend a long, aimless wander?

* * * *

How can time, something which does not exist, ever be wasted?

* * * *

God is whatever totality is; not some imaginary, absurdly idolatrous deity.

* * * *

What better way to serve mankind than to be a guinea pig for science.

* * * *

The garden has always been a jungle; now it is a human one.

* * * *

Nothing’s made any difference yet.

* * * *

The dispassionate awareness sees it all.

* * * *

Do not be usurped.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of little minds echoes across a scarred and dying planet.

* * * *

It is the imaginary mind-body that is, not You.

* * * *

Does any state, any kingdom, any federation, care about anything but its continuity?

* * * *

Awareness is a subtle beast, not fit for idle consumption.

* * * *

What philosopher does not wonder at the absurdity of his/her life's work?

* * * *

Special shit.

* * * *

What's so fucking hard about that?

* * * *

How can the unseen, how can the unknown, ever be duplicated by imagination?

* * * *

So, which do You prefer, undying love, or the dying kind?

* * * *

Well, that answers that.

* * * *

Aren't the best, but best enough.

* * * *

How many so-called seekers spend their lives kicking tires?

* * * *

What is life, but oblivion, interrupted.

* * * *

You have your doubts.

* * * *

There is no need for religion, only the want.

* * * *

Why believe any of it?

* * * *

That fits.

* * * *

How can vanity ever embrace oblivion?

* * * *

Does it ever really serve any profound purpose to compare yourself to another?

* * * *

Oh, for a time machine.

* * * *

Joy, yet another unenforceable law.

* * * *

The answer lies somewhere between absurd and insane.

* * * *

This, too, shall be forgotten.

* * * *

Yes, lightning can strike twice, maybe even times beyond counting, in the same place.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is within.

* * * *

‘Taint fair! ‘Taint fair at all.

* * * *

A gazillion tomorrows will all transpire in the same awareness, the same eternal now.

* * * *

The world has never been what anybody thought it was.

* * * *

Is there anyone who doesn't think something matters?

* * * *

Do not need to do that ever again; already did it times beyond counting.

* * * *

What is Alzheimer's but becoming the abyss

* * * *

Have You ever yet encountered anything that cannot be attributed to laws of physics?

* * * *

Parents who care must grow deaf and dumb to their children's pain.

* * * *

If You were going to lose something, You would want it to be that.

* * * *

Ethics is the offspring of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Ethics: Neutered, sterile, empty, absurd.

* * * *

Resolutions are easy to make, easy to break.

* * * *

Process is all; reaching any given goal is just another moment.

* * * *

Moderate your distractions.

* * * *

Racing stoplight to wait in one line or another.

* * * *

Anything You learn is a translation of your frame of reference.

* * * *

Why blindly believe anything You cannot for your Self discern?

* * * *

Life is not a fairytale.

* * * *

Only imagination knows.

* * * *

Ask the right question and the answer is yours.

* * * *

Why should You care what friends think, much less strangers?

* * * *

The world will never be what You think it is, nor what You wish it was.

* * * *

Ripples abound.

* * * *

It is the ever-changing monkey-mind that has made all this possible.

* * * *

What different message could there possible be?

* * * *

An Alzheimer's unit is a bunch of gods staring at whatever.

* * * *

Be sure to read the fine print on that new lease on life.

* * * *

Whether it is complicated or simple depends how your imagination chooses to see it.

* * * *

It is You who must adapt to reality, not it to You.

* * * *

You can only quest as far as your doubt allows.

* * * *

Once any creation is destroyed, did it ever exist?

* * * *

What greater bodyguard than anonymity?

* * * *

It is the eyes that create the universe of light.

* * * *

How much proof do You need?

* * * *

A game rigged for delusion.

* * * *

Unreal expectations, try to get along without them.

* * * *

Yet another shoulda-coulda-woulda rebel running back to the original catechism.

* * * *

Who are You to judge?

* * * *

Time for another round of contemplation of non-existence.

* * * *

Summon the courage to meet the day.

* * * *

Trust the Hollywood machines to paint pictures that are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

The scars of imagination are imaginary.

* * * *

Not very PC.

* * * *

The big questions are without answer.

* * * *

An hour is too long.

* * * *

No one knows what You are translating but You.

* * * *

We're all prostitutes, Honey.

* * * *

Would any other Darwin-esque creature behave any different were it in command?

* * * *

Truth: Do not settle for less.

* * * *

Friendship is the best.

* * * *

A mystery born of mortal slime.

* * * *

The loneliness factor plays a part in every human head.

* * * *

Just do it, already.

* * * *

What a willy-nilly thing the mind can be; wild horses would be easier tamed.

* * * *

There are worse fates.

* * * *

Another day of esoteric soliloquizing.

* * * *

What house of cards is not built of vanity and greed?

* * * *

It is not what You think, has never been what You think, will never be what You think.

* * * *

You are awareness playing a role, not a role, playing awareness.

* * * *

Always head-shaking how long it can take to discern some things clearly.

* * * *

What's really going on? is a question only speculation has ever answered.

* * * *

If You do not know, why pretend You do?

* * * *

If only You could really know what others think of You, could be good, could be bad.

* * * *

Unleash the anarchy.

* * * *

Seems real enough right now.

* * * *

It is not the Third Eye; it is the First Eye, witness behind the other two.

* * * *

It is the imaginary you that dreads death, the imaginary you that wants to live forever.

* * * *

Another happy-sad day pushing that boulder up the mountain.

* * * *

The world that imagination built.

* * * *

The level of absurdity into which we are descending is sadly hilarious.

* * * *

Vanity for vanity's sake.

* * * *

The unprincipled are not what You think.

* * * *

As if any religion, any belief, any creed, any dogma, any conviction, is required.

* * * *

You have likely been there more than a few times.

* * * *

If You believe You know something, guess again.

* * * *

Always amazing what artists of every ilk keep coming up with.

* * * *

You, Mystery.

* * * *

When outside becomes inside, what's a mystery to do?

* * * *

'Tis the nature of any gift to not know its fate.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness, a function of eternity.

* * * *

Water does not battle the rock, nor disobey gravity, nor resist the sun.

* * * *

The root of all evil is DNA.

* * * *

Another tribe You never really joined.

* * * *

Science is a never-ending, many-shades-of-gray endeavor.

* * * *

Every moment You are born and die; only in imagination do You think You live.

* * * *

How many great inventions have been discovered by accident.

* * * *

Try to laugh when You are not crying.

* * * *

Something else You will sooner or later forget.

* * * *

So, another round of loneliness for Achy Heart.

* * * *

You die one way or another; it is not necessarily a sword that will off You.

* * * *

Whether large or small, every decision has its consequences.

* * * *

Isn't it mystery enough without imagining all things absurd?

* * * *

What's the point? Surviving the day, and maybe a tomorrow or two.

* * * *

Embrace the pain until it evaporates.

* * * *

The coupling of mind and quantum is a marriage made in heaven.

* * * *

Deep thoughts about shallow things, or deep things about shallow thoughts.

* * * *

Any god worth believing in, is far greater than anything that can be imagined.

* * * *

Make-believe can never be real; it is all make-believe, an epoch of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The personal mind is an imaginary creation; the impersonal mind, creation its Self.

* * * *

It is imagination from which the awareness You are must detach.

* * * *

It is not a matter of believing; it is a matter of seeing.

* * * *

So it goes, so it went.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but the ceaseless tumbling of imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Even every imaginable defense cannot deter the blade's eventual arrival.

* * * *

Does the wheel hit the road, or the road, the wheel?

* * * *

Your time is yours to spend, to waste, however You please.

* * * *

You do not fear real friends.

* * * *

Slaving away for DNA.

* * * *

Why shouldn't You trust your own observations?

* * * *

How can You believe what You believe means diddly-squat?

* * * *

Assumptions free-fall many a Rabbit Hole.

* * * *

Still creating, still enduring, bother after bother for your Self, eh?

* * * *

A king has no friends.

* * * *

There will always be one herd or another to embrace any given absurdity.

* * * *

Awareness is without hunger.

* * * *

Odds are that the only reader of any life work will be its author.

* * * *

There is no point to another lie.

* * * *

When it comes to sooner or later, odds are later is not a bad option.

* * * *

Full speed ahead! Damn the consequences!

* * * *

Just because You will something only makes it so when the quantum theater allows.

* * * *

If there is some sort of deity on high, how likely is it that it will fill your bill?

* * * *

Your universe, your call.

* * * *

A rock is only a rock until it melts into dust or magma.

* * * *

Any quantum divide is but an imaginary demarcation.

* * * *

So, what is it You are just not seeing?

* * * *

The creator is not without creation; the creation is not without creator.

* * * *

The past is only reference; the future, only hope; only the moment is real, and not.

* * * *

How can good and evil exist anywhere but imagination?

* * * *

Back to Square Zero.

* * * *

Yet another live and learn, die anyway, moment.

* * * *

Memory can be a Quixotic endeavor.

* * * *

Build a cosmos, and others will come.

* * * *

Existence is mysterious enough without fabricating endless bullshit.

* * * *

We are all likely blind to one hypocrisy or another.

* * * *

Gone with the wind.

* * * *

What a lot of bother to spend one's life conquering anything.

* * * *

Backtrack that.

* * * *

Feed the tongue at your own peril.

* * * *

All manifestation, all dimensions, must be bound by one set of limitations or another.

* * * *

It all goes by in its quantum-quick timeless way.

* * * *

It is likely more often less about making love, than it is feeding lust.

* * * *

Death is the inevitable outcome of every existence; no need for hope nor faith nor creed.

* * * *

Time and space are constructs of the imaginary mind, steeped in mystery.

* * * *

You do not know, You will never know, how all this came to be; why pretend to?

* * * *

Everyone has their own version of enlightenment, if there is such a thing.

* * * *

Imagination's turf is a quantum matrix of sensory proportion.

* * * *

Forget everything; unclench the mind.

* * * *

Is it space and time through which You travel, or the moment?

* * * *

You know what You are; it does not matter that others do.

* * * *

Ain't no framed piece of paper, nor letters after the name, for this sort of chitter-chatter.

* * * *

How can earth's time and space mean anything beyond its gravitational reach?

* * * *

The blade knows neither life nor death.

* * * *

Square zero is an alonely place where be-ers be, and become-ers never tread.

* * * *

Metaphors at every turn.

* * * *

Boxed thinking is box thinking; a bigger box is still a box.

* * * *

But for the habit of it, there is nothing in which You must believe.

* * * *

Without imagination, where is time?

* * * *

The missing key is You, and the lock, as well.

* * * *

Not just any collection of neurons is interested in such inquiry.

* * * *

Making heroes where there are none.

* * * *

The moment is intangible; how could time be any more?

* * * *

Differences are not the quantum reality.

* * * *

The mystery is a banquet, in which full is empty, and empty, full.

* * * *

Let go your world, your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Fire is its own remedy.

* * * *

The trick to staying out of trouble, is not getting caught.

* * * *

It can never be more or less than the mystery it every moment is.

* * * *

‘Er ye a Be-er, or a Become-er?

* * * *

The drop is whatever puddle, pond, lake, river, ocean, cosmos, mystery, the metaphor calls.

* * * *

The blade, the bullet, the bomb, know neither life nor death.

* * * *

Imagining one god or many, is perhaps the greatest delusion.

* * * *

What is eternity? A moment? An hour? A day? A life? Forever? All of the above?

* * * *

Everything is imagined; how accurate the imagination is the question.

* * * *

Make-believe, a worldwide game of make-believe.

* * * *

Entitlement, it is all entitlement.

* * * *

Doom ain't necessarily gloom.

* * * *

Why trust anyone else's perception more than your own?

* * * *

Through attention to the awareness, You wrest your mind from its imaginary yoke.

* * * *

What is it about vanity that makes it imagine any other will truly care one way or another?

* * * *

How fortunate You are not to have been born into so many other existences.

* * * *

A quantum ramble.

* * * *

Try shedding into a larger box, at least once and a while.

* * * *

It is imagination that makes all dimensions seem real.

* * * *

Yet another big lie.

* * * *

Grunt or high-five, the politics of recognition is an obligatory ritual of civilized life.

* * * *

The ultimate measurement is naught.

* * * *

Caring too much, caring too little, where's the balance?

* * * *

Makes for a happy universe, knowing humankind will never infect another solar system.

* * * *

If You believe in a god locked in some Santa Clausian form, You are likely not reading this.

* * * *

All that dies is a figment of imagination.

* * * *

Why pretend?

* * * *

How can it not be the same mystery in every thing in every where and when?

* * * *

You make a plan, and then see if it works, and then revise as needed.

* * * *

Is not the mystery before your eyes magical enough?

* * * *

Yesterday arrives again.

* * * *

Who is there to talk to in there but your Self?

* * * *

Without imagination, did anything ever really happen?

* * * *

A big game of pretend.

* * * *

Look closely, see for your Self if what is being said is true.

* * * *

Every blink, a universe undone.

* * * *

Only pure, unadulterated ignorance could come up with that one.

* * * *

The indivisible individual is a harbor of doubt.

* * * *

The awareness is You, not yours.

* * * *

Discipline, grit, gumption, fortitude, courage – are not about easy, nor comfort.

* * * *

Conspiracy thinking is one rabbit hole after another.

* * * *

Another little sidebar.

* * * *

Nothing interests You.

* * * *

Science has a hard time competing with witlessness.

* * * *

Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

You get what You buy into.

* * * *

Parochial historian, worldly historian, way different.

* * * *

In awareness, You give it no thought.

* * * *

Another memory swept up in the river of time.

* * * *

Dream weaver, dream cleaver.

* * * *

How deep can You delve if You are not honest with your Self?

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.

* * * *

There is always room for doubt.

* * * *

It takes more than keyboards and selfies to win a revolution.

* * * *

Look for your Self.

* * * *

How was it meant? However You translate it.

* * * *

The broken optimist, the hardened idealist, is called a cynic, skeptic, doubter.

* * * *

What villainy seeks You today?

* * * *

Is imagination anything more than distraction from the moment?

* * * *

Die full, die hungry, no matter, every fate finds its own way.

* * * *

What loop today?

* * * *

Nothing has ever happenchanced in the happenstance.

* * * *

The dearth of rhyme and reason makes for many a rabid cynic.

* * * *

What is this vat of flesh and bones but an imaginary prison of limitation.

* * * *

Frame of reference, frame of imagination.

* * * *

Another factoid, another morsel of trivia, to forget.

* * * *

The soul of science is an easy target for corruption.

* * * *

We reserve the right to destroy ourselves without interference from the universe.

* * * *

A fatal disease called life.

* * * *

The trials and tribulations of nerve endings are what make the world go round.

* * * *

Who said there must be meaning and purpose?

* * * *

The prison of imagination wakes up to another day.

* * * *

How different the state of mind, wandering through a world filled with blobs.

* * * *

Nothing's not going to change.

* * * *

An imaginary mind, an imaginary life, an imaginary tale.

* * * *

Do not be bound, do not be limited, by the part You imagine.

Breadcrumbs

I am alone.
I have always been alone.
I was born alone, I live alone, I will die alone.
There has never been even one moment when I was not alone,
When I was not the pure awareness, when I was not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times, to many worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of me, is utterly inconsequential.
And how I discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In all its many imaginings.
It is but a dream.
I, alone, am.

* * * *

These writings are an offering, a gift, to the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one for spouting all these thoughts? Or You, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having engaged in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

That other road, the one more traveled,
Would have been far too bothersome and boring and painful,
To have wandered blue-pill down.

* * * *

Imagine the billions of trips around the sun it took for me to be here writing this.

* * * *

I am not Krishna, nor Lao Tzu, nor Buddha, nor Jesus,
Nor any other mythological figure born of the human paradigm.
I am Michael, lord and master of this most-sanctified dreamtime mystery.

* * * *

And what did You, Pilgrim, perchance imagine a god-mind would be,
If not capable of journeying any and every way it was disposed?
I have embraced nothingness since it first became apparent.
The specter of death has ever been a constant companion.
So, Fate, do what You will, I stand ready to greet You.

* * * *

If they were going to take my advice, they would not have needed it in the first place.

* * * *

No one will ever truly comprehend, how important a role,
Oxygen deprivation has played in this aphoristic manifesto.

* * * *

The biographical information is for those who still suckle the illusion.

* * * *

To think, how this work has crippled my back and hands, and for what, a fistful of nothing.

* * * *

It is on the reader to investigate my terms, to translate my meaning,
To discern that what is written is a manifesto, ultimate freedom its aim.

* * * *

Don't put me in charge; the blade sharpener would be a busy fellow.

* * * *

Reading these aphoristic ditties as acutely as possible,
As if they were being spoken aloud, with pauses and inflections,
Perhaps even several times, is the best way to imbibe their fullest meaning.
It is more than a little improbable anyone will ever read them all,
And not You, either, unless You are as absurdly mad,
As the hatter that imagined them into time.

* * * *

Long ago accomplished my unplanned mission; everything since has been layers of icing.

* * * *

There is nothing left in this dream world that I cannot die without seeing or doing.

* * * *

An in-the-world-but-not-of-it kind of work.

* * * *

A one-man revolution, a machine, if ever there was one.

* * * *

One life is more than I ever would have asked for, if anyone had bothered to ask.
It has been interesting, and I have gotten a more than adequate statistical sample of what existence offers,
But another one, or many more, would be completely redundant,
And exceedingly exhausting.

* * * *

Am a prophet? Am I a fool? Well, yeah.

* * * *

Missed the walking on water class, but warrant at least an honorable mention.

* * * *

I am Nero, fiddling while the world burns.

* * * *

Any given experience has been the fount of this manifesto.

* * * *

"Never again," he thought to himself, not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Could probably jot down just about anything I please,
In this, for-all-historical-impact-practical-purpose, largely unread manifesto.
Confess to every form of murder and mayhem, violation and pillage, I may, or may not, have done.
And more than likely, few, if any, would ever read or hear, much less imagine it.
And perchance they did, how many would not shrug their shoulders,
And quickly move on to the next scandalous headline,
In this absurd world full of horror galore.

* * * *

This soliloquy is as whole a metaphorical elephant, as this lingual frame of reference can muster.
I being but one of who-knows-how-many scribes expounding the greatest revelation.
Whose handiworks will persevere in the ever-shifting dunes of dreamtime,
Will perhaps be referenced as some future historian's footnote,
Or perhaps, stacked with other esoteric works, on some obscure bookshelf.
Assuming humankind even survives long enough for history to be available for viewing.

* * * *

It is not about me, it is not about this temporal identity,
It is about the awareness, that which I sometimes call, for the lack of a better word, god.
Lower case, to keep it generic for marketing purposes.

* * * *

Red pill, blue pill, every moment, the choice.

* * * *

Would I have started all this, had I known what a Sisyphean task, it would become?

* * * *

My own lord and master, I Am.

* * * *

So many coffee shops it has taken to set all this into digital stone.

* * * *

I have herein imparted as great a vision as this mind can muster.
What will or will not come of it, only future minds will discern.

* * * *

Mindfully mindless.

* * * *

"A lot of words," is all Loretta had to say.

* * * *

How often these words have come, before full comprehension of their meaning.

* * * *

These writings are as imaginary as everything else.
They might be absurd, if I was the only one saying it.

* * * *

Yet another day, pointing out that elephant in the room, standing right there, how can You not see it?

* * * *

No skin off my nose.

* * * *

"What a hot sack of bones I am!" I said mockingly, to the reflection in the mirror.

* * * *

To our mother, scarred and tortured in every way imaginable; I herein give voice.

* * * *

This entire adult life has been spent observing, imbibing, exploring, inquiring, whatever came to the door;
To very gradually, very unpretentiously, very unintentionally, very scientifically,
With great naïveté, wander into this eternal conclusion.
It is as honest as honest can be.

* * * *

My go-to corporate empires:
Starbucks, Netflix, Apple, Google, Amazon, Costco, Walmart, Raley's, Save Mart, Safeway, Walgreen's,
J.C. Penny's, Sears, Target, Best Buy, Bev Mo, Carl's Jr., McDonald's, Taco Bell, Wendy's,
BMW, CSAA, Ace Hardware, Home Depot, Lowe's, UPS, FedEx Office,
Tri-Counties Bank, Chase Bank, T-Mobile, Visa, MasterCard,
Chevron, O'Reilly Auto Parts, MidwayUSA,
Hometown Buffet, Sizzler …
Not necessarily all.
Not necessarily that order.

* * * *

The frame of reference from whence this work comes,
Has many facets from its walkabout with imagination.

* * * *

Why waste time writing a story, when an aphorism will do?

* * * *

Another day, just me and my boulder underway.

* * * *

Have I tapped into nothingness? Or has nothingness tapped into me?
Or was it ever more than an elaborately-staged hoax-extraordinaire?

* * * *

What pathetic endgame am I fated to endure?

* * * *

What's to miss?

* * * *

Forever is an imaginary state of time born of mind.

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants me to believe in it, how is its vanity, any more or less than mine?

* * * *

This is what I would do for the rest of time; maybe more bars, fewer coffee shops.

* * * *

Even the skinny ones are puffy.

* * * *

Neither space nor time can exist in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Welcome to the clubless-tribeless-groupless aloneness.

* * * *

Without the dream, without the other, what could You experience, what could You know?

* * * *

Tabula Rasa is an unrippled state.

* * * *

So many lost writings – tossed, burnt, erased, forgotten – mine, and so many others, oh well.

* * * *

He yammers on and on, Mommy, make him stop.

* * * *

The return to wonder, is exactly that.

* * * *

If it dies on the vine, it won't matter to little old me back-in-the-ground, now, will it?

* * * *

Eternity is bound by neither space nor time.

* * * *

Imagination cannot root in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Space-time is but a kaleidoscoping mirage in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

There is only now; all then's and when's are imaginary.

* * * *

How was it You became so attached to this blob of protoplasm?

* * * *

Still mind, eternal mind.

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants me to believe in it,
It had better hurry up and do some serious show and tell,
Before this debilitating mind-body turns to dust.

* * * *

There is no way could I have lived a domesticated existence,
Of commitment and compromise and responsibility and indebtedness.
In giving my dream over to the mystery, in wandering the path of least resistance,
I may well have experienced, may well have possessed, more than all my ancestors combined.
I may well be the wealthiest, freest microorganism, this Petri dish world has ever seen.
And the only one who has witnessed it, in the way these many pages describe.
And despite all the virtuous intentions, they will not change a thing,
And neither the Reaper, nor the Ferryman, will know, or care.

* * * *

Finally figured out what I'm talking about, again.

* * * *

A work destined for the netherworld of Dead Poets Society.

* * * *

A stream of consciousness.

* * * *

Ain't never gonna go that way agin.

* * * *

There it is, You finally saw it, and not for the first time today.

* * * *

How freeing it is not to care.

* * * *

Curse You, imagination.

* * * *

The mystery has used this frame of reference to its own ends.

* * * *

Is that the way he meant it? … or that? … or that? … perhaps none, perhaps all … You decide.

* * * *

A pleasant peasanthood.

* * * *

I have always cherished my aloneness,
But have had many male and female friends throughout my time.
Workplaces, coffee shops, bars, and health clubs, have always been good venues to meet people.
The company of strangers, with some moving from acquaintanceship to friendship.
One never knows where a first spontaneous conversation will lead.
Sometimes, never again; sometimes, ever more.

* * * *

My Shakespearian contribution, without the story or its many plots; more of a cut-to-the-chase soliloquy.

* * * *

I thank the gods every morning, that I wasn't born a woman.

* * * *

This life is the muse.

* * * *

From any and all perspectives, that in this mind occur, the mystery is fathomed, one ditty at a time.

* * * *

What will be my last thought?

* * * *

Bringing children into this world, this world in terrible decline, is a cruel thing to do to innocence.
The most benevolent act one could offer their progeny might well be to smother them in their sleep.

* * * *

Never had any distinct vision for this life,
So, I naturally kept wandering, adventure after adventure,
Until my calling finally rose its scribing head.

* * * *

The world ain’t the better place I would have hoped,

So, I guess my mission failed, as So It Goes predicted.

* * * *

I do not join groups; why would I create one?

* * * *

The Groundhog Day life.

* * * *

I abhor this fucking world; I would never ever do this to my Self again.
If I was ever involuntarily reincarnated, I would stab myself with a steak knife,
Or blow my noggin off with my father's shotgun, just as soon as I could pull the trigger.

* * * *

One fellow called what I have put together a theme park; I look at it more as a treasure trove.

* * * *

Done said my piece way too many times to ever be fully read by anyone who has a life.

* * * *

Damned work ethic.

* * * *

My tribe is all creation.

* * * *

Tanks, airplanes, ships, submarines – no, no, no – no tin cans for this good old white boy.
Give me rifle, a pistol, a blade, a few grenades, and put me in a foxhole or trench, or behind a tree or wall,
Before You lock me up with a bunch of other fools in an inescapable metal tomb.
A little room to run like hell, is not too much to ask.

* * * *

A fresh-off-the-tree original work.

* * * *

Word association is the best.

* * * *

Another day of human bullshit underway.

* * * *

Laying bare the arcane, and the banal, one ditty at a time.

* * * *

How can the mystery be anything less than what I,
In all my limitations, all my shortcomings, herein over and over expound?
How could it truly ever be any man-imagined, dualistic invention-notion-concoction, heretofore devised?
That humankind clings to all its idolatries when the truth of awareness is so Self-evident.

Is an irony permeated by paradox, a paradox permeated by irony,
That will boggle me to my last dying wheeze.

* * * *

Try to find your own face; then tell me I am wrong.

* * * *

It filled some of the time between barstools.

* * * *

Another blurb, another story, another manifesto, for the sands of quantum to wash away.

* * * *

Am I really that cynical? Or just a truth-speaker to delusion?

* * * *

Gaslighting the world, one ditty at a time.

* * * *

You deprive me of a full breath at your peril.

* * * *

What comes of it, if anything, is way beyond my need to know.
And the paycheck, yes, well, rumor has it that it is in the mail.

* * * *

Mister Just-in-Case says always be ready for that day that will hopefully never come.

* * * *

“How might that have come about?” he wondered, not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Education is a dubious exchange for innocence of mind.

* * * *

What I did not see or do, I witnessed others seeing or doing,
Or, as imagination so well allows, I wandered the mind, as times and moods inclined.
No need to keep gorging on and on; I am plenty-full enough.

* * * *

Screw all men! We don’t need them; never did.
We can build our own houses and bridges and malls.
We can pave our streets, and make everything we consume.
We can protect ourselves from all the things that go bump in the night.
We can raise boys into kind and good and boring, passive men,
Who will be otherwise useless as anything but drones.
Un-scrunch your panties girls, let’s show ‘em.
We can do it all ourselves! Screw men!

* * * *

Summoning up the will, is increasingly challenging.

* * * *

It all seems so patently obvious; is it them or me, who is all whacked out? Sometimes, I am not sure.

* * * *

How I do enjoy a good comma.

* * * *

Am I something of a true believer, a cheerleader, for the mystery? Zeig heile, mein Mystery?

* * * *

Go, Team Stranger.

* * * *

A revolutionary manifesto, way too late.

* * * *

Women can be nasty fiends, who I put in hindsight as quickly as possible.
Thank the gods at this writing, that I only have to deal with one sister,
Mainly because she lives with me Mum, the main reason, I still here endure.
Were I to be reborn, I might well disappear wherever; never see any family again.
Of course, there were plenty of good moments, too; mine was a very easy, pleasant family.
But not a bother I would want, in the even more solitary path that another incarnation would wander.

* * * *

More than anyone can read, under a variety of titles, anyone online can find.
And perhaps even read, if American English circa Y2K, is one of their tongues.

* * * *

You don’t even get crocodile tears from me, darling.

* * * *

Am I crazy!? Well, yeah! And your point?

* * * *

Perhaps a few philosophy professors and students will use me as a footnote.

* * * *

Quite a thing to learn, finally, so late in life.

* * * *

I have met many, many, good, decent spirits – many quite twisted – all muses to this never-ending labor.
Enough spirits to make up for the most-foul sort, whose self-absorbed machinations,
Create so much unnecessary harshness in this dreamtime.
Yes, yes, they can read it, or maybe try to, but do not even for a split-moment,

Think I would ever turn my back on them, or, gods preserve me, ever allow them access to the treasury.

* * * *

I have studied many writings, many philosophies,
But I have never joined any so-called spiritual groups.
I have never much cared for allowing any collective mindset,
To orchestrate, or to usurp in any meaningful way,
What are my choices, and mine, alone.
A solo act, from the get-go.
And to the best, my ability allows,
I hopefully have not laden the unknowable future,
And anyone draw to awaken, with anything less than total veracity.
From a laptop, I opine all seekers to sally forth through as little muddle as possible.
Eschew all cultures, traditions, tribal mindsets, groupthinks, that ever strive to own You, in all or part.

* * * *

There was a moment, when I first began scratching ditties on napkins in 1989, I threw a few away.
For some reason, long out of range of memory, they were a bit too much – even for me, he now laughed.
It was perhaps one of the many moments of choosing; those many moments, wherein fate calls.
The fork in the path, where I have always indulged my Self first, in the feast less eaten.
So, as You see, I did not tarry away from the sword, nor thoughts upon scraps.
And what is it all, but an homage to You, should You happen upon it.

* * * *

Read on, if You wish to know where bodies are hidden, and treasure, buried.
Was he serious? Or was he joking? … Bwahahahahaha … the echoing answer.

* * * *

A madman's rabbit hole.

* * * *

Adrift in the Sea of Relativity.

* * * *

A time history could never have anticipated.

* * * *

Closer and closer to the edge; how close will I take it, else it takes me?

* * * *

The aging process has gradually reached the piteous point,
Where I often cannot recall what drew me to another chamber in the labyrinth.
It could be Alzheimer's, chronic traumatic encephalopathy, or a variety of other less-than-witty fates,
Or it might be any of the alternative chemistries, to which I have naturally inclined,
Times beyond counting, throughout this erstwhile walkabout.

* * * *

Agape comes and goes, as come and go the moods of mind.

* * * *

I know that guy, and there is no way he is a prophet; pretty sure he was odd, back in the day, too.

* * * *

The Feast Less Eaten

* * * *

My humble offering.

* * * *

Sure, I'd support a revolution, from the comfort of my living room.

* * * *

I would have bet on You never reading this.

* * * *

Yet another moment this memory set has seen and done, seemingly times beyond counting.

* * * *

Tarry on, Brave Knight

* * * *

Am absurd enough on my own, without having a psychotic world knocking at my door.

* * * *

Be first on your block to have this for free.

* * * *

Dark matter ain't no matter to me.

* * * *

If I never crossed paths with another woman in this dream, including family, tranquility would reign.
And though the last fragments of obligation, is how I am playing it with what family remains,
If I was starting out all over again, I think I would fly from the nest, and never return.

* * * *

About many varieties of knowledge,
I can be as extremely useless and foolish as anyone.
Still looking for that Oz who knows everything, and remembers it, too.

* * * *

You know what to do as well as anyone.

* * * *

Thank You for letting me know You, observe You, absorb You, and then wander on, scot-free.

* * * *

What say has anyone in another's choices, without a key to their soul, or a knife to their throat.

* * * *

Where the rabbit hole ends.

* * * *

Live or let live, live or let die, I prefer the former, unless You choose the latter.

* * * *

Today's blend greets the day.

* * * *

"No friggin' way am I going back to that insane asylum!"
Jesus cried out, when he was told by Daddy it was time for the sequel,
So, as often happens, the ne're-do-well, who did not show up for the board meeting,
Is named by the chair, to suit up, sally out, and try again to awaken the masses from their slumber.
Thank the mystery, that he was not allotted any absurdities to mesmerize the sheeples anew,
Nor stand up before awed throngs, reciting the Lord's Prayer through a microphone,
And, Jesus, yes, You guessed it, he is off diddling Mary; no, not the mother.
Yup, right again, Daddy is with Mommy, over in the bouncy cloud.

* * * *

I do not write this to change the world,
I write because that is what draws this attention.
Great if it does something positive for whoever reads it,
But rest assured, it would more than likely, still have been scribed.
There is more than enough evidence in swollen landfills and windswept ash heaps,
To verify how much all my creative projects have meant to man and god(s) … and me-myself-and-I.
The greatest satisfaction has always been, first and foremost, in the doing.
Power and wealth and esteem, what are they to me?
Croesus would envy my array.

* * * *

I gave as much or more than I took, far as I choose to remember.

* * * *

Alas, I, too, can be a recalcitrant mind-tripper.

* * * *

Write it off to the Ravings of a Madman account.

* * * *

Were I young again, what might I do with that gun in my father's closet?
And no, I am not talking some sort of bloodthirsty natural-born-killer, school-massacre scenario.
Nor any of the other rob-rape-pillage possibilities for which guns are made.

* * * *

Maybe I should change my last name to Kardashian.

* * * *

Oh, the things I shall never see.

* * * *

Reverence is somebody else's problem.

* * * *

Fortunately for the world, I was raised by two of the most decent folks I have ever known.
Elsewise, I wonder what sort of life this mind, free of labels, might have been shorn into.

* * * *

It is wit and curiosity, with a rational helping of doubt, that has escorted me to this moment.
It took a great deal of heavy lifting, a great deal of serendipitous wandering,
And most importantly, a bloodhound's nose for mendacity.
So, here I am, still lifting, still sniffing.

* * * *

Managed to wake up again this morning,
Just as ensnared in the net of accelerating exponential,
As when I rested my world-weary noggin against the pillow last night.
Amazing what we are witnessing as this garden world becomes more and more undone.

* * * *

If You cannot peruse these thoughts,
Without weariness, without fight-or-flight reaction,
Then they are not for You, at least not at this point in your dreamtime.

* * * *

My testament, mein kampf.

* * * *

Here I am digitalizing a thought, when I could just chuck it all, and wander in idle bliss.

* * * *

Odds are, You would not want to be around me for long bursts, if at all.
My chit-chat is pretty routine, pretty repetitive, pretty mundane, pretty boring, pretty yawn.
I am a recording of a frame of reference, to which relatively few are inclined.

* * * *

Imagination has written me off, as 'no fun.'

* * * *

True believers are always looking for acolytes; ergo, I must not be a true believer.

* * * *

It is done when the mind runs out of things to type.

* * * *

I may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From to realistic to delusional, from absolute to relative, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from white to black,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

Ravings of a madman.

* * * *

It was something, needed doing, and I had an inclination, and was not otherwise distracted.

* * * *

I only sound somewhat intelligent, somewhat linguistic, somewhat sage-worthy.
There has been a great deal foolishness and stupidity and vanity, gone through this dreamy mill,
To toss so many thoughts into a space-time, I can never more than imagine.
Things that none but I, would ever even bother to know.
And even I, were there any choice.

* * * *

There are many individuals who I do not like,
And there no doubt a fair share who do not much care for me.
Why I bothered composing all this blather is a pirouette of irony and paradox.
I really do not care even one iota if the human species goes extinct.
What a sigh of relief it would no doubt be, for all nature,
To at last be free of our cancerous malignancy.
Alas, that all the domesticated creatures,
Will have to up their ante to survive
The neo-Darwinian reboot.
So it goes, ad infinitum.
The cats will likely get by,
But good luck to the rat dogs.

* * * *

There is a point in the creation of any given aphorism, when the final draft, is complete.
There may be changes another time, but for that right-there-right-now,
The deed is done, and done well enough to sally on.
It is that moment of completion,
That zen-ish realization, that calls every artist.
That exact right time, right place, to adjourn, no matter the genre.

* * * *

That is one good-looking blob.

* * * *

You can bet, whatever You please, that this endeavor,
Has been a great source of every variety of prideful impulse.
A means to elucidate every sort of contemplation that came to mind,
Upon a species that will never know of it, that would not care, even if it did.

* * * *

Like tossing a candle into the wind.

* * * *

Being in this mind can sometimes be something of a lost-at-sea experience.

* * * *

Feeling a tad spiteful today, eh?

* * * *

Another problem, another challenge, another bother, oh, joy.

* * * *

Just plebeian enough to be the right man for the job.

* * * *

The obesity! The obesity!

* * * *

Just another philosopher on the heap, remembered in name only, if at all.

* * * *

To write this, I played along, I answered the call.
And if I had not, who else would have blathered so?

* * * *

Aphorisms are about expressing an insight, in your own unique way.

* * * *

Apologies if I have inadvertently plagiarized.
So many dead and dying poets; overlap is inevitable.
It will no doubt happen again in the turtles-up-and-down way.

* * * *

And he shall be called Michael.

* * * *

What am I but imagination's puppet whore?
I have given in, to, and walked away, from, so many amusements.
I have been harbor to every narcissistic notion, every hedonistic impulse, that low-fruited into easy reach.
What You now leisurely leaf through, is the dissertation, the legacy, of this nomadic existence.
What will imagination do with her philosophical tour de force, her magnum opus?
Alas, that is a future that I can never more than speculate, more than wonder.

And like a tabby toying with an all-but-dead mouse, she appears not done with me.
For moi, it is less about it ever being read, than having been witness to the entire oeuvre.
Many of these thoughts may be wrong, in whole or part, but I am as right as this vision allows.
And in this time, and probably all before, opinion means as much or more than fact, in too many a mind.

* * * *

Another lifetime?! Do this all again?!
And again and again, and how many times to the nth again?!
Fuck me!! Fuck that!! You friggin' crazy?! You some sort of sadomasochistic nutjob?!
Get out of here with all that imbecilic, mean and nasty, spiteful thinkin'.
Bad, bad, bad, You makin' my poor little noggin hurt.

* * * *

Punctuation tries to direct the reader how the author intended it be voiced.

* * * *

Is there ever to be an end to this rope?

* * * *

My yoke is light, especially for those who will never even know of it, much less read it.

* * * *

Well, I'd be impressed, if I didn't know him so well.

* * * *

Where's the hemlock?

* * * *

Written for a future I have absolutely no interest in experiencing.
Although an occasional flyby might be interesting,
Just to see how badly it all turns out.
So many fun possibilities; hard to pick just one.

* * * *

Atlas, Sisyphus, Michael, all so serious.
The boulder, the world, the pen,
You can put them down.

* * * *

These thoughts are whatever comes out, whatever chances out,
In the timeless free-thinking of this ever-streaming consciousness.
There is no plan, and I am but a voice, one of many, assigned this task.
It was not sought, it was not requested, at any point in time.
It began without fanfare, and it will end when it ends.
One friend, a classical music critic, called me
The Thomas Wolfe of lyrical aphorisms.
He will likely remain far more read.

* * * *

Nothing says ‘I am a whore’ like shredded jeans.

* * * *

Existence, I’m over it.

* * * *

Too late in the lineup to change the tack of the game.

* * * *

Thank the gods it is almost over, is all I have to say.
One life as a human being is one more than enough.
I would never voluntarily do this to my Self again.

* * * *

A tribe of one.

* * * *

Another testament, neither new nor old.

* * * *

OMG, I’m Eeyore!

* * * *

The last romance was most definitely the last.
Way too much effort for way too little return.
And too many, weavings not worth the cloth.
Male and female, Mars and Venus, the way it is.
Certainly, in this uncivil civilization we have become.

* * * *

To imagination, I am something of a turncoat, a traitor, a deserter, a renegade,
But it has thus far allowed it, and even given it wings, of sorts.
Sometime to irritate its own mesmerized audience.
What will be done with this Socrates?
Where’s the hemlock?

* * * *

This body of thought is likely way too much work for the Ivory Tower sort to ever seriously process.
Scholars already have their many ancient champions aligned in too near-perfect an order,
To allow a tribeless autodidact, a take-no-prisoners-army-of-one anarchist,
To waltz in, and add to their already overwrought syllabuses.

* * * *

Got it all right here, folks, something for everyone, got it all right here.

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.

With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

Spontaneous serendipity is what I do.

* * * *

Every day, a new leg around and about the mountain.

* * * *

Rest assured that I am not laughing with You.

* * * *

And there I was, hoping for enlightened leadership.

* * * *

It don't got the legs for that journey.

* * * *

Like sitting on a porch in a rocking chair,
Whittling on a stick with as sharp a blade,
As this nature-nurture mind-body allows.

* * * *

If You think You can cash in on all this babble, be my guest.

* * * *

A life of serendipity is not for all.

* * * *

Only because You never saw or heard yourself through a man's mind.

* * * *

The never-ending legacy.

* * * *

As petty as anyone, at times.

* * * *

Dang, I just saved the universe, and no one was watching.

* * * *

What a thing it is, to have been given the opportunity,
To consciously witness the mystery so intimately.

* * * *

Once again, I mistakenly believed it mattered.

* * * *

Half full, half empty, that glass shattered a long time ago.

* * * *

If You, for even a second, think I am not be as vain and greedy, as any other monkey-mind, think again.
Though a constant wordsmith, I dwell in the same monkey-mind as all others.
The only difference would be in the pondering.
And if You If You think I asked for this, think again on that, as well.

* * * *

You will find the essential thesis,
Mixed in with all sorts of other yada yada,
Somewhere in the here or there.
Kind of a tossed salad.

* * * *

Very much doubt that men, alone,
Would have dominated and destroyed this garden as we have.
Likely, we would be still be wandering landscapes, hunting and fishing, sleeping in hammocks and tents,
Happily content, entirely unburdened by the inconsequential busy-ness of the other sex.
And any younglings that happened by, would grow up as nature intended.

* * * *

I am all possibilities.

* * * *

Who will be my first follower? Who is my first torch-bearer?
Who will be my Plato? Who will be my Paul?
If there is to be one at all?

* * * *

Regarding these many thoughts, they are how I see the mystery.
They are my response to the infinity of vagaries in this quantum theater,
As directly and clearly and poignantly articulated, as this frame of reference allows.
As this astonishing dream, this dumbfounding dream, seems to have been programmed to do.
To daily, with Sisyphean effort, push the boulder up the mountain, is not the chore many would think it.
As Camus concluded in his Myth of Sisyphus essay: Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity,
That negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well.
This universe, henceforth without a master, seems to him neither sterile nor futile.
Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night filled mountain, n itself forms a world.
The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart.
One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

* * * *

This entire soliloquy has been scribbled
In the day-to-day existence of work and play that I have wandered.

All very happenstance, very happenchance; rhyme and reason have got little or nothing to do with it.
It appears that I was born to transcribe this, if such wonderment warrants mention.
Surrender to your fate, your destiny, surrender to its whimsies,
Is all I can sincerely offer, in way of advice,
To the empty theater.

* * * *

Seriously folks, who reads footnotes?

* * * *

As original as original gets.

* * * *

Been here, done this.

* * * *

This old brain just is not what it used to be.
Getting to where I am starting to feeling darned lucky,
Remembering any and all, odds-and-ends particulars, anymore.
But hey, what have I been scribbling about here,
For far too many cycles of any sun?

* * * *

Is it really some 'me', some 'myself', some 'I', who is reading this?
Or is this sense of 'me' really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness eternally witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings in which mystery harbors.
What is there to say, but that these musings have all willy-nilly bubbled into the abyss of this mind's eye,
And then step-by-step morphed from that emptiness, to paper to screen to world-wide web.
Oh, that I could somehow see how they play out in the epoch decline and fall,
That all existence will endure through the dreamtime ahead.
I would hazard a guess that most writers,
Most artists, most creators, of any and all persuasions,
Feel much the same as they watch their creations drift into a future-past
They cannot more than in imagination play out, all the twists, all the turns, of possibility.

* * * *

Yeah, that guy over there, at the corner table.
The one with the MacBook Pro and Starbucks mug.
Yeah, that's me, or so I pretend, as the given moment calls.

* * * *

Hold the applause, hold the titles, hold the dogma, hold the cultists, hold the vanity.

* * * *

Well, I am watching it, but it ain't 'me'.

* * * *

Why stick around when the favorite parts of any given day are sleeping and napping?

* * * *

No way would I ever do this to my Self again.

* * * *

Have gleaned just enough trivia in a variety of subjects to access a wide selection of metaphors.

* * * *

If You live by the sword, You will die wherever the sword leads You.
I have lived by the keyboard, and stenosis and carpal tunnel,
Are most definitely aiding and abetting the demise.
The end is every moment, nigh and nigher.

* * * *

Have played this life relatively anonymous; chances are this body of work will, too.

* * * *

It would be just my luck to be that vain.

* * * *

Let me know if I have written something that has never been said or written before.

* * * *

Like all worthy seers, I am here to destroy You; have a nice day.

* * * *

Observations and commentary of a madman.

* * * *

If that ain't motivation, I don't what is.

* * * *

Yet another set of hieroglyphs, of which relatively few will ever even hear, much less begin, to read.
In retrospect, it has always seemed less like it is me scribbling and digitalizing these thoughts,
Than it is just being open enough for them to make their way through this sack of goo.
Hopefully, no one makes too much of this life or persona, in whatever happens,
Or does not happen, with this labyrinth, awash with ditties of every hew and skew.

* * * *

How different the state of mind, wandering through a world filled with blobs.

* * * *

I have done my part,
I have said my piece,
I have played my fate,
I have had my fun,
And here,

Is where it got me.

* * * *

What Self-respecting Buddha would not have shut up long ago?

* * * *

Takes a healthy dose of cynicism to laugh and sneer,
At the avalanche bearing down on this erstwhile garden.

* * * *

The Golden Goose ain't got nothing on me.

* * * *

So many muses, so many foils, have in so many ways,
Unknowingly played a part in creating these writings

* * * *

Here I am, old and grey and weaker by the day, somehow thank-the-gods single,
Why would I go through all the male-female tango-tangle ever again?
Way too much work, way too much bother, for so little return.
Makes me shudder and quake, even pondering on it.
Never been in my nature to be lonely, needy, lusty, or lovey-dovey.
There would be many tales of many escapades and non-escapades with the unfairer sex,
Were there an audience not already all too familiar with anything and everything I might possibly narrate.

* * * *

Contentment takes practice.

* * * *

Imagination entices me to play its game,
By continually bubbling up aphorism after aphorism.
It is an object lesson in the futility of even for a moment wondering,
Whether or not awareness in human form, can ever change course in any profound way.
Can ever be free of the occupier, consciousness, and its imaginary theater, permeated by vanity and greed.
A prison guard who taunts me every moment, with every conceivable absurdity.

* * * *

So many muses, so many foils, have in so many ways,
Unknowingly played a part in creating these writings.

* * * *

Hard for vanity to understand why the world is not rushing to my door.

* * * *

This fine mess, this cluster-fuck, has taken on epic proportions.

* * * *

Like all writing scribed in previous times, this edifice of scribblings will need,

At least several hundred years to percolate into whatever fate is in store.
Whether or not, what Mother Nature is brewing this every moment,
Will allow that much time, is the stuff of dystopian nightmares,
To which imaginary time machines give imaginary access.

* * * *

How tempting to just let go of this imaginary – cosmos, world, existence, mind, matrix –
Or should I carry on, squeezing out all the illusions this mind-body can muster?
Weathering the many agonies and ecstasies the Fates have in store.
Playing the odds like a gambler would a craps table.
Every day, every moment, a decision.
To mañana, or not to mañana, that is the question.

* * * *

The wag of time takes another swing at the keyboard.

* * * *

This from Ninos:
A childhood friend of Ninos, had years before shared with him his thoughts regarding the unfairer sex:
Treat them as You would pets. Be kind. Be patient. Tell them they are beautiful. Tell them they are loved.
They are not capable of accessing the dimension in which men casually wander. Nor are we, into theirs.
It is just the way our species evolved; no one has ever had, nor will ever have, any say in anything.

* * * *

There would be many stories, of so many adventures, were there an audience.

* * * *

Use thoughts such as these as a launchpad, not an orbit.

* * * *

I am not here to save You; I am here to destroy You, whoever You imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

"There can only be one boss in the field," I remember my father muttering under his breath,
After settling a wrangle with a crew contractor during the peak some long ago peach harvest.

* * * *

Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You.
No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You.

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean I am not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around me,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its quantum-chemical-electrical-biological glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

So Goldilocks!

* * * *

Said my piece, had my fun.

* * * *

I am most definitely beyond doubt, not a storyteller, never have been, never will be.
By the end of the first sentence, certainly the first paragraph, we would both be asleep.

* * * *

Hard to argue with a dead man.

* * * *

An anti-follower philosopher, I am, I am.
Please do not bother me with applause or adoration or gifts.
In fact, a little hissing and booing, and maybe a tomato or two, would cheer me more.

* * * *

I root for awareness; but bet on imagination.

* * * *

Yup, I will be forgetting that, too.

* * * *

Too cynical for You? Well, maybe someday I'll tell You what I really think.

* * * *

My little Gormenghast.

* * * *

The abyss is not near as entertaining as Never Never Land for this Peter Pan.

* * * *

Sitting here in the corner, quietly blazing, another day underway.

* * * *

Yet another day of having to see the same tiring faces, and listen to the same tiring pap.

* * * *

These writings are entirely stream of consciousness.
As haphazard as haphazard can be in this patterned theater of the absurd.
Far, far, more than enough, to befuddle those who will never begin to discern, never begin to comprehend,
The unfathomable, ineffable, indivisible mystery, they every moment are.

* * * *

I write because I have no interest in being on any stage,
For more than occasional, serendipitous, impromptu performances.

Dancing these carpal-tunneled fingers on the keyboard – me, my own audience –
Is the most enjoyable aspect of this exploration of the mystery, of this philosophical manifesto.
Mein kampf, if You will.

* * * *

I enjoy science and all the other intellectual pursuits as much as the next Joe Everyman,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since passed.
When will we finally see the meaninglessness
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

These thoughts have been written as precisely, as legalistically,
As this nature-nurture bag of crunchy-chewy-gooey wit allows.

* * * *

If it is drama without guns or swords, then it is a chick flick.
Something any real man should only partake in moderation.

* * * *

Must have been really bored with everything else for it to come to this.

* * * *

Another day of futility underway.

* * * *

Good government is about filling the potholes everywhere I drive.

* * * *

Please take your zealotry elsewhere; this is not the droid You are looking for.

* * * *

This is the honest, unsheathed truth, as seen through this very human mind's eye.
Feel free to compose your own thoughts, your own opus, if You have anything clearer to say.
The inquiry into the mystery is a solitary, inward journey, not a race, not a competition, not a possession.
If rhetoric is the vehicle, then a corrupt idea may well be in play, and tacking on is the best bet.
Try not to scribe anything that requires persuasion, else it likely not be true, either.
Please note I may well be blind to many of my own transgressions,
So, please proceed with some caution in these halls.

* * * *

It would take a very astute translator to even closely transcribe this into any other language but English.
In fact, as any linguist knows, it will be quickly unreadable for English readers,
Only a few centuries, perhaps decades, down the road.
It does not matter that it is read, nor that it have impact, but that it was written.

* * * *

Do not even think about asking how many re-do's and backtracks and backpedals
And sidebars and waylays and bushwhacks and sundry other distractions,

Have gone into constructing this Winchester House of an edifice.
Have been nature-nurture putterer since the earliest daze.
Thank or curse three years of drafting in high school,
Countless hours of tedious farm boy work before that,
And who knows how many odds ‘n ends diversions since.

* * * *

I walked among You –unnoticed, unobserved, undetected, invisible –
Because I was no different than You, because I was the same mystery as You.
A student of life, a philosopher, inspired to experience, to learn, whatever life offered.
And the resulting thoughts are my gift to whoever’s fate it is to find them.
Written for those who hunger for that which is prior to more.
For those ready to discern the mystery within all.

* * * *

A gift to the dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Yup, I am the only one who will ever read it all,
From the first scrawls until whatever comes out until the demise,
The well running dry, or I just decide to shut the rig down, and take up golf or fishing.
Meanwhile, let the day begin.

* * * *

Good-bye, Cruel World, someday.

* * * *

An unexpected, unplanned, unnecessary journey, indeed.

* * * *

You need not hear my voice, to hear my voice, nor see my face, to know it your own.

* * * *

Have wandered many camps in this dream, but none ever drew me enough to spend an entire lifetime,
Until the tail end of the 80’s, at the age of 36, when thoughts began coming, one after another.
And so, this imaginary destiny finally took on a clarity, something of a perpetual wave,
One that appears not to be crashing for as long as ‘so far’ is fated to endure.
And even if it does crash, the deed is done, and done well enough.
The only question is whether or not it will find some legs,
And saunter on into some telling role in the dreamtime to come.
But there are far too many stacks and stacks of lost and forgotten writings,
In every variety of used book store, library book sale, and garage sale, to plan a party.

* * * *

An anonymous gift to anonymous readers.

* * * *

Another day of putting into words that which words can never tell.

What comes of them was well beyond my control the first time they were shared.
I will never be able to more than guess, than speculate, their destiny.
It is a truth all teachers and storytellers well know.

* * * *

Socrates was served up hemlock for all his ramblings.
The official charges were:
(1) corrupting youth.
(2) worshipping false gods.
(3) not worshipping the state religion.
Surely, my ditties are as deserving of such a destiny.
Good thing I do not live in the Muslim world, or one of its affiliates,
For I would have long since been a flaming marshmallow casting ash into the wind.

* * * *

Oh boy, another way to waste time until it wastes me.

* * * *

For all practical purposes, I never made more than a few dollars off of these writings,
And have actually contributed more than a little of my own treasure, as well as health and well-being.
And if truth be told, the Kinko's in Chico, California, also gave to the cause, albeit unwittingly,
Who knows how many spiral-bound copies, in the wee hours of many a graveyard shift.

* * * *

Serendipity at its finest.

* * * *

An original work, brought to You, by You.

* * * *

Lots of questionable, often bad decisions, to reach this old-man-and-the-sea point in time.

* * * *

So much left to do in this ever-expanding philosophical project.
Anyone interested down the road is welcome to do with it what they will.
There are no family, there are no friends, there is no following, tethered to its fate.
What happens to it is entirely up to the mystery from whence it came.

* * * *

Oh, how I do relish playing with my native language; in tongue, on paper, on screen.
The play of all things grammatical, is a significant part of this writer's story.
As are the skillsets of supporting cast members: techno and spatial.
And though I still rank myself apprentice in any and all use,
For Joe Everyman, it pretty much daily yields a great deal of satisfaction.

* * * *

As MacBeth (Shakespeare) put it: It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

A blob by any other name would be the same.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, and the matrix, whose quantum magic gives us the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

Take this babbleon on the road? Are You kidding? You must be looking for Willie Nelson.

* * * *

There would no doubt be a very painful death in store,
Were I to travel to some parts of the world,
And say what I have to say.

* * * *

I am far and away from being first or last to scribe such thoughts as these.
All that can really be claimed, is that there is a fair amount within this digital labyrinth.
Free gratis, for any who are already under sail, or about to set off, upon a voyage of Self-discovery.

* * * *

And through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I do every moment journey.

* * * *

Should I be even a little embarrassed? Nah.

* * * *

Have always just accepted and done whatever the dream offered.
Never had an agenda, never had a dog in the fight, never had a raison d'etre.
Have always just been here now, watching the show, doing whatever needed to be done,
And in the second half of this temporal existence, it has been about writing whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

I might let this mind, this imagination wander,
Every light and dark nook and cranny imagination allows,
But there are a wide range of boundaries to what I would actually do.
There are some things that I would even take my own life,
Before they would ever happen by these hands.

* * * *

Will this wellspring of thought ever go dry?
How nice it would be to let it all go.
And yet again, I enjoy it so.

* * * *

Duh, Michael, You are such a dim wit, sometimes.

* * * *

The no-religion religion.

* * * *

Another ditty lost in the wake of mind.

* * * *

I am as pride-filled as any other human; we are all the same imaginary notion.

* * * *

This whole world, this whole lifetime
Has been so perfectly scripted, so perfectly acted,
That I sometimes wonder if my name is not Michael, but Truman.

* * * *

Relativity reigns.

* * * *

This, too, has been written by the whim of imagination.

* * * *

Story-telling is a talent, a skillset, that finds no perch in this mind.
All that comes to this dreamer are aphorisms, and maybe a few anecdotes.
Any reader well-versed in literature, would set down any attempt within minutes,
Which enough already do with this philosophical Winchester House as it is.

* * * *

Missed my first opportunity when I first spotted my father's no-name shotgun in his closet.
Could have cut short a lifetime of vexation, right then and there.
Yeah, regrets, I gotta few.

* * * *

I know what my values are, but I would hesitate to inflict them on others.

* * * *

Another leg in the daily pastime, the daily chore, the daily slog, done, done, check.

* * * *

Dang, where did I put that blue pill?

* * * *

A lot of nice guys wake up next to their women every morning,
With their manhood still secure in the lockbox beneath her pillow.
How I escaped that abysmal destiny is a chronicle I barely remember.
How many nets I stumbled around or through, is a tale I will never know.

* * * *

To have had this esoteric vision,
And a wide-ranging skillset existence,
Has been a most remarkable thing to witness.

* * * *

An unfolding trainwreck (a.k.a., cluster fuck).

* * * *

Just a regular Joe Everyman, friend to some, adversary to others.
Somewhat charismatic, but somewhat disagreeable at times, as well.
Pretty much guaranteed to always be moving on sooner or later.

* * * *

This could not have been written were I not still tangoing with vanity.

* * * *

Yeah, I still believe in Santa Claus, so I get it.

* * * *

There's that guy who's always writing on index cards,
And sitting in coffee shops typing away on his computer.

* * * *

I may be mad, but be in good company.

* * * *

Autobiography of a Madman: Court Jester to His Cosmos

* * * *

Away from any and all limelight,
And with an asleep-at-the-wheel censor within,
I say and do, and write, pretty much whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, I serve the moment, I serve the matrix, I serve the mystery, there is no other.

* * * *

I dance with You to appease my vanity, oftentimes by stoking yours.

* * * *

I have no life, so here I am again.

* * * *

Unless someone else has written down their truth about me,
And it is somehow unearthed from the landfills that dot the landscape,
Any readers will only know my version; the lie I believe true.

* * * *

Why go on putting myself through this, is a question daily posed.

* * * *

Apologies for all the grammatical errors.
I am really still an apprentice when it comes to wordplay.
The English language – the American English version – and linguistics in general,
Have always been something of a challenge, one which I do so dearly enjoy,
That there are few daze I do not spend some time scribbling or typing.

* * * *

Lost in space, lost in time, lost in mind, I am found.

* * * *

My Little Forum

* * * *

Spent my life experiencing, exploring, swinging from vine to vine in my little jungle,
Looking for something that called me, something that would engage me.
And at some point in the middle years, words began to come,
And without the fanfare of drums and trumpets,
Destiny took on a reality, a clarity, as never before.
I have wielded pen and keyboard as well as ability allows,
For what point and purpose, if any, can be no more than speculated.

* * * *

Just an aphorism machine, I am, I am.

* * * *

No art form, and in this case, no ditty, can be considered done,
Until the last breath, the last wheezing exhale, of this 'dust or bust' cadaver.
Of the once-upon-a time vigorous, nature-nurture city state,
Now expiring, exiting, one cell at a time.

* * * *

It took a lot of vanity to write this; I am not as free as actual death will take it.

* * * *

When do I get my invite to the Dead Poets Society, by the way?

* * * *

We have an independent streak in this slice of the world,
That does not go well with being as bound to tradition and custom,
As the parts of the world that have thousands of years of history.
We started off with an empty slate, a tabula rasa, of sorts,
After we killed off or imprisoned the indigenous folk.

* * * *

All the magical creatures, all the folktale characters, would do well to disclose themselves to me,
For they would have no greater advocate, no greater truthsayer, no greater promoter,
To declare their reality be true, to the world of skeptics, to which I am liege.

* * * *

So much already said, already written,
Across all times, across all spaces, come and gone before.
How can this life work ever be known, ever have any meaningful impact?
How can the species ever change its evolutionary context, its genomically-induced patterning?
How can a species compelled, bound, to a narcissistic-hedonistic paradigm,
Ever hope to survive a universe, that has never cared,
About anything ever created?

* * * *

Somebody had to write it, and I wasn't busy.

* * * *

How has all pitter-patter come about;
This thirty-plus year philosophical edifice?
First, the etchings of the thought are scribbled,
Where it may be transcribed as originally intuited,
Or expanded, or changed entirely to something similar,
But different, from the now completely lost and gone original.
And then, on an Apple laptop – days, months, years – later,
Who can guess what will happen as fingers dance away?
And the original etching scratched on an index card,
Makes its way to one trash container or another,
Lost forever in the nearest already full landfill.
Somebody had to write it, and I wasn't busy.

* * * *

Welcome to the spider's den.

* * * *

What could possibly be left that I have not touched on?
What a thing it has been to be witness to this existence.

* * * *

Another day of pleasant boredom underway.

* * * *

Am I there, yet?

* * * *

The Man from QUANTUM.

* * * *

Why write a story when the moral, the bare bones, the punchline, is all that is required.
When cutting to the chase, getting to the point, takes so much less effort, for all concerned.

* * * *

Not quite needy enough, not quite greedy enough, to weave it into fame and fortune.

* * * *

Beautiful women would often do well to stay silent.

* * * *

The Devil may care.

* * * *

Oh, would that I had something left enough to give chase.

A hobby; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

My journey through the Ivory Tower was never much of a scholarly one.
Had to work for my grades, and then only just managed,
To land in the above-average ranks.
The same can be said of the athletic ventures.

* * * *

I was born to be retired.

* * * *

Don’t know if I’m enlightened, but I certainly am full of shit.

* * * *

A cosmic bean-counter.

* * * *

I do love the pause of a comma.

* * * *

One friend likened the output of my aphoristic babble to Tom Wolf’s in real literature.

* * * *

Time for another walkabout.

* * * *

For the future, such as it is.

* * * *

Another pearl tossed into the time born of mind, for it to do whatever it will.

* * * *

This keyboard is stage enough for me; enjoy your popcorn, hold the applause.

* * * *

Dead before my time.

* * * *

A few footnotes, at best, is my guess.

* * * *

Just watching the human paradigm slide into dissolution one day at time.

* * * *

My Winchester House

* * * *

Fingers dancing away on the keyboards of a couple Apple MacBook Pro laptops.
Alone, relatively free of the constraints of any distracting obligations to any individual, any group,
I freely contemplate, freely explore, freely scrutinize, anything that wanders into mind.
This is an opus – as earnest, as sincere, as serious – as this dreamer can muster.
Be sure not make it about me, for I am You in but another reverie.

* * * *

Nothing needs be concealed.
I have played the gamut as mindlessly as any.
If I have not done it, I saw it done, or thought about doing it.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned dream, is not one many will choose.
How did it happen, that this small-town farm boy, wandered aimlessly down a barely-recalled trail?
It is a long and vague and tedious narrative, that reads as any plebeian fare,
Relatively unexceptional to its ever-present core.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.

* * * *

What is any existence but a progression of moments,
Spontaneous, inadvertent, unforeseen,
As only the Fates can be.

* * * *

Who but me will ever read all this silliness?
The things we do with our lives.
Absurdity reigns.

* * * *

This is what I was born to do; hopefully, this work will not be lost, or worse, usurped.

* * * *

Ooh, goody, something else that I do not need very badly.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another day of meditations and contemplations, such as they are.

* * * *

Yes, yes, I get it, I get it, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But how can You expect me to not want it validated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including my Self, the most sober, reliable, earnest, truth-seeker, I know,
Before I go all-in-ape-shit-true-believer on any nonsense?
"Show me," declared the man from Missouri.

* * * *

I writes it the way I sees it
If I am wrong (which I only rarely am),
You will find me in your imaginary fire and brimstone,
Where only the most interesting, most entertaining, folk are allowed.

* * * *

I am not immune to vanity and corruption, so do not give me the keys to the world.
Without checks and balances, I would probably mess things up as badly as anybody.

* * * *

Drop-dead goo, baby, You are drop-dead goo.

* * * *

I do not join groups, why would I want to create one?
I do not follow anyone, why would I want to lead anyone?
These many thoughts came to mind, and I make them available.
What becomes of them is up to whoever finds them;
Very few of whom I will ever meet.

* * * *

Check your assumptions at the door, please.

* * * *

What about any woman would be more interesting,
Than doing whatever I want, whenever I want?
A flying solo life is why You are reading this.
It required a great deal of departing many lives.

* * * *

If this does become known, it will be after the fall.

* * * *

The rumbles of another nap are starting to sound.

* * * *

Yes, anything may well be possible,
But I need to have it corroborated
By reliable witnesses, including moi,

Before I sally all-in True Believer on it.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

It is never too late to take the blue pill.

* * * *

Soul reader.

* * * *

Yet another distracting sidebar; another ripple in the ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, these many years of so many thoughts coming to mind.
Not sure how they come, how they keep coming, so often, and with such lucidity.
Starts any given time and space, usually with a pen scribbling onto a blank index card,
And then on to Microsoft Word on the MacBook Pro, with all its cherished accoutrements:
Google search, spellcheck, dictionary, thesaurus, and a knack for word association.
All the drafting and newspaper layout make for the spatial machinations.

And … Voilà!

* * * *

Is it possible I might someday be deemed, through the happenstance-happenstance of serendipity,
One of the most dangerous spies, the most dangerous anarchists, the world has ever known?
I was given access to the keys of the kingdom. and from the steps of that ivory tower,
Have used the technologies of these times to sprinkle many a breadcrumb across the world.
What will come of it, if anything, who now knows? The steady slog of time, is in that sense required.

* * * *

A quixotic quantum manifesto, very much indeed.
My itty-bitty part in the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little contribution to the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little celebration of the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little salutation to the grand théâtre of dreamtime.

* * * *

Dagnabbit, am I talking through my hat again?

* * * *

Why do this to your Self, again and again, forever again.
That is the question, my friend, that is the question.

* * * *

What can I say, it is the way imagination larks about in this wee brain.

* * * *

But for a few incidental plagiarisms, an entirely original work.

* * * *

I be quantum matrixing.

* * * *

Maybe I am wrong in this dittyfesting at times.
Sometimes the wrong selection in the wordsmithing.
Sometimes just plain old wrongo-bongo oopsie.

* * * *

Am I, or am I not, the exception that proves the rule? You decide.

* * * *

Raising the bar one ditty at a time.

* * * *

Regarding wearing a mask, a shield, in this or any other time;
Regarding having the inalienable right to protect myself, I ask You:
Why I would ever want your bodily fluids, to in any way mix with mine?
I expressly reserve the due diligence to pick and choose on that one, thank You.

* * * *

Jesus Christos, that took a while to figure out.

* * * *

I do so delight in language in all its forms.
Alas, that this mind-body is harbor to only one to speak of,
It being American English, specifically rural Central California, circa Y2K.
How I would so enjoy to be in linguistics, what a maestro is to music, or a master is to a forge.
How I would love to know many more languages across all geographies and times.
I do this mind's plebeian best in setting down these many thoughts.
Please forgive, if I, in any way, slur your better diction.

* * * *

Not taking the Fifth, here, obviously.
I be beyond-all-doubt guilty, as charged.
Hang me high, 'Yer Honor, in the highest tree.

* * * *

What a different world this world would be if everyone was like me?

* * * *

More rantings from a rational mind.

* * * *

As I do not find it worth a pauper's pittance,
And both specifically and generally,
Do not hold out much hope for anything,
I ask any who have answer, even speculation,
What hope can there ever be in a four-letter word?

* * * *

Someone could spend years, perhaps a lifetime, reading and re-reading,
All that I have written and posted on a variety of online platforms,
Including the works of other thinkers across space and time.
There is no shortage of material for any whose fate it is to witness.

* * * *

Just sitting in one here or there or another, likely with a mug of coffee, or two or three,
At one table or couch or another, tap-tap-tapping away at the keyboard,
Any and every gyration of imagination that comes to mind,
All dancing away on the screen above it.
Word processing, with all its trappings, gotta love it.

* * * *

You can say it better? Have at it, have fun, vanity is all.

* * * *

This body of work could not have been scribed,
Were I not relatively talented at wandering all camps,
Sometimes in person, sometimes in mind, always as witness.

* * * *

Yes, yes, yes, for someone so into the stillness of awareness,
I sure do babble on, and am not too good at sitting still, either.

* * * *

Killing me softly with your breath,
Killing me softly with your cough,
Killing me softly with your sneeze,
Killing me softly with your song and dance.
All You are to me is a flat-earther who few if any will miss.

* * * *

Spreading my word, one conversation, one email, one website business card, at a time.
Under the radar, to be sure, and no sign it is finding any wings at this writing.
For me to believe it might meaningfully change the human paradigm,
Requires a level of vanity to which I endeavor not to succumb.
As the human species is not even close to waking up in any meaningful way,
Far easier to continue anonymously enjoying the writing and posting, and depart content.

* * * *

One happenchance friend of mine, an online classical music critic,
Called my aphorisms lyrical, whatever that means.
All I can say is, that is just how they come out, and shape up.
Nothing planned about how this mind was linguistically programmed.

* * * *

I am retired unto a quiet, moderate, relatively anonymous routine;
One largely focused on these writings, and the rest, whatever else calls.
It could be family, it could be friendships, it could be entertainment,
It could be a long, nondescript, aimless-wandering, walkabout.
Casually waiting for the Reaper to come settle all scores.
What more needs doing? What more needs saying?

* * * *

With so little audience to mold my ways and means,
I can dam-the-torpedoes. say and do. whatever I friggin' please,
As often as I may choose, and in as many ways as I can darned-well imagine.
Whoever might wish to stop or contain me, is pretty much way too late.
Like it or no, history has me in its talons, to what end, I know not.
Nor do I care to do more than pipedream any and all ripples,
From complete and utter obscurity, to unending acclaim.
"Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." saith the Preacher.

* * * *

They are like puzzle pieces that come together so easily.
A most pleasant way to pass, to pipedream, the dreaming.

* * * *

How fondly I remember those younger, much more innocent moments,
When it did not even occur to me to give a hoot of a rat's ass
What was happening in this dust ball of a world,
When the headlines of historic events
Had yet to draw this wanderer's attention.
There is indeed an undeniable bliss in ignorance.

* * * *

Just writing for writing's sake.
Have posted it on the internet for anyone interested,
But have no concern about whether or not anything ever comes of it.
Ramblings of a mind bent by serendipity toward observing and writing about the mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

If parts of this body of work are someday translated into other languages,
Who can ever truly know whether or not the interpretations of the sundry frames of reference,
Are even remotely close to what was intended, envisioned, by this quantum mind,
In the context of the original window of the dream called time.

Beware all translations; especially your own.

* * * *

Always more than a little beyond amazing to watch the tiny seeds of a thought,
Evolve from scratch paper to screen, into what You are now reading.
The wonders of this modern age have been invaluable partners,
In their bringing this mind's frame of reference, its vision of reality,
To all who have the ears to hear and eyes to see this mystery for themselves.
How fortunate I feel, to have been witness to this opus, no matter what becomes of it.

* * * *

How I do enjoy, do relish, my commas.
The little pauses in the way I would say it,
Had I an audience of even one, lending its ear.

* * * *

Imagine the Grecian orators of old, in their robes,
Speaking to forums filled with critical minds,
Perceiving the candor in every thought.

* * * *

No Wikipedia page for me, yet.

* * * *

And why would I care about that?

* * * *

Forgive me, Lord, I was born in Kaliforny, and don't know no different.

* * * *

It cannot be emphasized too much, how big a role word association plays in this work.

* * * *

Do we really need to go through that again?

* * * *

How tiring this record can ofttimes be.

* * * *

Moi can be happy about that with a little shift in attitude.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their minions have always been in charge, always will be.
They have all together created my world, my life of work and play, possible.
I thank them for all their industry, for all their service, to my benefit.
While they every day calculate their treasure many times over,
While they every day evaluate their power many times over,
While they every day bask in their fame many times over,

I amble about, partaking whatever the moment offers.
Solitary, anonymous, ordinary, detached, boundless.
Unlike so many, I have grasped that enough is enough.

* * * *

I salute those yet to serve.

* * * *

Running low on curiosity; the craving to know is not what it was.

* * * *

A peasant who became king of his universe.

* * * *

Imagination toying with itself.

* * * *

For a mind so yearning for peace and quiet, I sure am a chatty thing.

* * * *

To mañana, or not to mañana, that is the question.

* * * *

Given the way they have been dispersed willy-nilly-no-direction-known across all boundaries,
There is absolutely no way I can know what is happening with these writings.
They could be slowly spreading, or be being all but ignored.
Johnny Appleseed ain't got nothing on me,
As I dance toward the exit.

* * * *

Good God, what did he mean by that?!

* * * *

Many thanks to all who have made this brief existence, this brief adventure, possible.
Thank You for your service, and all that You will continue to do in the time remaining.

* * * *

How this philosophical work has scribed itself in the second half of this dreamtime,
Has been a beyond-all-pales, unanticipated, unsought, uninvited, please-no-not-me, sort of destiny.
What a remarkable expedition to be fashioned into a herald of this ineffable mystery.
Yet another thinker leaving a long and winding trail of breadcrumbs,
All pointing to the unknowable within and without.

* * * *

There is a unique alliance between me and my Self and I, and word-processing.
With its spellcheck, its dictionary, its thesaurus, there is so much depth, there is so much breadth.
These many thoughts would not have happened, could not have happened,
Were it not for this time's digital platform.

* * * *

The only throne I worship is made of porcelain.

* * * *

Piecemeal worked for me.

* * * *

Entertaining can be fun in spontaneous moments, but a career of it? No way, Jose.

* * * *

What do I care if there is but meager audience for these many thoughts?
I have imagined and written, read and re-read. each and every one, some many, many times.
That, coupled with the appreciation of those who have gleaned my intent,
Is applause enough for this illusory mind's vanity.

* * * *

Always with the editorial eye.

* * * *

If everyone was like me at this writing, then not much would get done or undone.
Fellow earthling would thrive, climate change would be averted, world peace would reign.
There would be no more hunger, no more pain, no more sickness, no more suffering.
Heaven could not do it any better, and Hell would be a demonless ghost town.

* * * *

If you're looking for point and purpose, it ain't in this corner.

* * * *

If there is a god, he/she/it can go fuck him/her/itself.

* * * *

Momma raised a fool, not an idiot.

* * * *

A more scholarly work eludes me, sorry.

* * * *

A dream, filled with nightmares, that I would never voluntarily repeat.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is in here somewhere.

* * * *

I am free to say whatever I please in these digitalized pages.
What power I have in my imaginary realm.
Mwahahahahaha …
The end of my universe is nigh.

* * * *

Do not, do not, do not, I repeat, do not, do what I did.
It were not for no reason I wear this Mad Hatter cap.

* * * *

Have long given up in any way-shape-form imagining that humankind
Will ever evolve into caretakers, guardians, custodians, protectors, defenders,
Sentinels, stewards, partners, lovers, of the natural world, the Great Mother, that bore it.

* * * *

I am incapable of believing anything other than it is an insoluble mystery.

* * * *

What philosopher does not wonder at the absurdity of his/her life's work?

* * * *

I serve what my vision, my awareness, discerns.

* * * *

Do I talk to my Self? Well, obviously. And listen, as well.

* * * *

Who, if anyone, will discover this collection of random thoughts,
And cast it into the composting mound of erstwhile dead poets, dead thinkers,
To be forever lost, to be forever forgotten, in one future or another?

* * * *

I have played many characters, and we are all good friends.

* * * *

While Rome burned, I wrote, and then wrote more.

* * * *

A good nap should never be put off, I say, I say.

* * * *

Madman across the keyboard.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow, or did I say that yesterday?

* * * *

'Tis often I wonder what others might think, what others might say, about these thoughts.
What praises and curses and ho-hums would they, and the bully critics, cultivate,
Were they to peruse and ponder to some serious degree, a few lines or so.
Makes me laugh plenty ha-ha hard and long, imagining the din.

* * * *

What a joy it is to be me … sometimes.

* * * *

The entire human existence has been imagined from the Darwinian get-go.

* * * *

Drift on, stranger, there ain't nothing here.

* * * *

Oh, for a time machine.

* * * *

There are many limits to what I want to learn, or can learn, with the given transmitter.

* * * *

This, too, shall be forgotten.

* * * *

Writing for an audience that will not be around much longer.

* * * *

I don't do namby-pamby.

* * * *

Just regurgitating the same old thing.

* * * *

A trail guide, a tour guide, if there ever was one.

* * * *

Chances are, fat oozing around the edges of a bikini does not arouse too many endorphins.

* * * *

I just want to entertain my Self, thank You.

* * * *

Seemed so real at the time.

* * * *

Just an ordinary fellow, a Joe Everyman, who called it as he saw it.

* * * *

Calls it as I sees it.

* * * *

Most everything this mind has ever created has been given away, lost, tossed, forgotten.
Who can answer what will become of all this esoteric wordplay but what the Fates deign.

From this vantage, it is already in the pile of so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

What to do with all this esoteric babble, is a question for which I lack answer.

* * * *

What different message could there possible be?

* * * *

Hold the applause, thank You.

* * * *

If I was going to lose something, I would want it to be that.

* * * *

Deities and demons are but bit players in my vision.

* * * *

Another day of esoteric soliloquizing.

* * * *

Time for another round of contemplation of non-existence.

* * * *

An hour is too long.

* * * *

We're all prostitutes, Honey.

* * * *

There are worse fates.

* * * *

It has taken a great deal of inner dialogue, inner chatter, to pen all these musings.
Is any writer, any thinker, or any other monkey-mind, really any less loquacious?

* * * *

Where the fuck did I put that blue pill?

* * * *

My little Winchester House.

* * * *

I, Mystery.

* * * *

Been there more than a few times.

* * * *

Worn enough hats to know what to do when one blows off.

* * * *

Have spent this life creating in so many ways, and where is it all now?
Some of it still in possession, some of it in the hands of others,
Most of it likely in garbage dumps or feeding fires.
So it goes, so it went, such is existence.
As if it never even happened.

* * * *

A stone unturned is wisdom undiscerned.

* * * *

A gift from your Self to your Self.

* * * *

Life, it will kill You.

* * * *

You know I'm thinking it.

* * * *

Why didn't You tell me?

* * * *

The endless hunt for duplicates in all these pages is a happenchance task.

* * * *

Habits die hard.

* * * *

I Am That, the revolution.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be usurped?

* * * *

Truth is truth, no cherry-picking.

* * * *

Scouts and spies are handy tools in any war chest.

* * * *

A storyteller without a story.

* * * *

I give into any nap that will have me, that will take me to oblivion, to home.

* * * *

In every now, every beginning, every end.

* * * *

As if it never even happened … ker-poof.

* * * *

My universe, my call.

* * * *

Redefining god one ditty at a time.

* * * *

Still creating, still enduring, bother after bother for your Self, eh?

* * * *

Regrets?
Yup, a few more than a few.
Rest-assured, I won't be the first to throw a stone.

* * * *

Homeward bound.

* * * *

All this philosophical wordplay would never have happened in the ways and means it has,
Were it not for the mindboggling computer and internet technologies of this modern time.
That is, word processing, and all its dictionary-thesaurus-spellcheck-grammar capability.

* * * *

Mission accomplished; I did what I could.

* * * *

Wrote that one wrong.

* * * *

From one to however many others, one perch at a time.

* * * *

Whoever might ever read all this blather is only just less zany than the fellow who wrote it.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Will one day suffer the fate of all such works.
Such is the dustbin of history.

* * * *

Moi no more.

* * * *

Why should it matter to me what anybody else thinks?

* * * *

Not something I need to do.

* * * *

How did I mean it? However You translate it.

* * * *

Devil's advocate for the gods.

* * * *

How fortunate I am not to have been born into so many other existences.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

Imagination

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

Will It Really Matter?

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?
Will it really matter in one hour?
Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

The Mind Is, the Mind Is Not

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.

The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wont.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

How Can You Ever Describe It?

How can You ever describe a sound?
How can You ever describe a sight?
How can You ever describe a taste?
How can You ever describe a smell?
How can You ever describe a feeling?
How can You ever describe anything?
And yet we are ever linguistic acrobats.

What is Genesis?

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

Only Vanity Believes

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

So It Goes

So many sights You will never see,
So many sounds You will never hear,
So many scents You will never smell,
So many flavors You will never taste,
So many textures You will never feel,
So many thoughts You will never think,
So many things You will never own.
So many things You will never do.
So many things You will never be.
So it goes.

Only as Real as You Imagine Them

Differences are only as real as You imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as You imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as You imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as You imagine them.

How Can You Look, and Not See?

How can You look at this mystery, and not see it is You?
How can You look at any other, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a mountain, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a plant, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a stream, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a rock, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a table, and not see it is You?
How can You look at an insect, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a bird, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a fish, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a horse, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a man, and not see he is You?
How can You look at a woman, and not see she is You?
How can You look at a child, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the ocean, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a cloud, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sky, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the moon, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sun, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the stars, and not see they are You?
How can You look at a particle of dust, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the space between all, and not see it is You?

What Difference?

To be, or not to be, what difference?
To see. or not to see, what difference?
To hear. or not to hear, what difference?
To taste, or not to taste, what difference?
To smell. or not to smell, what difference?
To touch, or not to touch, what difference?
To think, or not to think, what difference?

Regarding Intelligence

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:
bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
interpersonal (people smart)
verbal linguistic (word smart)
logical-mathematical (logic smart)
naturalistic (nature smart)
intrapersonal (self smart)
visual-spatial (picture smart)
musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:
mathematical (number smart),
musical (music smart),
linguistic (word smart),
naturalistic (nature smart),
intrapersonal (self smart),
interpersonal (people smart),
body-kinesthetic (body smart),
visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:
naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypotheses and proving them)
existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
linguistic (finding the right words to express what You mean)
intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what You feel, and what You want)
spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

The Gift of Eternal Life

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or You, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

Yesterday & Tomorrow

Who was yesterday? Who will be tomorrow?
What was yesterday? What will be tomorrow?
Where was yesterday? Where will be tomorrow?
When was yesterday? When will be tomorrow?
Why was yesterday? Why will be tomorrow?
How was yesterday? How will be tomorrow?

Ultimate Reality

Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all visions.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all sounds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all tastes.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all smells.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all touch.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all senses.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.

Before All Beginnings, After All Ends

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

Existence is Enough

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory You.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

Water Does Not

Water does not battle the rock.
It does not disobey gravity.
It does not resist the sun.

Just Another

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

The Garden of Dualistic Notion

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

Ever the Same You

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

What is Hope?

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:
Hope is to:
Hope is:
Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short
Wild goose chase
Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg
Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun

By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

What Happened

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

Blobs Everywhere

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with feelers.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

What is Left?

What is left, after You stop imagining You are the body?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are the identity?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these memories?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these relationships?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, You ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

Only as Real as You Imagine It

Reality is only as real as You imagine it.
Space is only as real as You imagine it.
Time is only as real as You imagine it.
History is only as real as You imagine it.
Science is only as real as You imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as You imagine it.
Music is only as real as You imagine it.
Art is only as real as You imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as You imagine it.
Industry is only as real as You imagine it.
Technology is only as real as You imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as You imagine it.
Existence is only as real as You imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as You imagine it.
Other is only as real as You imagine it.
Nature is only as real as You imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as You imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as You imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as You imagine it.
Everything is only as real as You imagine it.
God is only as real as You imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as You imagine it.
Self is only as real as You imagine it.
You are only as real as You imagine it.

The Same You

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

Who Really Knows? Who Really Cares?

How many really know, really care, what Schopenhauer thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wittgenstein thought?
How many really know, really care, what Lao Tzu thought?
How many really know, really care, what Buddha thought?
How many really know, really care, what Comte thought?
How many really know, really care, what Bacon thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heraclitus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kafka thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hume thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ikkyū thought?
How many really know, really care, what Rousseau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Russell thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hobbes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Machiavelli thought?
How many really know, really care, what Foucault thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kierkegaard thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishna thought?
How many really know, really care, what Mill thought?
How many really know, really care, what de Beauvoir thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hess thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aquinas thought?
How many really know, really care, what Carneades thought?
How many really know, really care, what Diogenes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Smith thought?
How many really know, really care, what Confucius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what James thought?
How many really know, really care, what Parmenides thought?
How many really know, really care, what Pascal thought?
How many really know, really care, what Chomsky thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thales thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sina thought?
How many really know, really care, what Patanjali thought?
How many really know, really care, what Watts thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ram Dass thought?
How many really know, really care, what Osho thought?
How many really know, really care, what Derrida thought?
How many really know, really care, what Marx thought?
How many really know, really care, what Vonnegut thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wollstonecraft thought?
How many really know, really care, what Descartes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sartre thought?
How many really know, really care, what Muhammad thought?
How many really know, really care, what Locke thought?
How many really know, really care, what Emerson thought?

How many really know, really care, what Nietzsche thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what Dewey thought?
How many really know, really care, what Zoroaster thought?
How many really know, really care, what Whitman thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kant thought?
How many really know, really care, what Shankara thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Epicurus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ashtavakra thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aurelius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Jesus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Yogananda thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aristotle thought?
How many really know, really care, what Camus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Voltaire thought?
How many really know, really care, what Spinoza thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thoreau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hegel thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heidegger thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishnamurti thought?
How many really know, really care, what You think?
Never hurts to get over yourself anytime soon.

What Will Your Death Be Like?

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?
Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will You be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will You be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will You be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

Real Friendship

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not thieve.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.
Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

Nothing More to Be

Stop wishing You were some other place.
Stop wishing You were some other time.
Stop wishing You were some other life.
Here You are … right here, right now.
Awareness … pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

You Are the Awareness

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

Without the Mind-Body

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

Work on Imagining

Work on imagining who You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining what You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining where You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining when You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining why You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining how You really are, and are not.

Regarding Free Will

You really believe You have free will?
Could You be free of your time?
Could You be free of your space?
Could You be free of your genetics?
Could You be free of your body?
Could You be free of your face?
Could You be free of your eyes?
Could You be free of your ears?
Could You be free of your nose?
Could You be free of your tongue?
Could You be free of your touch?
Could You be free of your language?
Could You be free of your ethnicity?
Could You be free of your gender?
Could You be free of your status?
Could You be free of your knowledge?
Could You be free of your memories?
Could You be free of your beliefs?
Could You be free of your wealth?
Could You be free of your religion?
Could You be free of your politics?
Could You be free of your feelings?
Could You be free of your emotions?
Could You be free of your prejudices?
Could You be free of your reflections?
Could You be free of your insights?
Could You be free of your appetites?
Could You be free of your family?
Could You be free of your friends?
Could You be free of your acquaintances?
Could You be free of your adversaries?
Could You be free of your heritage?
Could You be free of your tribe?
Could You be free of your work?
Could You be free of your habits?
Could You be free of your foods?
Could You be free of your liquids?
Could You be free of your pleasures?
Could You be free of your pains?
Could You be free of your sexuality?
Could You be free of your things?
Could You be free of your hobbies?
Could You be free of your loves?
Could You be free of your likes?
Could You be free of your hates?
Could You be free of your reactions?

Could You be free of your banter?
Could You be free of your algorithm?
Could You be free of your world?
Could You be free of your cosmos?
Could You be free of your moment?
Could You be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But You are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if You can.

The Moment is Now

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment You are.
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The moment You are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to all.

How Domesticated Are You?

How domesticated are You.
How domesticated are You?
How domesticated are You!
How domesticated are You!?
How domesticated are You?!

The Envy of Fellow Earthlings

Why would an elephant envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a tree envy You?
Why would an ant envy You?
Why would a bear envy You?
Why would a mouse envy You?
Why would a sparrow envy You?
Why would an eagle envy You?
Why would a jellyfish envy You?
Why would a tiger envy You?
Why would a dolphin envy You?
Why would a salmon envy You?
Why would a cockroach envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a monkey envy You?
Why would a deer envy You?
Why would a crab envy You?
Why would a badger envy You?
Why would a rose envy You?
Why would a weed envy You?
Why would a salamander envy You?
Why would a snake envy You?
Why would an alligator envy You?
Why would a microbe envy You?
Why would a butterfly envy You?
All life forms are masters of their given worlds.
Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

As Intangible as Intangible Can Be

Awareness cannot be seen.
Awareness cannot be heard.
Awareness cannot be tasted.
Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible,
As intangible can be.

Worms Do Not Care

Die wealthy, die poor.
Die powerful, die weak.
Die known, die unknown.
Die brave, die coward.
Die loved, die hated.
Die happy, die sad.
Worms do not care.

What Choice?

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

Waiting for Jesus

Waiting for Schopenhauer.
Waiting for Wittgenstein.
Waiting for Lao Tzu.
Waiting for Buddha.
Waiting for Comte.
Waiting for Bacon.
Waiting for Heraclitus.
Waiting for Kafka.
Waiting for Hume.
Waiting for Ikkyū.
Waiting for Rousseau.
Waiting for Russell.
Waiting for Hobbes.
Waiting for Machiavelli.
Waiting for Foucault.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Kierkegaard.
Waiting for Krishna.
Waiting for Mill.
Waiting for de Beauvoir.
Waiting for Hess.
Waiting for Aquinas.
Waiting for Carneades.
Waiting for Diogenes.
Waiting for Smith.
Waiting for Confucius.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for James.
Waiting for Parmenides.
Waiting for Pascal.
Waiting for Chomsky.
Waiting for Thales.
Waiting for Sina.
Waiting for Patanjali.
Waiting for Watts.
Waiting for Ram Dass.
Waiting for Osho.
Waiting for Derrida.
Waiting for Marx.
Waiting for Vonnegut.
Waiting for Wollstonecraft.
Waiting for Descartes.
Waiting for Sartre.
Waiting for Muhammad.
Waiting for Locke.
Waiting for Emerson.

Waiting for Nietzsche.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for Dewey.
Waiting for Zoroaster.
Waiting for Whitman.
Waiting for Kant.
Waiting for Shankara.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Epicurus.
Waiting for Ashtavakra.
Waiting for Aurelius.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Jesus.
Waiting for Yogananda.
Waiting for Aristotle.
Waiting for Camus.
Waiting for Voltaire.
Waiting for Spinoza.
Waiting for Thoreau.
Waiting for Hegel.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Heidegger.
Waiting for Krishnamurti.
Might be best not to hold your breath.

So, You're in Love With a Blob, EH?

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

What Matter?

Here You are, now.
What matter, who?
What matter, what?
What matter, when?
What matter, where?
What matter, why?
What matter, how?
Here You are, now.

The Same Answer

Who are You in there?
What are You in there?
Where are You in there?
When are You in there?
Why are You in there?
How are You in there?
Is not the truest answer,
The same for one and all?

First and Last

This is the first and last breath, breathe it.
This is the first and last sight, see it.
This is the first and last sound, hear it.
This is the first and last taste, taste it.
This is the first and last smell, smell it.
This is the first and last touch, touch it
This is the first and last breath, breathe it.

What Point?

No point changing what cannot be changed,
Journeying that which cannot be journeyed,
Preserving that which cannot be preserved.
Criticizing that which cannot be criticized.
Revealing that which cannot be revealed,
Traveling that which cannot be traveled.
Advising that which cannot be advised.
Creating that which cannot be created,
Pushing that which cannot be pushed,
Chasing that which cannot be caught,
Pulling that which cannot be pulled,
Loving that which cannot be loved,
Hating that which cannot be hated,
Mending that which cannot be torn,
Seeking that which cannot be found,
Solving that which cannot be solved,
Sharing that which cannot be shared,
Beginning that which cannot be begun,
Finishing that which cannot be finished,
Destroying that which cannot be destroyed.

When More is Never Enough

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

The Same Mystery in All

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever You please,
The same mystery is in all.

Infinity: Everything and Nothing

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

The Horror! The Horror!

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The algorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!

The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

All Blobs the Same

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

The Mystery Is All

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that You think You know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the integrity, the virtue, You truly are.

What Would Your Frame of Reference Be?

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

What Is the Universe of a Bee?

What is the universe of any life form?
What is the universe of a bee?
What is the universe of a hawk?
What is the universe of a sparrow?
What is the universe of a cockroach?
What is the universe of a tiger?
What is the universe of a virus?
What is the universe of a frog?
What is the universe of a dandelion?
What is the universe of a crow?
What is the universe of a shark?
What is the universe of an elephant?
What is the universe of a bat?
What is the universe of an ant?
What is the universe of a butterfly?
What is the universe of a whale?
What is the universe of a deer?
What is the universe of a microbe?
What is the universe of a snake?
What is the universe of a spider?
What is the universe of a plant?
What is the universe of a moth?
What is the universe of a lobster?
What is the universe of a bear?
What is the universe of a seagull?
What is the universe of a minnow?
What is the universe of a clam?
What is the universe of a dolphin?
What is the universe of a tree?
What is the universe of a snail?
What is the universe of a seal?
What is the universe of a buffalo?
What is the universe of a cow?
What is the universe of a chicken?
What is the universe of a pig?
What is the universe of a salmon?
What is the universe of a badger?
What is the universe of an octopus?
What is the universe of a kangaroo?
What is the universe of a panda?
What is the universe of a gnat?
What is the universe of a pike?
What is the universe of a rat?
What is the universe of a worm?
What is the universe of a guppy?
What is the universe of an owl?

What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?
What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.
Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

Where Is Your Face?

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when You are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That You are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

How Can You Prove Anything?

How can You prove now; why should You have to?
How can You prove time; why should You have to?
How can You prove space; why should You have to?
How can You prove infinity; why should You have to?
How can You prove quantum; why should You have to?
How can You prove anything; why should You have to?
How can You prove everything; why should You have to?
How can You prove awareness; why should You have to?
How can You prove eternity; why should You have to?
How can You prove naught; why should You have to?
How can You prove You; why should You have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

Will That Be the Last Time?

Will that be the last time You think that?
Will that be the last time You say that?
Will that be the last time You do that?
Will that be the last time You see that?
Will that be the last time You hear that?
Will that be the last time You taste that?
Will that be the last time You smell that?
Will that be the last time You feel that?
Will that be the last time You read that?
Will that be the last time You write that?
Will that be the last time You discern that?
Will that be the last time You wonder that?
Will that be the last time You manipulate that?
Will that be the last time You calculate that?
Will that be the last time You draw that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You sculpt that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You dance that?
Will that be the last time You play that?
Will that be the last time You covet that?
Will that be the last time You like that?
Will that be the last time You love that?
Will that be the last time You hate that?
Will that be the last time You travel there?
Will that be the last time You walk there?
Will that be the last time You run there?
Will that be the last time You sit there?
Will that be the last time You eat that?
Will that be the last time You cook that?
Will that be the last time You trade that?
Will that be the last time You print that?
Will that be the last time You yell that?
Will that be the last time You whisper that?
Will that be the last time You create that?
Will that be the last time You preserve that?
Will that be the last time You destroy that?
Will that be the last time You anything that?

A Short List of Modern Entitlements

(Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services
Police services
Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hospitals
Ambulances
Medications
Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations

Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes
Building materials
Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics
Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables

Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

You

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not You.

Of Rises and Falls

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness to all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

You Are the Ephemeral

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
It You are thinking it, You are not being it.

What Will History Call It?

What will history call it?
The Great Reckoning
The Great Alignment
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get ‘em while they’re hot!

The Matrix of Imagination

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

You, Alone, Are

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

The No-Mind of Eternal Life

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

The Labyrinth of Imagination

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity, Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh.
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

Same Ineffable Elephant

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

The Mystery Few Glean

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

Automatons All

The human paradigm is complex enough that many assume it is infused with free will.
But in the up-close-and-personal, individuals are but roiling algorithms.
Automatons, each playing out their daily Sisyphean toil,
As set by the cosmos, and all that is prior.

The Unifying Awareness is You

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

The Witness to All

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

The Campfires of Imagination

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

Imagination's Crown

Reflections such as these cannot but remain marginalized by the masses,
Because imagination will not allow itself, cannot allow itself,
To be purged, or even brought to heel, from the annals of this garden world,
But through complete annihilation, to which end, it every moment drives closer to probability.

The Aliens of Imagination

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

Just This Moment

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.

Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

How Unlikely You Will Ever Read This

If You are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era,
Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange,
You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

The Human Pyramid Scheme

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
Onc-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseers
Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

The Ever-Morphing Nature of Language

Every language morphs on and on and on, for as long as imagination rolls.

The Subjectivity of All Translation

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

Stumbling Along Disparate Trails

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent, between two like-minds,
Inevitably stumble along disparate trails.

The Warped Mirrors of Translation

What is it but another metaphor
– Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is all but impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

Of Sounds Given Concept

Fitting your Self into an idea,
Believing a role nature-nurture has dictated,
Is not necessary, and is often counter to the quest for freedom.
Words are tools for communication; not ends, not goals, not realities, in themselves.
Never believe You can be encapsulated by any sound given concept.

Of Similarities and Differences

If there were somehow several hundred clones of You as an infant, randomly scattered all about the globe,
In every variety of culture, every variety of language, every variety of socio-economic orientation,
And those replicas, totally unaware of each other, were brought together at some point,
What would the muster be like? What would be the reaction of all involved?
How similar would they be? How different would they be?
How well, or how badly, would they get along?
And how quickly might they pull out the steely knives?

The Same Voice

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

The Relative Light of the Relative Mind

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

Required: A Wide-Ranging Frame of Reference

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

The Grand Theater

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing You.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.